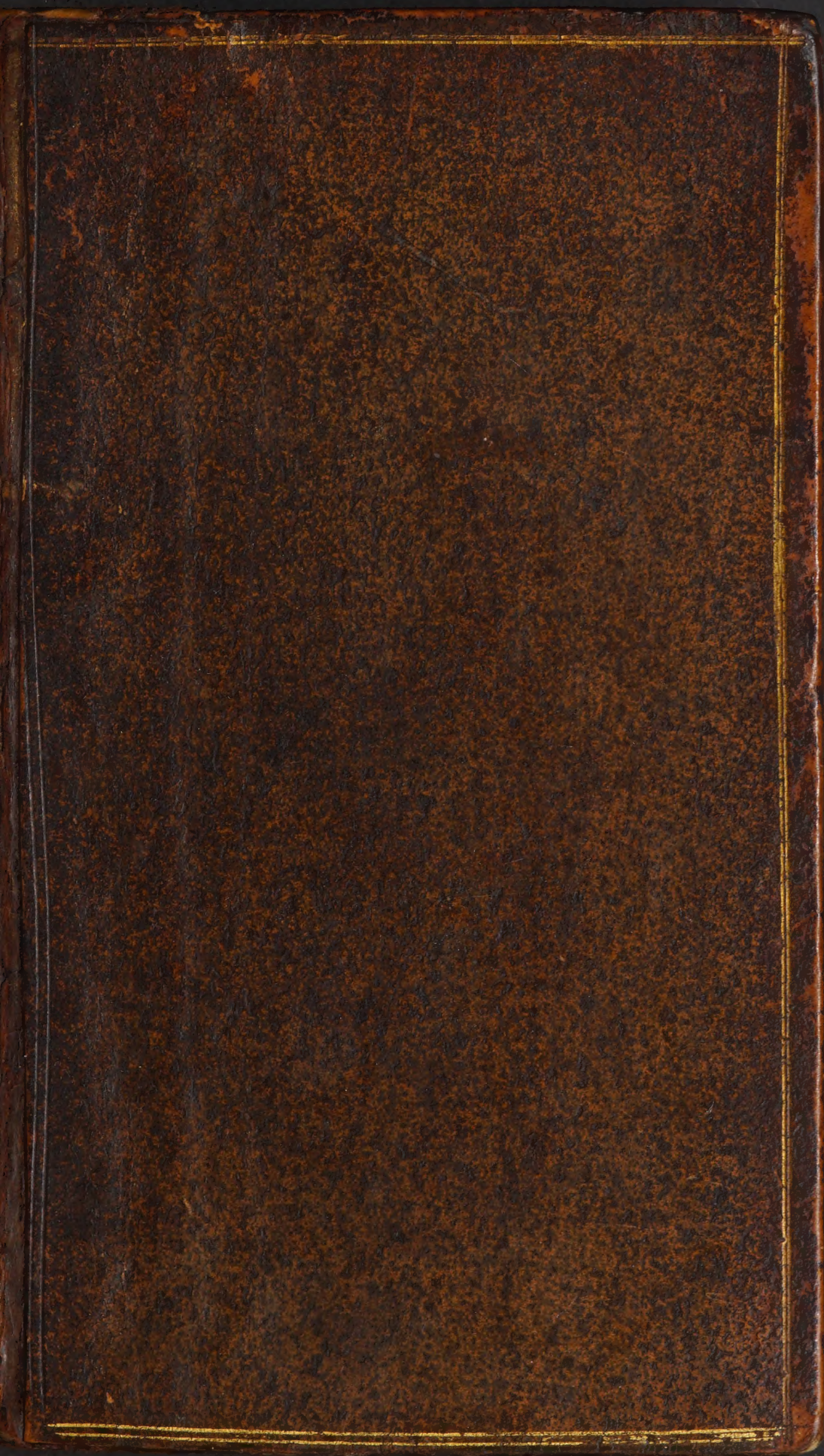
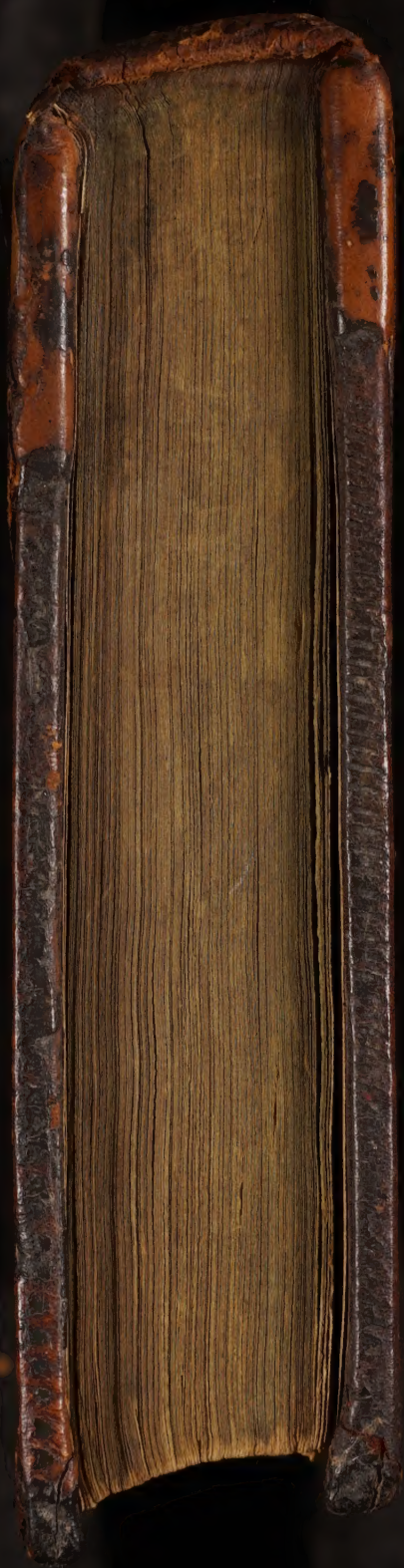






LOVE
&
MADNESS







H 146/

181 LOVE and Madness, a Story too true, in a Series of Letters between the beautiful MRS. REAY, the Mistress of Lord Sandwich, and Mr. Hackman, who was executed for her Murder, small 8vo, FIRST EDITION, containing matter suppressed in all after edition, calf gilt, SCARCE,

1780

33 LOVE and MADNESS, a Story too True, by Sir Herbert Croft, the extremely RARE FIRST EDITION, containing the indelicate Poem, the Birth of the Rose, SUPPRESSED in all other editions, thick 8vo, calf gilt.

1780

Miss Margaret Reay
Read Mr Hackman

Miss R. had a son by Lord
S- Basil Montague who
married for his second wife
Mrs Skepper widow of the
Skepper who was my grand
-mother's trustee & by whom
she lost so much - Miss
Skepper her daughter married
Mr Procter (Barry Cornwall)
She has turned R. C. as well

The Poem

Poem, 1877, & adds a couple
of figures to price of this
volume - It shows how I had
the intercourse was from a
very early period

This first Edition is a most
rare book

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By Sir Herbert Croft

LOVE and MADNESS.

A
Story too True:
in a

SERIES OF LETTERS

*Between Parties, whose Names would
perhaps be mentioned, were they less
known, or less lamented.*

Governor. "Who did the bloody deed?"

Oroonoko. "The deed was mine,

"Bloody I know it is, and I expect

"Your laws should tell me so. Thus, self-condemned,

"I do resign myself into your hands,

"The hands of Justice."

OROONOKO.

A New Edition.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLY, at N^o 46, near Serjeants Inn,
Fleet Street; and R. FAULDER, in New Bond Street.

1780.

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It is not necessary to say any thing more by way
of PREFACE, than to desire the Reader, who feels
an Inclination to censure any of these LETTERS, will
recollect the Persons by and to whom, and the
Situations in which, they were written.

———— I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well :
Of one, not easily jealous; but, being wrought,
Impatient in th'extream : of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe : of one, whose eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.

OTHELLO.

L O V E

A N D

M A D N E S S, &c.

L E T T E R I.

To Miss —.

Huntingdon, Dec. 4, 1774.

Dear M.

TEN thousand thanks for your billet by my corporal Trim yesterday. The fellow seemed happy to have been the bearer of it, because he saw it made *me* happy. He will be as good a soldier to Cupid as to Mars, I dare say. And Mars and Cupid are not now to begin their acquaintance, you know. Whichever he serve, you may command him of course, without a compliment;

pliment; for Venus, I need not tell *you*, is the mother of Cupid, and mistress of Mars.

At present the drum is beating up under my window for volunteers to Bacchus—In plain English, the drum tells me dinner is ready; for a drum gives us bloody-minded heroes an appetite for eating, as well as for fighting; nay, we get up by the beat of it, and it every night sends, or ought to send us, to bed and to sleep. To-night it will be late before I get to one or the other, I fancy—indeed, the thoughts of you would prevent the latter. But, the next disgrace to refusing a challenge, is refusing a toast. The merit of a jolly fellow and of a sponge is much about the same. For my part, no glass of any liquor tastes as it should to me, but when I kiss my M. on the rim.

Adieu—Whatever hard service I may have after dinner, no quantity of wine shall make me let drop or forget my appointment with you to-morrow. We certainly were not seen yesterday, for reasons I will give you.

Though you should persist in never being mine,

ever, ever

your's.

LETTER II.

To the SAME.

Huntingdon, Dec. 6, 1775.

My dearest M.

NO—I will not take advantage of the sweet, reluctant, amorous confession which your candour gave me yesterday. If to make me happy be to make my M. otherwise; then, happiness, I'll none of thee.

And yet I *could* argue. Suppose he *has* bred you up—Suppose you *do* owe your numerous accomplishments, under genius, to him—are you therefore his property? Is it as if a horse that he has bred up should refuse to carry him? Suppose you therefore *are* his property—Will the fidelity of so many years weigh nothing in the scale of gratitude?

Years—why, can obligations (suppose they had *not* been repaid an hundred fold) do away the unnatural disparity of years? Can they bid five and fifty stand still (the least that you could ask), and wait for five and twenty? Many women have the same obligations (if indeed there be many of the *same* accomplishments) to their fathers. They have the additional obligation to them (if,

indeed, it be an obligation) of existence. The disparity of years is sometimes even less.— But, must they therefore take their fathers to their bosoms? Must the jessamine fling its tender arms around the dying elm?

To my little fortunes you are no stranger. Will you share them with me? And you shall honestly tell his Lordship that gratitude taught you to pay every duty to him, till love taught you there were other duties which you owed to H.

Gracious Heaven that you *would* pay them!

But, did I not say I would not take advantage? I will not. I will even remind you of your children; to whom I, alas, could only shew at present the *affection* of a father.

M. weigh us in the scales. If gratitude outbalance love—so.

If you command it, I swear by love, I'll join my regiment to-morrow.

If love prevail, and insist upon his dues; you shall declare the victory and the prize. I *will* take no advantage.

Think over this. Neither will I take you by surprize. *Sleep upon it*, before you return your answer. Trim shall make the old excuse to-morrow. And, thank Heaven! to-night you sleep alone.

Why,

(5)
Why did you sing that sweet song yesterday,
though I so pressed you? Those words and your
voice, were too much.

No words can say how much I am your's.

L E T T E R III.

To Mr. _____.

H.

Dec. 7, 1775.

My dear H.

Here has been a sad piece of work ever since I
received your's yesterday. But, don't be alarmed
—We are not discovered to the prophane. Our
tender tale is only known to—(whom does your
fear suggest?)—to love and gratitude, my H.
And they ought both, for twenty reasons, to be
your friends, I am sure.

They have been trying your cause, ever since
the departure of honest Trim yesterday. Love,
though in my opinion not so blind, is as good a
justice, as Sir John Fielding. I argued the matter
stoutly—my head on his Lordship's side of the
question, my heart on your's. At last they seemed
to say, as if the oath of allegiance, which I had
taken to gratitude, at a time when, heaven knows,
I had never heard of love, should be void, and I
should be at full liberty to devote myself, body

B 3

and

and soul, to—But call on me to-morrow before dinner, and I'll tell you their final judgment. This I will tell you now—love sent you the tenderest wishes, and gratitude said I could never pay you all I owe you for your noble letter of yesterday.

Yet—oh, my H. think not meanly of me ever for this——Do not you turn advocate against me.——I will not pain you——'tis impossible you ever should.

Come then to-morrow—and surely Omiah will not murder love! Yet I thought the other day he caught our eyes conversing. Eyes speak a language all can understand.——But, is a child of nature to nip in the bud that favourite passion which his mother Nature planted, and still tends?——What will Oberea and her coterie say to this, Omiah, when you return from making the tour of the globe? They'll blackball you, depend on it.

What would Rousseau say to it, my H.?

You shall tell me to-morrow. I will not write another word; lest conscience, who is just now looking over my left shoulder, should snatch my pen, and scratch out *to-morrow*.

LETTER IV.

To Miss —.

Huntingdon, Dec. 7, 1775.

My dearest soul,

I hope to heaven Trim will be able to get this to you to-night!—Not I only, but my whole future life, shall thank you for the dear sheet of paper I have just received. Blessings, blessings—But I could write and exclaim, and offer up vows and prayers, till the happy hour arrives.

Yet, hear me, M. If I have thus far deserved your love, I will deserve it still. As a proof I have not hitherto pressed you for any thing conscience disapproves, you shall not do to-morrow what conscience disapproves. You shall not make me happy (oh, how supremely blest!) under the roof of your benefactor and my host. It were not honourable. Our love, the inexorable tyrant of our hearts, claims his sacrifice; but does not bid us insult his Lordship's walls with it. How civilly did he invite me to H. in October last, though an unknown recruiting officer! How politely himself first introduced me to himself! Often has the recollection made me struggle with
my

my passion. Still it shall restrain it on this side honour.

So far from triumphing or exulting, Heaven knows — if Lord S. indeed love you, if indeed it be aught beside the natural preference which age gives to youth — Heaven knows how much I pity him. Yet, as I have either said or written before, it is only the pity I should feel for a father whose affections were unfortunately and unnaturally fixed upon his own daughter.

Were I your seducer, M. and not your lover, I should not write thus — nor should I have talked or acted or written as I have. Tell it not in Gath, nor publish it in the streets of Askalon, lest the Philistines should be upon me. I should be drummed out of my regiment for a traitor to intrigue. And can you really imagine I think so meanly of your sex! Surely you cannot imagine I think so meanly of you. Why, then, the conclusion of your last letter but one? A word thereon.

Take men and women in the lump, the villainy of those and the weakness of these — I maintain it to be less wonderful that an hundred or so should fall in the world, than that even one should stand. Is it strange the serpent conquered Eve? The devil against a woman is fearful odds.

He

He has conquered men, womens' conquerors ;
he has made even angels fall.

Oh, then, ye parents, be merciful in your wrath. Join not the base betrayers of your children—drive not your children to the bottom of the precipice, because the villains have driven them half way down, where (see, see!) many have stopped themselves from falling further by catching hold of some straggling virtue or another which decks the steep-down rock. Oh, do not force their weak hands from their hold—their last, last hold! The descent from crime to crime is natural, perpendicular, headlong enough, of itself—do not increase it.

“Can women, then, no way but backward fall”?

Shall I ask your pardon for all this, M. ? No, there is no occasion, you say.

But to-morrow—for *to-morrow* led me out of my strait path, over this fearful precipice, where I, for my part, trembled every step I took, lest I should topple down headlong. Glad am I to be once more on *plain* ground again with my M. !

To-morrow, about eleven, I'll be with you—but, let me find you in your riding dress, and your mare ready. I have laid a plan, to which neither honour nor delicacy (and I always consult both before I propose any thing to *you*) can make the
least

least objection. This once, trust to me—I'll explain all to-morrow. Pray be ready, in your *riding-dress*! Need I add, in that you know I think becomes you most? No—Love would have whispered that.

Love shall be of our party—He shall not suffer the cold to approach you—he shall spread his wings over your bosom—he shall nestle in your dear arms—he shall——

When will to-morrow come? What torturing dreams must I not bear to-night!

I send you some lines which I picked up somewhere—I forget where. But I don't think them much amiss.

CELIA'S PICTURE.

To paint my Celia, I'd devise
Two summer suns, in place of eyes;
Two lunar orbs should then be laid
Upon the bosom of the maid;
Bright Berenice's auburn hair
Should, where it ought, adorn my fair;
Nay all the signs in Heaven should prove
But tokens of my wondrous love.
All, did I say? Yes, all, save one——
Her yielding waist should want a Zone.

L E T.

LETTER V.

To the SAME.

Huntingdon,
8 Dec. 1775.

Then I release my dearest soul from her promise about to-day. If you do not see that all which *he* can claim by gratitude, I doubly claim by love; I have done, and will for ever have done. I would purchase my happiness at any price but at the expence of your's.

Look over my letters, think over my conduct, consult your own heart, and read these two long letters of your writing, which I return you. Then, tell me whether we love or not. And—if we love (as witness both our hearts)—shall gratitude, *cold* gratitude, bear away the heavenly prize that's only due to love like ours? Shall my right be acknowledged, and must he possess the casket? Shall I have your soul, and shall he have your hand, your eyes, your bosom, your lips, your—

Gracious God of Love! I can neither write, nor think. Send one line, half a line, to

your own, own,

H.

L E T T E R VI.

To M. H——.

H. 10 Dec. 75.

Your two letters of the day before yesterday, and what you said to me yesterday in my dressing-room, have drove me mad. To offer to sell out, and take the other step to get money for us both, was not kind. You know how such tenderness distracts me. As to marrying me, that you should not do upon any account. Shall the man I value be pointed at and hooted for selling himself to a Lord, for a Commission or some such thing, to marry his cast mistress? My soul is above my situation.—Besides, I will not take advantage, Mr. H. of what may be only perhaps (excuse me) a youthful passion. After a more intimate acquaintance with me of a week or ten days, your opinion of me might very much change. And yet—you *may* love me as sincerely as I—

But I will transcribe you a song which I don't believe you ever heard me sing, though it's my favourite. It is said to be an old Scotch ballad——nor is it generally known that Lady A. L. wrote it. Since we have understood each other, I have never sung it before you, because it is so descriptive of our situation——how much more so since your cruelly kind proposal of yesterday! I wept, like an infant, over it this morning.

A U L D R O B I N - G R A Y .

The sheep were in the fold, and the cows were all at home,
 And all the weary world to rest was gone,
 When the woes of my heart brought the tear in mine e'e,
 While my good man lay found by me.

Young Jamie lov'd me well, and he fought me for his bride,
 He had but a crown, he had no more beside ;
 To make the crown a pound, young Jamie went to sea,
 And the crown, and the pound, they were both for me.

He had na been gone but a year and a day,
 When my father broke his arm, and our cow was stole away ;
 When my mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray came wooing to me.

My father could na work, and my mother cou'd na spin,
 I toiled night and day, but their bread I could na win ;
 Auld Rob maintain'd them both, and, with tears in his e'e,
 Said, " Jenny, for their sakes, oh ! marry me."

My heart it said no, and I wish'd for Jamie back,
 But the wind it blew sore, and his ship it prov'd a wreck ;
 His ship prov'd a wreck : ah ! why did not Jenny dee ?
 Why was she left to cry—" Ah, woe is me !"

My father argu'd sore ; though my mother did na speak,
 She look'd in my face till my heart was fit to break ; -
 So old Robin got my hand - but my heart was in the sea,
 —And now Robin Gray is good man to me.

I had na been a wife but of weeks only four,
 When sitting right mournfully out at my door,
 I saw my Jamie's ghost, for I could na think 'twas he,
 Till he said, "Jenny, I'm come home to marry thee."

Sore did we weep, and little did we say,
 We took but one kiss—and we tore ourselves away;
 I wish I was dead, but I am not like to dee,
 And, Oh! I am young to cry—"Ah, woe is me!"

I gang like a ghost, and I do not care to spin,
 I fain would think on Jamie, but that would be a sin;
 I must e'en do my best a good wife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray has been kind to me.

My poor eyes will only suffer me to add, for
 God's sake, let me see my *Jamie* to-morrow.
 Your name also is Jamie.

L E T T E R VII.

To Miss ——.

Huntingdon,
 13 Dec. 75.

My life and soul!

But I will never more use any preface of this
 sort—and I beg you will not. A correspondence
 begins with dear, then my dear, dearest, my dear-
 est, and so on, 'till, at last, panting language
 toils after us in vain.

No

No language can explain my feelings. Oh M. yesterday, yesterday! Language, thou liest—there is no such word as *satiety*, positively no such word. —Oh, thou beyond my warmest dreams bewitching! what charms! what—

But words would poorly paint our joys. When, when?—yet *you* shall order, govern every thing. Only, remember I am *sure* of those we trust.

Are you now convinced that Heaven made us for each other? By that Heaven, by the paradise of your dear arms, I will be only your's!

Have I written sense? I know not what I write. This scrap of paper ('tis all I can find) will hold a line or two more. I must fill it up to say that, whatever evils envious fate design me; after those few hours of yesterday, I never will complain nor murmur.

Misfortune, I defy thee now.—M. loves me, and H.'s soul has its content most absolute. No other joy like this succeeds in unknown fate.

L E T T E R VIII.

To the S A M E.

Huntingdon,
24 Dec. 1775.

Talk not to me of the new year. I am a new man. I'll be sworn to it I am not the same iden-

C 2.

tical

tical J. H. that I was three months ago. You have created me——yes, I know what I say——created me anew.

As to thanking you for the blifs I taste with you—to attempt it would be idle. What thanks can exprefs the Heaven of Heavens—

But I will obey you in not giving fuch a loofe to my pen as I gave the day before yesterday. That letter, and the verfes it contained, which were certainly too highly coloured, pray commit to the flames. Yet, pray too, as I begged you yesterday, do not imagine I thought lefs chafte of you becaufe I wrote them. By Heaven, I believe your mind as chafte as the fnow which, while I write, is driving againft my window. You know not *what* I think of you. One time perhaps you may.

The lines I repeated to you this morning I fend you. Upon my honour they are not mine. I think of them quite as you do. Surely an additional merit in them is, that to the uninitiated, in whom they might perhaps raife improper ideas, they are *totally unintelligible*.

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE*.

When Venus (so her poet sung)
 First from the bed of Ocean sprung,
 All dropping wet, all glowing fair;
 Distilling sweets her amber hair;
 As coral red her pulpy lips;
 Full as the swelling surge her hips;
 As full her bosom, heaving strong,
 Like wave propelling wave along;
 Thick set her teeth in even rows,
 White as the foam from which she rose—
 Thus breathing sweets, with untried charms,
 Mars seiz'd her in his ardent arms,
 And, stretch'd beneath the verdant gloom,
 Compress'd her virgin, yielding bloom.
 Trickling from Love's delicious wound,
 Some sanguine drops bedew'd the ground;
 And, where the living crimson spreads,
 Young peeping roses rear their heads:
 Their blushes thence—but the soft gale,
 The dews ambrosial they exhale,
 Their sweets, her plaintive sighs bestow,
 As deep she feels the potent foe,
 While still the thorns and sweets declare
 How mixt her pains and transports were.

* The followers of the fallacious *Mohammed* are said to believe that the first rose sprung out of a drop of his sweat.

L E T T E R IX.

To. Mr. ———.

H.

Christmas-day, 75

My old friend the Corporal looked as if he had been tarred and feathered yesterday, when he arrived with your *dear* billet. Omiah took up the sugar-caster, when he saw him through the parlour window, and powdered a fresh slice of pudding, by way of *painting* the snowy corporal. Omiah's simplicity is certainly very diverting, but I should like him better, and take more pains with him, if I did not think he suspected something. The other day, I am sure he came to spy the nakedness of the land. Thank Heaven, our caution prevented him.

But, why do I call your billet *dear*, when it contained such poetry? Yet, to confess the truth, it *did* charm me. And I know not, whether, as you say, those, to whom it could do any harm, could possibly understand it. For *uninitiated* means, I believe, not yet admitted into the mysteries—those who have not yet taken the veil; or, I should rather say, those who have not yet thrown off the veil. Why was I not permitted

by my destiny to keep on mine, till my H. my *Mars seiz'd me in his ardent arms*? How gladly to *his arms* would I have given up my very soul!

Cruel fortune, that it can't be so to-day! But we forgot, when we fixed on to-day, that it would be Christmas-day. I must do penance at a most *unpleasant* dinner, as indeed is every meal and every scene when you are absent—and that, without the consolation of having first enjoyed your company. To-morrow, however, at the usual time and place.

Your discontinuing your visits here, since the first day of our happiness, gratifies the delicacy of us both. Yet, may it not, my H. raise suspicions elsewhere? Your agreeable qualities were too conspicuous not to make you missed. Yet, *you* are the best judge.

My poor, innocent, helpless babes! Were it not on your account, your mother would not *act* the part she does.—What is Mrs. Yates's sustaining a character well for *one* evening? Is it so trying as to play a part, and a base one too, morning, noon, and night?—*Night*! But I will not make my H. uneasy.

At least, allow that I have written you a long scrawl. Behold, I have sent you a tolerable good substitute for myself. It is reckoned very like. I
need

need not beg you not to show it. Only remember, the painter's M. is not to rob your own M. of a certain quantity of things called and known by the name of kisses, which I humbly conceive to be her due, though she has been disappointed of them to day.

So, having nothing further to add at present, and the post being just going out, I remain, with all truth,

Dear Sir,

your most humble servant,

M..

There's a pretty conclusion for you. Am I not a good girl? I shall become a most elegant correspondent in time, I see. This paragraph is the postscript, you know—and should therefore have been introduced by a well-flourished P. S. the Sir Clement Cottrel upon these occasions.

L E T T E R X.

To Miss —.

Huntingdon,

28 Dec. 75.

Your condescension in removing my most *groundless* cause of jealousy yesterday, was more than I deserved. How I exposed myself by my violence

violence with you! But, I tell you, my passions
are all gunpowder. Though, thank God, no
Othello, yet am I

“ One, not easily jealous; but, being wrought,
“ Perplex’d in th’ extream;”

And that God knows how I love you, worship
you, idolize you.

How *could* I think you particular to such a
thing as B? You said you forgave me to-day, and
I hope you did. Let me have it again from your
own dear lips to-morrow, instead of the next day.
Every thing shall be ready—and the guitar, which
I wrote for, is come down, and I’ll bring the
song, and you shall sing it, and play it, and I’ll
beg you to forgive me, and you shall forgive
me, and,—five hundred ands besides.

Why, I would be jealous of this sheet of pa-
per, if you kissed it with too much rapture.

What a fool!—No, my M. rather say—what
a lover!

Many thanks for your picture. It *is* like. Ac-
cept this proof that I have examined it.

’Tis true, creative man, thine art can teach
The living picture every thing but speech!—
True, thou hast drawn her, as she is, all fair—
Divinely fair! her lips, her eyes, her hair!

Full

Full well I know the smile upon that face—
 Full well I know those features' every grace!
 But what is this—my M.'s mortal part—
 There *is* a subject beggars all thine art:
 Paint but her *mind*, by Heav'n! and thou shalt be,
 Shalt be my more than pagan deity.—
 Nature may possibly have cast, of *old*,
 Some other beauty in as fair a mould—
 But all in vain you'll search the world to find
 Another beauty with so fair a mind.

L E T T E R X I .

To the S A M E .

Huntingdon,
 1 Jan. 1776.

Left I should not see you this morning, I will scribble this before I mount honest Crop; that I may leave it for you.

This is a new year. May every day of it be happy to my M. May—but don't you know there's not a wish of bliss I do not wish you?

A *new* year—I like not this word. There may be new lovers.—I lie—there may not. M. will never change her H. I am sure she'll never change him for a truer lover.

A new.

A new year—76. Where shall we be in 77? Where in 78? Where in 79? Where in 80?

In misery or bliss, in life or death, in heaven or hell—wherever *you* are, there may H. be also!

The foldier whom you desired me to beg off, returns thanks to his unknown benefactress.—Discipline must be kept up in our way; but I am sure you will do me the justice to believe I am no otherwise a friend to it.

L E T T E R XII.

To the S A M E.

Huntingdon, Feb. 8, 1776.

Since the thaw sent me from H. the day before yesterday, I have written four times to you, and believe verily I shall write four and forty times to you in the next four days. The bliss I have enjoyed with you these three weeks has increased, not diminished, my affection. Three weeks and more in the same house with my M.—'Twas more than I deserved. And yet, to be obliged to resign you every night to another!—By these eyes, by your still dearer eyes, I don't think I slept three hours during the whole three weeks. Yet, yet, 'twas bliss. How lucky, that I was pressed to stay at H. the night the snow set in! Would
it

it had snowed till doomsday! But, then, you must have been *his* every night till doomsday. Now, my happy time may come.

Though I had not strength to resist when under the same roof with you, ever since we parted, the recollection that it was *his* roof has made me miserable. Whimsical, that he should bid *you* press me, when I at first refused his sollicitation.—Is H. guilty of a breach of hospitality?

I must not question—I must not think, I must not write.—But, we will meet, as we fixed.

Does Robin Gray suspect?—Suspect! And is H. a subject for suspicion?

L E T T E R XIII.

To the S A M E.

Huntingdon,
16 Feb. 1776.

Every time I see you I discover some new charm, some new accomplishment. Before Heaven, there was not a tittle of flattery in what I told you yesterday. Nothing *can* be flattery which I say of you, for no invention, no poetry, no any thing can come up to what I *think* of you.

One of our Kings said of the citizens of his good city of London, that when he considered
thei

their riches, he was in admiration at their understandings—when he considered their understandings, he was in admiration at their riches. Just so do I with regard to your person and your mind, but for a different reason.—Nature was in one of her extravagant moods when she put you together. She might have made two captivating women out of you——by my soul, half a dozen! Your turn for music, and excellence in it, would be a sufficient stock of charms for the most disagreeable woman to set up with in life. Music has charms to do things most incredible, music—

Now shall I, with the good-humoured, digressive pen of our favourite Montaigne in his entertaining Essays, begin with love, and end with a treatise upon the Gamut.

Yet to talk of music, is to talk of you. M. and music are the same. What is music *without* you? And harmony has tuned your mind, your person, your every look, and word, and action.

Observe—when I write to you I never pretend to write sense. I have no head ; you have made me all heart, from top to bottom. Sense—why, I am out of my senses, and have been these six weeks. Were it possible my scrawls to you could ever be read by any one but you, I should be

D... called

called a madman. I certainly am either curst or blest (I know not which) with passions wild as the torrent's roar. Notwithstanding I take this simile from water, the element, out of which I am formed, is fire. Swift had water in his brain: I have a burning coal of fire: your hand can light it up to rapture, rage, or madness. Men, real men, have never been wild enough for my admiration: it has wandered into the ideal world of fancy. Othello (but he should have put *himself* to death in his wife's sight, *not* his wife), Zanga, are *my* heroes. Milk-and-water passions are like sentimental comedy. Give me (you see, how, like your friend Montaigne, I strip myself of my skin, and shew you all my veins and arteries, even the playing of my heart)—give *me*, I say, tragedy, affecting tragedy, in the world, as well as in the theatre.—I would massacre all mankind sooner than lose you.—

———This is mere madness;

And thus, awhile, the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Inconsistent being! While I am ranting thus about tragedy, and blood, and murder—behold, I am as weak as a woman. My tears flow at but the

idea

idea of losing you. Yes, they don't drop only; they pour; I sob, like a child. Is this Othello, is this Zanga? We know not what we are, nor what we may become.

This I know, that I am and ever will be, your's and only your's.

I send you Ossian. You will see what a favourite he is with me, by some drawings, and pieces of (what your partiality will call) poetry, which accompany the bard of other times. Should you quit this world before me, which fate forbid, often shall I hear your spirit (if I can be weak enough to survive you) calling me from the low-sailing cloud of night.—They abuse Macpherson for calling them translations. If he alone be the author of them, why does he not say so, and claim the prize of fame? I protest *I* would. They who do not refuse their admiration to the compositions, still think themselves justified to abuse Macpherson, for pretending *not* to be the author of what they still admire. Is not this strange?

As we could not meet this morning (how long must our meetings depend on others, and not on ourselves?) I was determined, you see, to have a long conversation with you.

Pray seal, in future, with better wax, and more care. Something colder than one of my kisses might have thawed the seal of yesterday. But I

will not talk of *thawing*. Had the frost and snow continued, I had still been with you at H.

The remainder of this (my second sheet of paper, observe) shall be filled with what I think a valuable curiosity. The officer, whom you saw with me on Sunday, is lately come from America. He gave it me, and assures me it is original. It will explain itself. Would I might be in your dear, little, enchanted dressing-room, while you read it!

The Speech of a Shawanese Chief, to Lord Dunmore.

“ I appeal to any white man to-day, if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold or naked, and I gave him not clothing. During the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle, ignominious, in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love of the Whites, that those of mine own country pointed at me as they passed by, and said, “ Logan is the friend of white men.” I had even thought to live with you. But the injuries of one among you, did away that thought, and dragged me from my cabin of peace. Colonel Cressop, the last spring, in cold blood, cut off all the relations of Logan, sparing neither women nor children. There runs not a drop of the blood of Logan in the veins of any human creature. This

This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. Revenge has been fully glutted.

“ For my country—I rejoice at the beams of peace. But, harbour not the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn his heel to save his life.

“ Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one.”

LETTER XIV.

To the SAME.

Huntingdon,
22 Feb. 1776.

How silly we were, both of us, not to recollect your favourite Jenny? and did not Jamie think of her either?

—“ Though my mother did na speak,
She look'd in my face, till my heart was fit to break.”

Was not this exactly the instance we wanted?

Something more has occurred to me on the same subject. Rather than not write to you, or than write to you as *descriptively* as recollection sometimes tempts me, I know you would have me write nonsense.

In Hervey's "Meditations" are two passages as fine as they are simple and natural.

"A beam or two finds its way through the
"grates, and reflects a feeble glimmer from the
"nails of the coffins."—"Should the haggard
"skeleton lift a clattering hand—"—In the latter, I know not whether the epithet *haggard* might not be spared.

Governor Holwell, in the account of the sufferings at the black hole at Calcutta, when he speaks of the length of time he supported nature by catching the drops, occasioned by the heat, which fell from his head and face, adds these words—"You cannot imagine how unhappy I was when any one of them escaped my tongue!" What a scene! The happiness, the existence of a fellow creature, dependent upon being able to catch a drop of his own sweat! Shakespear's fancy could not have invented, nor ever did invent, any thing more sublime; for this is nature, and nature itself is sublimity.—People write *upon* a particular situation, they do not put themselves *in* the situation. We only see the writer, sitting in his study, and working up a story to amuse or to frighten; not the identical Tom Jones, not Macbeth himself.

Can you become the very being you describe?

Can you look round, and mark only that which strikes in your new character, and forget all which struck in your own? Can you bid your comfortable study, be the prison of innocence or the house of mourning? Can you transform your garret of indigence into the palace of pleasure? If you cannot, you had better clean shoes, than endeavour by writings to interest the imagination. We cannot even bear to see an author only peeping over the top of every page, to observe how we like him. The player I would call a corporal actor, the writer a mental actor. Garrick would in vain have put his face and his body in all the situations of Lear, if Shakespeare had not before put his mind in them all. In a thousand instances, we have nothing to do but to copy nature, if we can only get her to sit to our pencil. And yet—how few of the most eminent masters are happy enough to hit off her difficult face exactly!

Every person of taste would have been certain that Mr. Holwell was one of the sufferers in the black-hole, only from the short passage I have noticed.

Robinson Crusoe now—what nature! It affects us throughout, exactly in the way you mentioned.

But, shall I finish my dissertation? Come—as
writing

writing to you gives me so much pleasure, and as I can't do any thing to you but write this morning—I know you'll excuse me.

Did you ever hear to what Crusoe owed his existence? You remember Alexander Selkirk's strange sequestration at Juan Fernandez. It is mentioned, I believe, in Walter's account of Anson's Voyage. When Captain Woodes Rogers met with him and brought him to England, he employed the famous Daniel de Foe to revise his papers. That fertile genius improved upon his materials, and composed the celebrated story of Robinson Crusoe. The consequence was that Selkirk, who soon after made his appearance in print, was considered as a bastard of Crusoe, with which spurious offspring the press too often teems. In De Foe, undoubtedly, this was not honest. Had Selkirk given him his papers, there could have been no harm in working them up his own way. I can easily conceive a writer making his own use of a known fact, and filling up the outlines which have been sketched by the bold and hasty hand of fate. A moral may be added, by such means, to a particular incident; characters may be placed in their just and proper lights; mankind may be amused (and amusements sometimes prevent crimes) or, if the story be criminal, mankind
may

may be bettered, through the channel of their curiosity. But, I would not be dishonest, like De Foe ; nor would I pain the breast of a single individual connected with the story.

To explain what I mean by a *criminal* story.—Faldoni and Teresa might have been prevented from making proselytes, if they ever have made any, by working up their most affecting story so as to take off the edge of the dangerous example. But not in the way Mr. Jerningham has done it ; who tells us, not less intelligibly than pathetically,

All-ruling love, the god of youth, possess'd

Entire dominion of Faldoni's breast :

An equal flame did sympathy impart

(A flame destructive) to Teresa's heart :

As on one stem two opening flowers respire,

So grew their life (entwin'd) on one desire.

Are you not charmed ? Perhaps you never saw the poem. I have it here, and will bring it you as a curiosity. The melancholy tale will not take up three words, though Mr. J. has bestowed upon it 335 melancholy lines. The catastrophe happened near Lyons in the month of June 1770. Two lovers (Faldoni and Teresa Meunier) meeting with an invincible obstacle to their union, determined to
put

put an end to their existence with pistols. The place they chose for the execution of their terrible project was a chapel that stood at a little distance from the house. They even decorated the altar for the occasion. They paid a particular attention to their own dress. Teresa was dressed in white, with rose-coloured ribbands. The same coloured ribbands were tied to the pistols. Each held the ribband that was fastened to the other's trigger, which they drew at a certain signal.

Arria and Pætus (says Voltaire) set the example, but then it must be considered they were condemned to death by a tyrant. Whereas love was the only inventor and perpetrator of this deed.

Yet, while I talk of taking off the dangerous edge of their example, they have almost listed me under their bloody banners.—

On looking over the sermon I have written, I recollect a curious anecdote of Selkirk.

(By the bye, Wilkes, I suppose, would say that none but a Scotchman could have lived so many years upon a desert island.)

He tamed a great number of kids for society, and, with them and the numerous offspring of two or three cats that had been left with him, he used often to dance.—From all which my inference

is

is this,—M. will not surely deprive herself of H.'s society; but will let him find her *there* to-morrow. Especially, since, in Mr. J.'s *expressive* language,

As on one stem two opening flowers respire,
So grow our lives (entwin'd) on one desire.

LETTER XV.

To Mr. ———.

H. 23 Feb. 76.

Where was you this morning, my life? I should have been froze to death I believe with the cold, if I had not been waiting for *you*. I am uneasy, very uneasy. What could prevent you? Your own appointment too. Why not write, if you could not come?—Then, I had a dream last night, a sad dream, my H.

———“ For thee I fear, my love;

“ Such ghastly dreams last night surprized my soul.”

You may reply, perhaps, with my favourite Iphis,

“ Heed not these black illusions of the night,

“ The mockings of unquiet slumbers.”

Alas, I cannot help it. I am a weak woman, not a soldier.

I thought

I thought you had a duel with a person whom we have agreed never to mention. I thought you killed each other. I not only saw his sword, I *heard* it pass through my H.'s body. I saw you both die; and with you, love and gratitude. Who is there, thought I, to mourn for M.?—Not one!

You may call me foolish; but I am uneasy, miserable, wretched! Indeed, indeed I am. For God's sake, let me hear from you.

L E T T E R XVI.

To the SAME.

H. 24. Feb. 76.

That business, as I told you it would, last night, obliges him to go to town. I am to follow, for the winter. Now, my H. for the royal black bob and the bit of chalk; or for any better scheme you'll plan. Let me know, to-morrow, where you think Lady G.'s scheme will be most practicable on the road, and there I'll take care to stop. I take my bible oath I won't deceive you, and more welcome shall you be to my longing arms than all the dukes or princes in Christendom. If I am not happy for one whole night in my life, it will now be your fault.

Is

Is not this kind and thoughtful? Why did it never occur to you, so often as we have talked of my being obliged to leave this dear place? To me *most* dear, since it has been the scene of my acquaintance, my happiness with H.

But, am I to leave behind me that dearest H.? Surely your recruiting business must be nearly over now. You *must* go to town. Though things can't often be contrived at the A, they may—they *may*?—they *shall* happen elsewhere.

Fail not to-morrow—and do not laugh at me any more about my dream. If it was a proof of my weakness, it was a proof also of my love.

I wish the day on which I am to set out from hence could be conjured about a month further back or so. Now, you ask *why*? Look in your last year's almanack. Was not the *shortest* day some where about that time? Come give me a kiss for that, I am sure I deserve it.—Oh! fye Mr. H. not twenty. You are too generous in your payments. I must insist upon returning you the overplus the next time we meet—that is to-morrow, you know.

LETTER XVII.

To Miss ———.

Huntingdon, 26 Feb. 76.

Why will not the wished-for day, or rather night, arrive? And here, I have not seen you since I know not when—not for two whole days.

But I wrote you a long letter yesterday why it would be dangerous to meet; and all in rhyme. The beginning, I assure you, was not poetry, but truth——If the conclusion was coloured too highly, you must excuse it. The pencil of love executed it, and the fly rogue will indulge himself sometimes. Let the time come, I'll convince you his pencil did not much exaggerate.

Just now I was thinking of your birth-day, about which I asked you the other day. It's droll that your's and mine should be so near together. And thus I observe thereon.

Your poets, cunning rogues, pretend
That men are made of clay:
And that the heavenly potters make
Some five or six a day.

No wonder, M. I and you
 Don't quite detest each other ;
 Or that my soul is link'd to your's,
 As if it were its brother :

For in one year we both were made,
 Nay almost in one day——
 So, ten to one, we both came from
 One common heap of clay.

What ? if I were not cast in near
 So fine a mold as you——

My heart (or rather, M. *your's*)

Is tender, fond, and true.

Corporal Trim sets off to-day for our head
 quarters. My plan is laid so, that no discovery
can take place. Gods, that two such souls, as
 your's and mine, should be obliged to descend to
 arts and plans ! Were it not for your dear sake, I'd
 scorn to do any thing I would not wish discover-
 ed.

L E T T E R XVIII.

To Mr. ——

H. 21, Feb. 26.

All your plans are useless. The Corporal has
 made his forced march to no purpose. The fates.

are unkind. It is determined I am to go up *post*. So, we cannot possibly be happy together, as we hoped to have been, had our own horses drawn me up, in which case I must have slept upon the road. I am not clear old Robin Gray will not stay and attend me. Why cannot my Jamie? Cruel fortune! But in town we *will* be happy. When, again, shall I enjoy your dear society; as I did during that, to me at least, blessed snow? Nothing but my dear children could prevent our going with Cook to seek for happiness in worlds unknown. There must be some corner of the globe where mutual affection is respected.

Don't forget to meet me. Scratch out *forget*. I know how much you think of me. Too much for your peace, nay for your health. Indeed my H. you don't look well. Pray be careful!

"Whatever wounds thy tender health,

"Will kill thy M.'s too."

Omiah is in good humour with me again. — What kind of animal should a naturalist expect from a native of Otaheite and a Huntingdonshire dairy maid? If my eyes don't deceive me, Mr. Omiah will give us a specimen. — Will you bring me some book to-morrow to divert me, as I post it to town—that I may forget, if it be possible, I am posting from you?

LET-

LETTER XIX.

To Miss ———.

Hockerill, 1 March, 76.

It is your strict injunction that I do not offend you by suffering my pen to speak of last night. I will not, my M. nor should I, had you not enjoined it. You once said a nearer acquaintance would make me change my opinion of you. It has, I *have* changed my opinion. The more I know you, the more chastely I think of you. Notwithstanding last night (what a night!), and our first too, I protest to God, I think of you with as much purity, as if we were going to be married.—You take my meaning, I am sure; because they are the thoughts I know you wish me to entertain of you.

You got to town safe, I hope. *One* letter may find me before I shall be able to leave Huntingdon, whither I return to-day; or, at least, to Cambridge. I am a fool about Crop, you know. And I am now more tender of him, because he has carried *you*.—How little did we think that morning we should ever make each other so happy!

Don't forget to write, and don't forget the key,

E 3

against

against I come to town. As far as seeing you, I will use it sometimes ; but never for an opportunity to indulge our passion. That, positively, shall never again happen under *his* roof. How did we applaud each other for not suffering his walls at H. to be insulted with the first scene of it ! And how happy were we both, after we waked from our dream of bliss, to think how often we had acted otherwise, during the time the snow shut me up at H. ! a snow as dear to me, as to yourself.

My mind is torn, rent, with ten thousand thoughts and resolutions about you and about myself.

When we meet, which shall be as we fixed, I may perhaps mention *one* idea to you.

Pray let us contrive to be together some evening that your favourite Jephtha is performed.

Enclosed is a song, which came into my hands by an accident since we parted. Neither the words nor the music, I take it, will displease you.

Adieu.

SONG.

S O N G.

When your beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropp'd from the sky ;
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye !

But when, without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When love runs in blushes thro' every vein ;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in
your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

“ There's a passion and pride

“ In our sex,” she replied,

“ And thus, might I gratify both, I would do ;

“ As an angel appear to each lover beside,

“ But still be a woman to you.”

LE T

LETTER XX.

To the SAME.

Cannon Coffee-house, Charing-cross,
17. March, 76.

No further than this can I get from you, before I assure you that every word I said just now came from the bottom of my heart. I never shall be happy, never shall be in my senses, till you consent to marry me. And notwithstanding the dear night at Hockerill, and the other which your ingenuity procured me last week in D. street, I swear, by the bliss of blisses, I never will taste it again, till you are my wife.

LETTER XXI.

To the SAME.

Cannon Coffee-house,
17 March, 76.

Though you can hardly have read my last scrawl, I must pester you with another. I had ordered some dinner; but I can neither eat, nor do any thing else. "Mad!"—I may be mad, for what I know. I am sure I'm wretched.

For God's sake, for my life and soul's sake, if you love me, write directly hither, or at least
to

to night to my lodgings, and say what is that *insuperable* reason on which you dwell so much.

“ Torture shall not force you to marry me.” Did you not say so? Then you hate me; and what is life worth?

Suppose you had not the dear inducement of loving me (*if* you love me! Damnation blot out that *if!*), and being adored by me—still, do you not wish to relieve yourself and me from the damned parts we act? My soul was not formed for such meannesses. To steal in at a back door, to deceive, to plot, to lie—Perdition! the thought of it makes me despise myself.

Your children—Lord S.—(If we have not been ashamed of our conduct, why have we cheated conscience all along by “He” and “His,” and “Old Robin Gray?” Oh, how have we descended, M.!) Lord S. I say, cannot but provide for your dear boys. As to your sweet little girl—I will be a father to her, as well as a husband to you. Every farthing I have I will settle on you both. I will—God knows, and you shall find what I will do for you both, when I am able. Good God, what would I *not* do!

Write, write; I say write. By the living God I will have this *insuperable* reason from you, or I will not believe you love me.

L E T.

LETTER XXII.

To Mr. H—

A. 17 March, 76.

And does my H. think I wanted such a letter as this to finish my affliction? Oh, my dear Jamie, you know not how you distress me.

And do you imagine I have *willingly* submitted to the artifices to which I have been obliged, for your sake, to descend? What has been *your* part, from the beginning of the piece, to *mine*? I was obliged to act a part even to *you*. It was my business not to let you see how unhappy the artifices, to which I have submitted, made me. And that they did embitter even our happiest moments—

But fate stands between us. We are doomed to be wretched. And I, every now and then, think some terrible catastrophe will come of our connexion. “Some dire event,” as Storgè prophetically says in Jephtha, “hangs o’er our heads;—

“Some woful song we have to sing

“In misery extreme.—O never, never

“Was my forboding mind distress’d before

“With such incessant pangs!”

Oh,

Oh, that it were no crime to quit this world like Faldoni and Terefa! and that we might be happy together in some other world, where gold and silver are unknown! By your hand I could even die with pleasure. I know I could.

“ Insuperable reason.” Yes, my H. there is, and you force it from me. Yet, better to tell you, than to have you doubt my love; that love which is now my religion. I have hardly any God but you. I almost offer up my prayers to you, as well as *for* you.

Know then, if you was to marry me, you would marry some hundred pounds worth of debts; and *that* you never shall do.

Do you remember a solemn oath you took in one of your letters, when I was down at H. ? and how you told me afterwards it *must* be so, because you had so solemnly sworn it?

In the same solemn and dreadful words I swear that I never will marry you, happy as it would make me, while I owe a shilling in the world. Jephtha's vow is past.

What your letter says about my poor children made me weep; but it shall not make me change my resolution.

It is a further reason why I should not.—“ If I do not marry you, I do not love you !” Gracious

cious powers of love! Does my H. say so? My *not* marrying you is the strongest proof I can give you of my love. And Heaven, you know, has heard my vow. Do *you* respect it, and never tempt me to break it—for not even *you* will ever succeed.—Till I have some better portion than debts, I *never* will be your's.

Then what is to be done? you ask. Why, I'll tell you, H. Your determination to drop all particular intercourse till marriage has made us one, flatters me more than I can tell you, because it shews me your opinion of me in the strongest light; it almost restores me to my own good opinion. The copy of verses you brought me on that subject, is superior to any thing I ever read. They shall be thy M.'s morning prayer, and her evening song. While you are in Ireland——

Yes, my love, in Ireland. Be ruled by me. You shall immediately join your regiment there. You know it is your duty. In the mean time, something may happen. Heaven will not desert two faithful hearts that love like your's and mine. There are joys; there is happiness in store for us yet. I feel there is. And (as I said just now) *while you are in Ireland*, I'll write to you *every* post, *twice* by *one* post, and I'll think of you, and I'll dream of you, and I'll kiss your picture, and I'll

I'll wipe my eyes, and I'll kiss it again, and then
I'll weep again. And—

Can I give a stronger instance of my regard
for you, or a stronger proof that you ought to
take my advice, than my thus begging my only
joy to leave me? I will not swear I shall survive
it; but, I beseech you, go!

Fool that I am—I undo with one hand, all
I do with the other. My tears, which drop be-
tween every word I write, prevent the effect of
my reasoning; which, I am sure, is just.

Be a man, I say—you *are* an angel. Join
your regiment; and, as sure as I love you (no-
thing can be *more* sure) I will recall you, from
what will be banishment as much to me as to
you, the first moment I can marry you with ho-
nour to myself, and happiness to you.

But, I must not write thus.

Adieu!

Ill suits the voice of love, when glory calls,
And bids thee follow Jephtha to the field.

F

L E T-

LETTER XXIII.

To Miss —.

Cannon coffee-house,
17 March, 1776.

And I will respect the vow of Jephtha, and I will follow to the field. At least, I will think of it all to-night, for I am sure I shall not sleep, and will let you know the success of my struggle, for a struggle it will be, to-morrow. I will wait for you at the same place in the Park, where I shall see you open the A. door. Should it rain—I'll write. It was my intention to have endeavoured to see you now, but I changed my mind, and wrote this, here; and I am glad I did. We are not in a condition to see each other. Cruel debts! Rather, cruel vow! for, would you but have let me, I would have contrived some scheme about your debts. I *could* form a plan. My Gosport matters—my commission——

Alas, you frown, and I must stop. Why would not fortune smile upon my two lottery tickets? Heaven knows I bought them on your account. Upon the back of one of them I wrote, in case of my sudden death, “this is the property of Miss —.”

Miss —." On the back of the other, that it belonged to your daughter.

For what am I still reserved?

LETTER XXIV.

To Mr. ———.

A. 19 March, 1776.

Why, why do you write to me so often? Why do you see me so often? When you acknowledge the necessity of complying with my advice.

You tell me, if I bid you, you'll go. I have bid you, begged you to go.—I *do* bid you go. Go, I conjure you, go! But let us not have any more partings. The last was too, too much. I did not recover myself all day. And your goodness to my little white-headed boy——He made me burst into tears this morning, by talking of the good-natured gentleman, and producing your present.

Either stay, and let our affection discover and ruin us—or go.

On the bended knees of love I intreat you, H. my dearest H. to go.

LETTER XXV.

To Miss —.

Ireland,

26. March, 1776.

Ireland—England—Good Heavens, that M. should be in one part of the world, and her H. in another! Will not our destinies suffer us to breathe the same air? Mine will not, I most firmly believe, let me rest, till they have hunted me to death.

Will you not give me your approbation for obeying you thus? Approbation! And is that the coin to pass between *us*?

Yet, I will obey you further. I will restrain my pen as much as possible. I will scratch the word love out of my dictionary. I will forget—I lie—I never *can*, nor ever *will* forget you, or any thing which belongs to you. But I will, as you wisely advise, and kindly desire me, as much as possible, write on other subjects. Every thing entertaining, that I can procure, I will. I'll *Twissify*, and write Tours—or any thing but love-letters. This morning, pardon me: I am unable to trifle; I *must* be allowed to talk of love, of M.

And, when I *am* able, you must allow me to put
in

in a word or two sometimes for myself. To-day, however, I will not make *you* unhappy by telling you how truly so *I* am.

The truth is——my heart is full; and though I thought, when I took up my pen, I could have filled a quire of paper with it, I now have not a word to say. Were I sitting by your side now (oh that I were!) I should only have power to recline my cheek upon your shoulder, and to wet your handkerchief with my tears.

My own safety, but for your sake, is the last of my considerations. Our passage was rather boisterous, but not dangerous. Mrs. F. (whom I mentioned to you, I believe, in the letter I wrote just before we embarked) has enabled me to make you laugh with an account of her behaviour; were either of us in a humour to laugh.

Why did you cheat me so about that box? Had I known I should find, upon opening it, that the things were for me, I would never have brought it. But that you knew. Was it kind, my M. to give me so many *daily* memorandums of you, when I was to be at such a distance from you? Oh, yes, it was, it was, *most* kind. And that, and you, and all your thousand and ten thousand kindnesses, I never will forget. The purse shall be my constant companion, the shirts

I'll wear by night, one of the handkerchiefs was obliged to use in drying my eyes as soon as I opened the box, the——

God, God, bless you in this world—that is, give you your H.—and grant you an easy passage to eternal blessings in a better world.

If you go before me, may the stroke be so instantaneous, that you may not have time to cast one longing, lingering look on

H!

LETTER XXVI.

To the SAME.

Ireland, 8 April, 1776.

Your's, dated April the first, would have diverted me, had I been some leagues nearer to you. It contained true wit and humour. I truly thank you for it, because I know with how much difficulty you study for any thing like wit or humour in the present situation of your mind. But you do it to divert me; and it is done for one, who, though he cannot laugh at it, as he ought, will remember it, as he ought—Yet, with what a melancholy tenderness it concluded! *There* spoke your heart.

Your situation, when you wrote it, was something like that of an actress, who should be obliged

ged to play a part in comedy, on the evening of a day which, by some real catastrophe, had marked her out for the capital figure of a real tragedy. Perhaps I have said something like this in the long letter I have written you since. Never mind.

Pray be careful how you seal your letters. The wax always robs me of five or six words. Leave a space for your seal. Suppose that should be the part of your letter which tells me you still love me. If the wax cover it, I see it not—I find no such expression in your letter—I grow distracted—and immediately set out for Charing Cross to ask you whether you do indeed still love me.

In the hospitality of this country I was not deceived. They have a curse in their language, strongly descriptive of it—"May the grass grow at your door!"—The women, if I knew not you, I should find sensible and pretty. But I am deaf, dumb, blind, to every thing, and to every person but you. If I write any more this morning, I shall certainly sin against your commands.

Why do you say nothing of your dear children? I insist upon it you buy my friend a taw, and two dozen of marbles; and place them to the account of

Your humble Servant.

LET.

LETTER XXVII.

To the SAME.

Ireland, 20 April, 76.

Thanks for the two letters I received last week. They drew tears from me, but not tears of sorrow.

To my poetry you are much too partial. Never talk of writing poetry for the press. It will not do. Few are they, who like you, can judge of poetry; and, of the judges, few, alas! are just. Juvenal, the Roman Churchill, advises a young man to turn auctioneer, rather than poet. In our days, Christie would knock Chatterton out of all chance in a week.—The Spaniards have a proverb, “He, who cannot make one verse, is a block-head; he, who makes more, is a fool.”—Pythagoras you know a little by name. Perhaps you may not know he was starved to death in the temple of the Muses at Metapontum. The Muses have no temples, it is true, in our days (for God knows they are not much worshipped now), but the Ladies are not without their human sacrifices.

A young man was complaining the other day that he had lost his appetite; “Turn poet, then,”

said one in company, " they generally have pretty stout ones."

Your *sensible* eyes have not long, I know, been dry from the tale of Chatterton. Even now a pearly drop peeps over the brim of each; and now they drop, drop upon his mangled memory, like the Samaritan's balm upon the traveller's wounds. —And, perhaps, what I had heard and told you, may not be half.

That I may make you some amends for teasing you with my bad poetry the other day, I will to-day send you some very good. It is the composition of a clergyman, an Englishman, settled near Dublin. It got the prize at Oxford not long since, and was spoken in the theatre at such a public business, as one at which, I think, I remember to have heard you say you were present. Perhaps you were there this very time.

When you have read the lines, you will think I need not add a word about the author's abilities.

On the Love of our Country.

YE souls illustrious, who, in days of yore,
With peerless might the British target bore,
Who, clad in wolf-skin, from the scythed car,
Frown'd on the horrid brow of mailed war;
Who

Who dar'd your rudely painted limbs oppose
 To steel of Chalybs, and to Roman foes:
 And ye of later age, tho' not less fame
 In tilt and tournament, the princely game
 of Arthur's barons, wont, in hardiest sport,
 To claim the fairest Guerdon of the Court;
 Say, holy shades, did e'er your gen'rous blood
 Roll thro' your faithful sons in nobler flood,
 Than * late, when GEORGE bad gird on ev'ry thigh
 The myrtle-braided sword of liberty;
 Say, when the high-born Druids magic strain
 Rouz'd on old Mona's top a female train
 To madness, and with more than mortal rage
 Bad them like furies in the fight engage,
 Frantic when each unbound her bristling hair,
 And shook a flaming torch, and yell'd in wild
 despair;
 Or when on Cressy's plain the sable might
 Of Edward dar'd four monarchs to the fight;
 Say, holy shades, did patriotic heat
 In your big hearts, with quicker transports beat
 Than in your sons, when forth like storms they
 pour'd
 In freedom's cause, the fury of the sword?
 Who rul'd the main, or gallant armies led,
 With *Hawke* who conquer'd, or with *Wolf* who bled.

* These lines were written soon after the installation at
 Windsor.

Poor is his triumph, and disgrac'd his name,
 Who draws the sword for empire, wealth or fame;
 For him tho' wealth be blown on ev'ry wind,
 Tho' fame announce him mightiest of mankind,
 Tho' twice ten nations sink beneath his blade,
 Virtue disowns him, and his glories fade.
 For him no pray'rs are pour'd, no pæans sung,
 No blessings chaunted from a nation's tongue;
 Blood marks the path to his untimely bier,
 The curse of widows and the orphan's tear
 Cry to high Heaven for vengeance on his head;
 Alive, deserted; and accurst, when dead.
 Indignant of his deeds, the muse, who sings
 Undaunted truth, and scorns to flatter Kings,
 Shall shew the monster in his hideous form,
 And mark him as an earthquake or a storm.

Not so the patriot chief, who dar'd withstand
 The base invader of his native land,
 Who made her weal his noblest, only end,
 Rul'd but to serve her, fought but to defend,
 Her voice in council, and in fight her sword,
 Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd,
 Who firmly virtuous, and severely brave,
 Sunk with the freedom that he could not save.
 On worth like his, the muse delights to wait,
 Reveres alike in triumph or defeat,
 Crowns

Crowns with true glory, and with spòtleſs fame,
And honours *Paoli's* more than *Frederick's* name.

Here let the muſe withdraw the blood-ftain'd veil,
And ſhew the boldeſt ſon of public zeal.
See Sidney leaning o'er the block ! His mien,
His voice, his hand, unſhaken, clear, ſerene.
Yet no harangue, proudly declaimed aloud,
To gain the plaudit of a wayward crowd ;
No ſpecious vaunt death's terrors to defy,
Still death delaying, as afraid to die.
But ſternly ſilent, down he bows—to prove
How firm his public, tho' miſtaken love.
Unconquer'd patriot ! form'd by ancient lore
The love of ancient freedom to reſtore,
Who nobly acted, what he boldly wrote,
And ſeal'd by death, the leſſons that he taught

Dear is the tie that links the anxious fire
To the fond babe that prattles round his fire ;
Dear is the love that prompts the grateful youth
His fire's fond cares and drooping age to ſooth ;
Dear is the brother, ſiſter, huſband, wife ;
Dear all the charities of ſocial life :
Nor wants firm frienſhip holy wreaths to bind
In mutual ſympathy the faithful mind :
But not th' endearing ſprings that fondly move
To filial duty, or parental love,

Not

Not all the ties that kindred bosoms bind,
 Not all in friendship's holy wreaths entwin'd,
 Are half so dear, so potent to controul
 The gen'rous workings of the patriot soul,
 As is that holy voice which cancels all
 Those ties, which bids him for his country fall,
 At this high summons, with undaunted zeal,
 He bares his breast, invites th' impending steel,
 Smiles at the hand that deals the fatal blow,
 Nor heaves one sigh for all he leaves below.

Nor yet doth glory, tho' her port be bold,
 Her aspect radiant, and her tresses gold,
 Guide thro' the walks of death alone her car,
 Attendant only on the din of war:
 She not disdains the gentler vale of peace,
 Nor olive shades of philosophic ease,
 Where heav'n-taught minds to wooe the muse
 resort,
 Create in colours, or with sounds transport;
 Where youths court science, or where sages teach,
 Where statesmen plan, where mitred fathers
 preach—
 More pleas'd on Isis' silent marge to roam,
 Than bear in pomp the spoils of Minden home.

To read with Newton's ken the starry sky,
 And God the same in all his orbs descry;

G

To

To lead forth merit from her humble shade;
 Extend to rising arts a patron's aid;
 Build the nice structure of the gen'rous law,
 That holds the free-born soul in willing awe;
 O'er pale misfortune drop, with friendly sigh,
 Pity's mild balm, and wipe affliction's eye;
 These, these are deeds Britannia must approve,
 Must nurse their growth with all a parent's love.
 These are the deeds that public virtue owns,
 And, just to public virtue, glory crowns.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

To the S A M E.

Ireland, 3d May, 1776

My last, I hope, did not offend you. The bank note I was obliged to return; although I thank you for it, more than words can tell you.

Shall I, whom you will not marry, because you will not load me with your debts, increase those debts; at least, prevent you from diminishing them, by robbing you of fifty pounds? Were I capable of it, I should be unworthy your love. But be not offended that I returned it. Heaven knows how willingly a quire of such things

things should have accompanied it, had heaven made me so rich.

Be not anxious about me. — Talk not of the postage which your dear letters cost me. Will you refuse to make your H. happy? And think you I can pay too dear for happiness?

But, Lord! you rave. I am rich — as rich as a Jew: And without taking into the calculation the treasure I possess in your love. — Why, you talk of what I allow that relation, poor soul! That does not swallow up all my lands and hereditaments at Gosport. Then there's my pay, and twenty other ways and means beside, I dare say, could I but recollect them. — Go to — I tell you I *am* rich. So, let me know you got the silver paper safe, and that I am a good boy.

Rich! To be sure I am — why, I can afford to go to plays. I saw Catley last night, in your favourite character. — By the way, I'll tell you a story of her, when she was on your side the water.

Names do not immortalize praise-worthy anecdotes, they immortalize names. — Some difference had arisen between Miss Catley and the managers, concerning the terms upon which she was to be engaged for the season. One of the managers called upon her, at her little lodgings in Drury Lane, to settle it. The maid was going to shew

the gentleman up stairs, and to call her mistress.
 “No, no,” cries the actress, who was in the
 kitchen, and heard the manager’s voice, “there
 “is no occasion to shew the gentleman to a
 “room.—I am busy below” (to the manager)
 “making apple-dumplings for my brats. You
 “know whether you have a mind to give me the
 “money I ask, or not. I am none of your fine
 “ladies, who get a cold or the tooth ach, and
 “can’t sing. If you have a mind to give me
 “the money, say so; my mouth shall not open
 “for a farthing less. So, good morning to you
 “—and don’t keep the girl there in the passage;
 “for I want her to put the dumplings in the
 “pot, while I nurse the child.”——The turnips
 of Fabricius, and Andrew Marvel’s cold leg of
 mutton, are worthy to be served up on the same
 day with Nan Catley’s apple-dumplings.

Come—I am not unhappy, or I could not talk
 of other people and write thus gayly. Nothing
 can make me truly unhappy, but a change in
 your sentiments of me. By the Almighty God of
 heaven, I know my own feelings so thoroughly,
 I do not think I could survive such a thing.

As you love me, scold me not about the poplin
 you’ll receive next week. It cost me nothing—
 I may surely give what was given to me.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXIX.

To the SAME.

Ireland,

29 May, 1776.

Do you think, that to make such propofals, as your laft contained, is the way to reconcile me to this worfe than banifhment?—You refufed to come into my fcheme of marriage—Nothing fhall tempt me to come into your fcheme. Perfiſt in your idea of going on the ſtage; and, as I live, I'll come over and make a party to damn you the firſt night of your appearance. Since you will not ſhare my fortunes, I will not ſhare your earnings.

The ſtory you mention at Flambrough, of Boardingham, who was murdered by his wife and her lover, is moſt ſhocking. The reflections you draw from it are moſt juſt; and what you ſay of our ſituation moſt true. The woman muſt have been beyond a wild beaſt ſavage. Yet their feelings, when ſhe and Aikney were at the gallows together (ſuppoſing any thing like lover remained) muſt have been exquisite.—I proteſt, I would willingly embrace with M. the cruelleſt death which torture could invent (provided ſhe were on a bed

of roses, than lead the happiest life without her! — What visions have I conjured up! — my pen drops from my hand. —

Your catch upon a bumper I like much. It beats, both in words and music, “A bumper ‘Squire Jones.’” By the way, what an odd word it is! Let me make a linguist of you to day.

The learned Johnson deriveth *bumper* (“a cup filled till the liquor swells over the brims”) from *bump*, which cometh, he saith, from *bum* perhaps, as being prominent; the which *bum* cometh, we are told, from *bomme* (Dutch) and signifieth “the part on which we sit.” — The word *bumper* is by some writer derived from *bon-pere*, the usual familiar phrase for priests, who were supposed not to dislike *bumpers*. — This I may say — if “a cup filled till the liquor swells over the brims” comes from “the part on which we sit,” it must be granted, as a French poet says of *Alfena*’s coming from *equus*,

Qu’ en venant de la, jusqu’ icy,
Il a bien changé sur la route.

And now I have ended in good spirits, as well as you. I remember the time when Hamlet might have said to me, as he does to Horatio,

“Thou

"Thou hast no revenue but thy good spirits
 "To feed and cloath thee."

Now, I have got a little revenue, which M.
 will not share with me, and God knows who has
 got my good spirits.—Well, I must not think.

L E T T E R XXX.

To the S A M E.

Ireland,

18 June, 76.

My Laura is not angry with me, I hope, for the
 three or four *tender* letters I have written to her
 since the beginning of this month. And yet,
 your's of yesterday seems to say you are. If I
 bear my situation like a man, will you not allow
 me to feel it like a man?

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
 But rises in demand for her delay.
 She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
 To sting me more, and double my distress.

But you say I must not write thus. If I can
 help it, I will not.

Shall I write about the weather or politics?
 The sun shines to-day, yesterday it rained. If
 you

you wish to appear learned, tell the next company you go into, that the distresses of this country will soon oblige England to grant her a free trade, or something very much like it. And add, that her grievances are more real now, than when, in 1601, she complained to Elizabeth of the introduction of trials by jury.—Another slice of politics. Assert boldly, that Junius was written by Grenville's secretary. This is a *fact*, notwithstanding what Wilkes relates of Lord Germaine's bishop.

Is this the style of letter-writing you allow me?
—Try again, then,

The favours I have received from the worthy man I mentioned in a letter or two ago, are by his goodness every day increased. Some superior souls have affected to hate mankind. Here is one, who, with an understanding and an experience inferior to none, never loses an opportunity of befriending a fellow creature. I am afraid sometimes, that misfortune will one day or another play him some confounded dog's trick, he takes such pleasure in thwarting every scheme she lays for any one's ruin.

Yet, even this amiable character is not without his defects. The following lines I sent him this

4th add 10th *quidam* *quidam* morning

morning after playing at Vingt-Un in company with him last night.

To H — says a certain friend,

(Both idle, rhyming bards)

“ —, with good manners and best sense,

“ Can’t bear to lose at cards,

“ With such a head” — “ And such a heart,”

But Adds H — — “ ’tis high treason.

“ But I, who knew that heart so well,

“ Have found, I think, the reason.

“ Friend to the poor, his purse their box,

“ He always would be winner;

“ For then they win. But, should he lose,

“ The poor too lose a dinner.”

This country’s facetious Dean said, his friend Arbuthnot could do every thing but walk. My friend can do every thing but lose at cards.

Feeling, and all the commanding powers of the mind, were never perhaps before so mixed up together. A tale of sorrow will make his little eyes wink, wink, wink, like a green girl’s. Before the company came last night, I showed him “Auld Robin Gray”; and, though he had seen it before, he could not get over “My mother could na speak,” without winking. For the credit of your
side

side of the water, he is an Englishman. His agreeable wife, by her beauty and accomplishments, does credit to this country. She is remarkable also for her feeling, though in a different way. You shall relate an anecdote of distress, or read a story of ill usage, and, while his eyes are winking for the object of the ill usage or the distress, her's shall be striking fire with rage against the author of it. "Good God! she exclaims, "if that villain was but in my power!" And I sometimes think she is going to ring for her hat and cloak, that she may sally forth, and pull his house about his ears.—Bound up together (as they are and as I hope they will long continue) they form a complete system of humanity.—

It would have gratified me much to have been with you when Garrick took his farewell of the stage. Do you remember the last paper in the *Idler* upon its being the *last*? The reflection that it was the *last* time Garrick would ever play, was, in itself, painful. How, my Laura, my M. my life, shall I bear it, if I ever should be doomed to take my last leave, my last look of you!—

—In what I wrote this morning I mentioned the *Idler*. A curious letter was shown me the other day by a clergyman, which he assures me is authentic, and was written by the late Lord Gower to a friend of Dean Swift. As I know how you
admire

admire the eminent person whom it concerns, I send it to you.

Mr. Samuel Johnson (author of *London*, a satire, and some other poetical pieces) is a native of this country, and much respected by some worthy gentlemen in his neighbourhood, who are trustees of a charity-school now vacant, the certain salary of which is sixty pounds per annum, of which they are desirous to make him master, but unfortunately he is not capable of receiving their bounty, which would make him happy for life, by not being Master of Arts, which by the statutes of this school the master of it must be. Now these gentlemen do me the honour to think that I have interest enough in you to prevail upon you to write to Dean Swift to persuade the University of Dublin to send a diploma to me, constituting this poor man Master of Arts in their University. They highly extol the man's learning and probity, and will not be persuaded that the University will make any difficulty of conferring such a favour upon a stranger, if he is recommended by the Dean.—They say he is not afraid of the strictest examination, though he is off so long a journey; but will venture it if the Dean thinks it necessary, choosing rather to die upon the road, than to be starved to death in translating for booksellers, which has been his only subsistence for some time past. I fear there is more difficulty in this affair than these good-natured gentlemen apprehend; especially as their election cannot be delayed longer than the 10th of next month. If you see this matter in the same light it appears to me, I hope you will burn this, and pardon me for giving you so much trouble about an impracticable thing: but if you think there is a probability of obtaining the favor asked, I am sure your humanity and propensity to relieve merit in distress, will incline you to serve the poor man, without my
adding

adding any more to the trouble I have already given you,
than assuring you I am, with great truth,
&c.

Trentham,

Aug. 1, 1737.

One other subject for your reflection, and I
have done.

What must have been Johnson's feelings, when,
in his wonderful work, the English Dictionary,
he cited the following passage from Ascham, as
an instance of the use of the word *Men*? "Wits
live obscurely, men care not how; or die ob-
scurely, men mark not when."

L E T T E R XXXI.

To Mr. _____.

England, 25 June, 1776.

Let me give you joy of having found such
kind and agreeable friends in a strange land.
The account you sent of the gentleman and lady,
especially of the latter, quite charmed me. Nei-
ther am I without my friends. A lady, from
whom I have received particular favours, is un-
commonly kind to me. *For the credit of your side
of the water, she is an Irish woman. Her agreeable
husband, by his beauty and accomplishments, does credit
to this country. He is remarkable also for his feelings.*

Adieu! This will affect you, I dare say, in the
same manner your account affected me.

L E T-

LETTER XXXII.

To Miss — —.

Ireland,
1 July 76.

Your little billet, of the 25th of last month, was a proper reproof for the contents of one of mine. 'Till I saw the joke I was truly unhappy. If you had not written the long and kind letter the next day, which came in the same packet, I should have been miserable. Yet, I wish you happy, *most* happy; but I cannot bear the thoughts of your receiving happiness from any hands (man, woman, or child) but mine. Had my affections not been fixed, as they are unalterably, elsewhere, the wife of my *friend*, with all her charms, would never fix them. I have but two masters, Love and Honour. If I did not consider you as my wife, I would add, you know I have but *one* mistress.

A friend of mine is going to England—(happy fellow I shall think him, to be but in the same country with you)—He will call at the Cannon coffee-house for me. Do send me, thither, the French book you mention, *Werther*. If you don't, I positively never will forgive you. Nonsense, to

H

say

say it will make me unhappy, or that I shan't be able to read it! Must I pistol myself, because a thick-blooded German has been fool enough to set the example, or because a German novelist has feigned such a story? If you don't lend it me, I will most assuredly procure it some time or another; so, you may as well have the merit of obliging me.—My friend will send a small parcel for you to D. street. The books I send you, because I know you have not got them, and because they are so much cheaper here. If you are afraid of emptying my purse (which by the way is almost worn out), you shall be my debtor for them. So, send me a note of hand, *value received*. The other things are surely not worth mentioning.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

To Mr. ———.

England, 20 Aug. 76.

For God's sake! where are you? What is the matter? Why don't you write?—Are you ill? God forbid! And I not with you to nurse you! If you are, why don't you let somebody else write to me? Better all should be discovered, than suffer what I suffer. It's more than a month since I heard from you. A month used to bring me

eight or ten letters. When I grew uneasy, it was in vain, as I said in my last, that I endeavoured to find your friend who brought the parcel (for I wou'd certainly have seen him, and asked him about you). What is become of all my letters for this last month? Did you get what I returned by your friend? Do you like the purse? The book you mentioned, is just the only book you should never read. On my knees, I beg you never, never read it! Perhaps you have read it—Perhaps!—I am distracted.—Heaven only knows to whom I may be writing this letter.

Madam, or Sir!

If you are a woman, I think you will; if you are a man, and ever loved, I am sure you will, oblige me with one line to say what is come of Mr. — of the — regiment. Direct to Mrs. —, D. street, London.—Any person whose hands my letter may fall into, will not think this much trouble; and, if they send me good news, Heaven knows how a woman, who loves, if possible, too well, will thank them.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Miss ———.

Ireland,
10 Sept. 1776.

As I am no sportsman, there is no merit, you may think, in devoting a morning to this employment. Nor do I claim any merit. 'Tis only making myself happy.

Now, I hope, you are quite at ease about me. My health, upon my honour! upon our love! is almost re-established—Were I not determined to keep on *this* side the truth, I would say *quite*. The four letters I have written to you, since I received your frantic sheet of paper, have explained and made up every thing. How can I sufficiently thank you for all your letters? Especially for that of this week? Never did you pen a better. Did I know any body employed in a work, where that letter could properly appear, he should insert it in your own words.

Excuse me, I am unwillingly called away.—

What I said this morning about your letter, brings to my recollection something of that sort. Shall I tell it you? I will.

James Hirst, in the year 1711, lived servant
with

with the honourable Edward Wortley. It happened, one day, in re-delivering a parcel of letters to his master, by mistake he gave him one which he had written to his sweetheart, and kept back one of Mr. Wortley's. He soon discovered the mistake, and hurried back to his master; but, unfortunately for poor James, it happened to be the first that presented itself to Mr. Wortley, and, before James returned, he had given way to a curiosity which led him to open it, and read the love-told story of an enamoured footman. It was in vain that James begged to have it returned. "No," says Mr. Wortley, "James, you shall be a great man, this letter shall appear in the Spectator."

Mr. Wortley communicated the letter to his friend Sir Richard Steel.—It was accordingly published in his own words, and is that letter, No. 71, volume the first of the Spectator, beginning "Dear Betty."

James found means to remove that unkindness of which he complains in his letter; but, alas! before their wishes were compleated, a speedy end was put to a passion which would not discredit much superior rank, by the unexpected death of Betty. James, out of the great regard and love he bore to Betty, after her death, married the

sister. He died, not many years since, in the neighbourhood of Wortley, near Leeds, Yorkshire.

To marry you is the utmost of my wishes; but, remember, I don't engage to marry your sister in case of your death.—Death! How can I think of such a thing, though it be but in joke?

LETTER XXXV.

To the SAME.

Ireland,

15 Sept. 1776.

The commands of your last letter, for the reasons you give, I have immediately obeyed. My enquiries, about the young Englishman you mention, amount to this. He is liked tolerably well here. He would be liked more, if he took more pains to be liked. His contempt for some people in the world, whom others despise perhaps as well as he, is sometimes too conspicuous. Accident has given me an opportunity to see and know a great deal of him; and with certainty. His heart is certainly not bad. His abilities are as certainly not equal to what he once confesses to have thought them; perhaps

haps they are superior to the opinion he now entertains of them. He has ambition and emulation enough to have almost supplied any want of genius, and to have made him almost any thing, had he fallen into proper hands. But his school-masters knew nothing of the human heart, nor over much of the head. Though indolent to a degree, a keen eye might have discovered, may still discover, industry at the bottom; a good cultivator might have turned it, may still turn it, to good account. His friendships are warm, sincere, decided—his enmities the same. He complains, now and then, that some of his friends will pretend to know him better than they know themselves, and better than they know any thing else. “ They would play upon him; they would seem to know his stops; they pretend to be able to sound him from his lowest note, to the top of his compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in a little pipe, yet cannot they make it speak. Do they think,” he demands, “ that he is easier to be play’d than a pipe ? ”——Why, really, I do not think this is the case at present, whatever it may have been. Secrecy is not brought *into* the world, it is acquired *in* the world. An honest heart can only acquire it
by

by experience. The character which he had certainly gotten some how among some of his intimates, has been of service both to them and to himself. They made a point of secrecy, after they chose to discover a want of it in him; and now he has made a point of it himself. My dearest secret (*you* know what that is) should now sooner be trusted to him than to any of his former accusers. The loudest of them, to my knowledge, was little calculated to judge; for, though he might not absolutely think him a coward, he certainly did not suspect his friend of courage, till sufficient proof of it was given under his own eye. Now, in my opinion, true courage and resolution are this Gentleman's marking characteristics. This is no great compliment; for, without them, I would not give a farthing for any man.

Such, in my judgment, is the young gentleman, about whom you wished me to enquire, and with whom I happen to have lived a good deal. His principal merit is, that my amiable friend (the mention of whose wife just jogged your jealousy) sincerely loves him. That worthy man seldom throws away his attachment where it is not deserved. Nor do I know any thing, in the gentleman, whose character I have been sketching, which gives me more pleasure, or which it would give him

him more pleasure to have noticed, than the love and respect which I am sure he feels for my friend ; unless perhaps his affectionate sense of the obligations which I believe I have told you he lies under to a Mr. B.—

So much for business. Now for an article of news. The latter end of last month a lady and her servant, as they were riding in Phoenix park, were stopped by a man on foot, very genteelly dressed in white clothes, and a gold laced hat. He demanded the lady's money, which she gave him, amounting to 26 guineas. The person put the cash into one of his pockets, and took from the other a small diamond hoop-ring, which he presented to the lady, desiring her to wear it for the sake of an extraordinary robber, who made it a point of honour to take no more from a beautiful lady, than he could make a return for in value. He then, with great agility, vaulted over the wall, and disappeared.

This you may perhaps call an Irish way of robbing. There certainly was something original in it. The gentleman seems clearly to imagine that an exchange is no robbery.——

As to your threat, I will answer it in the same style—"I *will* love you—and if—!" But neither my answer, nor your threat, is original. Reading,

ing, this morning, a history of this country, I found the following anecdote. In 1487, a dreadful war was carried on in Ulster between the Chieftain O'Neal, and the neighbouring Chieftain of Tirconnel. This war had nothing more considerable for its immediate cause, than the pride of O'Neal, who demanded that his enemy should recognize his authority by paying tribute. The laconic stile, in which the demand was made and rejected, would not have disgraced a nobler contest. "Send me tribute—or else!"—was the message of O'Neal. To which was returned, with the same princely brevity—"I owe you none"—and if—"—But I talk nonsense. This does not prove your threat to have been borrowed; for I dare say, you never heard of O'Neal till this moment. It only proves that two people may express themselves alike.

Should any man who loved like me (if any man ever did love like me) have spoken of his love in terms like those I use to speak of mine, follows it therefore that I have borrowed either his passion or his language? Were it possible, for you to think so, I never would forgive you.—Pray copy the music you mention, in your next.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

To the SAME.

Ireland,

18. Sept. 76.

How happens it that I have not sooner noticed what you say, in a letter the beginning of last month, about the new punishment of working upon the Thames? Politicians may write more learned upon the matter, but I will defy Beccaria to write more feelingly or humanely. There certainly is much truth in what you say. Experience, however, will be the best test.—Perhaps my true reason for noticing your sensible letter thus late, was to introduce a scene which passed in the quicksilver mines of Idra, a still more unpleasant abode than Mr. Campbell's academy. This used to be Colonel G.'s method, you remember, of introducing his home-made jokes. Not that my story is home made—I take it from some Italian letters a brother officer lent me, written by Mr. Everard, and I give it you almost in his own words—except in one or two passages, where I think he has lost an opportunity of surprizing the reader.

The

The pleasure I always take in writing to you, wherever I am, and whatever doing, in some measure dispels my present uneasiness; an uneasiness caused at once by the disagreeable aspect of every thing round me, and the more disagreeable scene to which I have been witness.

Something too I have to tell you of Count Alberti. You remember him one of the gayest, most agreeable persons at the Court of Vienna; at once the example of the men, and the favourite of the fair sex. I often heard you repeat his name with esteem, as one of the few that did honour to the present age; as possessed of generosity and pity in the highest degree; as one who made no other use of fortune, but to alleviate the distresses of mankind. But first of all, the scene I mentioned.

After passing several parts of the Alps, and having visited Germany, I thought I could not well return home without visiting the quick-silver mines at Idra, and seeing those dreadful subterranean caverns, where thousands are condemned to reside, shut out from all hopes of ever again beholding the chearful light of the sun, and obliged to toil out a miserable life under the whips of imperious task-masters. Imagine to yourself an hole in the side of a mountain, of about five yards over. Down this you are let, in a kind of bucket, more than an hundred fathom; the prospect growing still more gloomy, yet still widening, as you descend. At length, after swinging in terrible suspense for some time in this precarious situation, you at length reach the bottom, and tread on the ground; which by its hollow sound under your feet, and the reverberations of the echo, seems thundering at every step you take. In this gloomy and frightful solitude, you are enlightened by the feeble gleam of lamps, here and there disposed, so that the wretched inhabitants

habitants of these mansions can go from one part to another without a guide. And yet, let me assure you, that though they, by custom, could see objects very distinctly by these lights, I could scarce discern, for some time, any thing; not even the person who came with me to shew me these scenes of horror.

From this description, I suppose, you have but a disagreeable idea of the place; yet let me assure you that it is a palace, if we compare the habitation with the inhabitants. Such wretches mine eyes never yet beheld. The blackness of their visages only serves to cover an horrid paleness, caused by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed to procure. As they in general consist of malefactors condemned for life to this task, they are fed at the public expence; but they seldom consume much provision. — They lose their appetites in a short time; and commonly in about two years expire, from a total contraction of the joints of the body.

In this horrid mansion I walked after my guide for some time, pondering on the strange tyranny and avarice of mankind, when I was accosted by a voice behind me, calling me by name, and enquiring after my health with the most cordial affection. I turned and saw a creature all black and hideous, who approached me, with a most piteous accent, demanding, “Ah! Mr. Everard, don’t you know me?” Good God, what was my surprize, when, through the veil of his wretchedness, I discovered the features of my old and dear friend Count Alberti! I flew to him with affection: and after a tear of condolence, asked how he came there? To this he replied, that having fought a duel with a general of the Austrian infantry against the emperor’s command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to

I

fly

fly into one of the forests of Istria, where he was first taken, and afterwards sheltered, by some banditti, who had long infested that quarter. With these he had lived for nine months, till, by a close investiture of the place in which they were concealed, and after a very obstinate resistance, in which the greatest part of them fell, he was secured and carried to Vienna, in order to be broken alive on the wheel. When he arrived at the capital, he was quickly known, and, several of the associates of his accusation and danger witnessing his innocence, his punishment of the rack was changed into that of perpetual confinement and labour in the mines of Idra. A sentence, in my opinion, a thousand times worse than death.

As Alberti was giving me this account, a young woman came up to him, who, at once I saw, had been born for better fortune. The dreadful situation of the place was not able to destroy her beauty, and even in this scene of wretchedness, she seemed to have charms to grace the most brilliant assembly.

This lady was daughter to one of the first families in Germany, and, having tried every means to procure her lover's pardon without effect, was at last resolved to share his miseries, as she could not relieve them. With him she accordingly descended into these mansions, from which few ever return; and with him she is contented to live, forgetting the gaieties of life; with him to toil, despising the splendours of opulence, and contented with the consciousness of her own constancy.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

Now

Now can I tell all the feelings of your dear heart. Now see I your fancy busy with her magic pencil; and affecting is the picture it has begun. Begun—for your weeping eyes will not suffer you to finish it. Can not you, through all your tears, distinguish Alberti and his wife dying in each others arms after about half a year? What a scene!

Is there any sum of money you would not give to have this tragedy end happily? That, of course, is impossible. But Everard speaks of the poor souls in his next letter, which I may perhaps send you in *my next*.——

Come——be a good girl, and you shall have it now, though it will not give you *much* consolation.

“ My last to you was expressive, and perhaps too much so, of the gloomy situation of my mind. I own the deplorable condition of the worthy man described in it, was enough to add double severity to the hideous mansions. At present, however, I have the happiness to inform you, that I was spectator of the most affecting scene I ever yet beheld. Nine days after I had written my last, a person came post from Vienna to the little village near the mouth of the greater shaft. He was soon after followed by a second, and he by a third. The first enquiry was after the unfortunate Count; and I, happening to overhear the demand, gave them the best information. Two of these were the brother and
I 2—
cousin

cousin of the lady, the third was an intimate friend and fellow foldier of the Count. They came with his pardon, which had been procured by the General with whom the duel had been fought; who was perfectly recovered from his wounds. I led them with all the expedition of joy down to his dreary abode, and presented to him his friends, and informed him of the happy change in his circumstances. It would be impossible to describe the joy that brightened up his grief-worn countenance; nor was the young lady's emotion less vivid at seeing her friends, and hearing of her husband's freedom: some hours were employed in mending the appearances of this faithful couple, nor could I without a tear behold him taking leave of the former wretched companions of his toil. To one he left his mattock; to another his working cloaths; to a third his little household utensils, such as were necessary for him in that situation. We soon emerged from the mine; and he once again revisited the sight of the sun, which he had totally despaired of ever seeing. A post-chaise was ready the next morning to take them to Vienna, whither, I am since informed by a letter from himself, they are returned. The empress has taken them into favour; his fortune and rank are restored; and he and his fair partner now have the pleasing satisfaction of feeling happiness with double relish, because they once knew what it was to be miserable."

Says not our friend Sterne, that the circumstance of his being at Rennes at the very time the Marquis reclaimed his forfeited nobility and his sword, was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a sentimental one?—I believe it: and every other incident of good fortune befall all such travellers!

Did

Did not I say this second part of the story would not afford you *much* consolation? Excuse me for such a falsity. That was only to surprize you. Well I knew what would be my M.'s feelings.

Are you as deep in astrology as when you wrote last to me? On the page I have to spare I will send you some hasty lines which I scribbled the other day to ridicule the weakness of a Dr. W. who is as great a—fool at least as Dryden, and never fails to cast the nativity of his children.

Kind heaven has heard the parent's prayer,

Each gossip hails the son and heir,

“Pray let the Doctor see.”

“My master, ma'am? Your labour past;

“He's got among the stars, to cast

His son's nativity.”

Three hours elaps'd, our sage descends,

With “well, and how's the child, my friends?”

“He's happy, Sir, ere this.”—

“Happy! why yonder stars ne'er shed

Benigner influence on the head

“Of happier, I guess.

“Worth, virtue, wisdom, honour, wealth,

“Man's best and only riches, health,

“Assuredly await

“Heav'n's favour'd child—or never more.

“Say I have knowledge to explore

“The secret page of fate.

" 'Twas there I read my happy boy
 " Full seventy summers should enjoy
 " Ere"——when nurse sobb'd and said,
 " Good lack!——the babe to whom kind heaven,
 " So many bounteous gifts hath given,
 " These two hours hath been——dead."

LETTER XXXVII.

To the SAME.

Ireland:

26 January, 1777.

One of Lord Harcourt's suite will carry this to England. His Lordship was relieved from guard yesterday by the arrival of the new Lord Lieutenant. As politicks have not much to do with love, I shall not trouble you with a history of the late reign, or with a prophecy of what will be the present. Only let our great actors take care they do not play the farce of America in Ireland.

My spirits, I thank you, are now tolerably well. But you know I am, at least I know I have been ever since you have known me, a strange comical fellow. Neither one thing nor t'other. Sometimes in the garret, but, much oftener down in the cellar. If Salvator Rosa, or Rousseau, wanted

to

to draw a particular character, I am their man. But you and I shall yet be happy together, I know; and then my spirits and passions will return into their usual channels.

Why do you complain of the language and tenderness of my letters? Suppose they were not tender. What would you say, what would you think, then? Must not love speak the language of love? Nay, do we not see every day that love and religion have mutual obligations, and continually borrow phrases from each other? Put Jamie or Jenny, instead of Christ, and see what you will make of Mrs. Rowe's most solemn poems, or of Dr. Watts's hymns.

Let me transcribe you a letter written by another person to a lady.

" Sir Benjamin telling me you were not come to town at
 " 3 o'clock, makes me in pain to know how your son does,
 " and I can't help enquiring after him and dear Mrs. Free-
 " man. The Bishop of Worcester was with me this morn-
 " ing before I was dressed. I gave him my letter to the
 " Queen, and he has promised to second it, and seemed to
 " undertake it very willingly: though, by a'l the discourse
 " I had with him (of which I will give you a particular
 " account when I see you), I find him very partial to her.
 " The last time he was here, I told him you had several
 " times desired you might go from me, and I have repeated
 " the same thing again to him. For you may easily imagine
 " I would

"I would not neglect doing you right on all occasions. But
 "I beg it again for Christ Jesus's sake, that you would ne-
 "ver name it any more to me; for, be assured, if you should
 "ever do so cruel a thing as to leave me, from that mo-
 "ment I shall never enjoy one quiet hour. And, should
 "you do it without asking my consent (which if I ever
 "give you, may I never see the face of heaven), I will
 "shut myself up, and never see the world more, but live
 "where I may be forgotten by human kind."

What think you of this letter? If it should
 have been written by a woman to a woman,
 surely you will allow H. to write a little tenderly
 to his own M. This was really the case. It is
 transcribed from "an account of the conduct of
 the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough," printed
 for W. Smith in Dame-street, Dublin, 1742,
 which I bought at Wilson's in Dame-street yester-
 day. The pamphlet contains others as loving.
 This I find page 40. It was written to Lady
 Marlborough by her Mistress (one would have
 thought the word *mistress* in one sense did belong
 to one of the parties), when she was only Prin-
 cess of Denmark. It refers to the quarrel be-
 tween the Princess and her royal sister and brother
 in-law, because she would not part with her fa-
 vourite, upon Lord Marlborough's having dis-
 pleased the King.

These

These two female lovers always corresponded, under the names of Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Morley, at the particular desire of the Princess, who fixed upon the names. And this, after she was Queen Anne.—Be assured, my M. that, although I write to you with almost the same madness of affection, I will ever imitate her example, for all its royalty, and exchange you for a mushroom of your own raising (Mrs. Masham).

LETTER XXXVIII.

To the SAME.

Ireland,

6 Feb. 1777.

My last was merry, you know. I can't say as much for your last. To-day you must suffer me to indulge my present turn of mind in transcribing something which was left behind her by a Mrs. Dixon, who poisoned herself not long since at Inniskillen. It was communicated to me by a gentleman, after a dinner yesterday, who is come hither about business, and lives in the neighbourhood of Inniskillen.

The unhappy woman was not above nineteen years of age. She had been married about two years, and lived with her husband all that time with seeming ease and cheerfulness.

—She was remarkably cheerful all the fatal day, had company to dine with her, made tea for them,

in

in the evening, set them down to cards, retired to her chamber, and drank her cup of arsenick.

—She left a writing on her table, in which is obscurely hinted the sad circumstance which urged her impatience to this desperate act.

Enclosed is an exact copy even to the spelling.

“ This is to let all the world know, that hears of me, that it's no crime I ever committed occasions this my untimely end : but despair of ever being happy in this world, as I have sufficient reasons to think so. I own 'tis a sinful remedy, and very uncertain to seek happiness; but I hope that God will forgive my poor soul: Lord have mercy on it! But all I beg is to let none reproach my friends with it, or suspect my virtue or my honour in the least, though I am to be no more.

Comfort my poor unhappy mother, and brothers and sisters, and let all mothers take care, and never force a child as mine did me : but I forgive her, and hopes God will forgive me, as I believe she meant my good by my marriage.

Oh! that unfortunate day I gave my hand to one, whilst my heart was another's, but hoping that time and prudence would at length return my former peace and tranquility of mind ; which I wanted for a long time: but oh! it grieves me to think of the length of eternity; and the Lord save me from eternal damnation! Let no one blame Martin Dixon, for he is in no fault of it.

I have a few articles which I have a greater regard for than any thing else that's mine, on account of him that gave them to me (but *he* is not to be mentioned) — and I have some well-wishers that I think proper to give them to.

* Her husband.

First,

First, to Betty Batfour, my silver buckles ; to Polly Deeryn, my diamond ring ; to Betty Mulligan, my laced suit, cap, handkerchief and ruffles : to Peggy Delap, a new muslin handkerchief not yet hemmed, which is in my drawer, and hope for my sake those persons will accept of these trifles, as a testimony of my regard for them.

I would advise * Jack Watson to behave himself in an honest and obedient manner in respect to his mother and family, as he is all she has to depend upon now.

I now go in God's name, though against his commands, without wrath or spleen to any one upon earth. The very person I die for, I love him more than ever, and forgives him. I pray God grant him more content and happiness than he ever had, and hopes he will forgive me, only to remember such a one died for him.

There was, not long ago, some persons pleased to talk something against my reputation, as to a man in this town, but now, when I ought to tell the truth, I may be believed ; if ever I knew him, or any other but my husband, may I never enter into glory ; and them I forgive who said so, but let that man's wife take care of them that told her so ; for they meant her no good by it.

With love to one, friendship to few, and good will to all the world, I die, saying, Lord have mercy on my soul ; with *an advice to all people never to suffer a passion of any sort to command them as mine did in spite of me.* I pray God bless all my friends and acquaintance, and begs them all to comfort my mother, who is unhappy in having such a child as I, who is ashamed to subscribe myself an unworthy and disgraceful member of the church of Scotland,

Jane Watson,

otherwise, Dixon."

† Her brother.

My

My pen shall not interrupt your meditations hereon, by making a single reflection. We both of us have made, I dare say, too many on it.—She too was *Jenny*, and had her *Robin Gray*.

LETTER XXXIX.

To the SAME.

Ireland,

27 March, 77.

If you write as you wrote last week, I cannot bear this distance. Positively you must think of what I proposed last month.

That I may not disobey your commands this morning by writing too tenderly, I will transcribe you something in return for the contents of your last. It is in a different stile, but full as capital. Tell me whether you don't think my French *Robin Gray* a good companion to your English one. The young Abbé who gave it me, assured me it is almost totally unknown even in France. Louis Petit (a friend of *Corneille*) wrote it, who died in 1693. Do let me set you the task of translating it, when you will of course give *Jeremiah* leave to go and mind his own affairs.

Dès que Robin eut vu partir *Toinette*,
 Il quitta là le soin de son troupeau,
 Il jetta loin panetière et houlette,
 Et ne garda rien que son chalumeau.
 Il lamenta plus fort qu'un *Jérémie* ;
 Il souhaita mille fois le trespas ;
 Et, dans son mal, il n'a d'autre soulas
 Que d'entonner, sur sa flûte jolie,
 Triste chanson, qui finit par, hélas !
 C'est grand pitié d'estre loin de s'amie.

Ces derniers mots, sans cesser, il répète,
 Tantôt assis sur le bord d'un ruisseau,
 Tantôt couché dessus la tendre herbe,te,
 Tantôt le dos appuyé d'un ormeau.
 Onc ne mena Berger si triste vie.
 Du doux sommeil il ne fait plus de cas ;
 Plus qu'un Hermite il fait maigres repas ;
 Dances et jeux ne lui plaisent plus mie,
 Et dans sa bouche il n'a rien qu'un — hélas !
 C'est grand pitié d'estre loin de s'amie.

Il n'est berger qui son mal ne regrette ;
 Et près de lui bergeres du hameau
 Viennent chanter, filant leur quenouillette,
 Pour consoler ce triste pastoureau.
 Mais leur doux chant point ne le solatie,
 Tant la douleur le tient dedans ses lacs !
 Pour ne les voir, les yeux tient toujours bas ;
 Et, si leur dit, “ laissez-moi, je vous prie ; ”
 Puis aussitôt revient à son — hélas !
 C'est grand pitié d'estre loin d' s'amie.

E N V O I.

Fils de *Cyprie*, plus malin qu'une pie,
 A consoler *Robin* l'on perd ses pas :
Toinette seule, avec ses doux appas,
 Le peut tirer de sa mélancholie :
 Rends la lui donc ; car, après tout — hélas !
 C'est grand pitié d'être loin de s'amie.

L E T T E R XL.

To the S A M E.

Ire'and,
 20 April, 1777.

Now you see there is something in dreams. But why is not your alarming letter more particular about your complaint? Do they nurse you as tenderly as I would? Are they careful about your medicines? For God's sake tell them all round what happened lately here to Sir William Yorke, the chief justice.

Sir William was grievously afflicted with the stone. In his severe fits he used to take a certain quantity of laudanum drops. On calling for his usual remedy, during the most racking pains of his distemper, the drops could not be found. The servant was dispatched to his apothecary;

thecary; but, instead of laudanum drops, he asked for laudanum. A quantity of laudanum was accordingly sent, with special charge not to give Sir William more than twenty-four drops. But, the fellow, forgetting the caution, gave the bottle into his master's hand, who, in his agony, drank up the whole contents, and expired in less than an hour.

Why, my dearest love, did you conceal your illness from me so long? Now, you may have revealed the situation of your health to me too late. God forbid!—If I write more, I shall write like a madman. A gentleman takes this who sails for England to-day. To-morrow or next day the Colonel will be here. If Lord S. as I have reason to suspect, has influenced him to refuse me leave of absence, I will most certainly sell out directly, which I have an opportunity to do. At any rate I will be with you in a few days. If I come without a commission you must not be angry. To find you both displeased and ill, will be too much for your poor H. For my sake, be careful. Dr. — I insist upon your not having any longer. His experience and humanity are upon a par. Positively you must contrive some method for me to see you. How can love like mine support existence

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if you should be ill, and I should not be permitted to see you!—But I can neither think nor write any more.

LETTER XLI.

To the SAME.

Cannon Coffee-house,
Charing-Cross,

4 May. 77.

Did you get the incoherent scrawls I wrote you yesterday and the day before? Your's I have this instant read and wept over. Your feeble writing speaks you weaker than you own. Heavens, am I come hither only to find I must not see you! Better I had staid in Ireland. Yet, now do I breath the same air with you. Nothing but your note last night could have prevented me, at all hazards, from forcing my way to your bedside. In vain did I watch the windows afterwards, to gather information from the passing lights whether you were better or worse. For God of Heaven's sake send me an answer to this.

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L E T T E R XLII.

To Mr. _____.

A. 4 May, 1777.

3 o'clock.

My dear mistress bids me write this from her mouth.—“ These are the last words I speak. My last thoughts will be on you, my dearest dear H. In the next world we shall meet. Live, and cherish my memory. Accept the contents of this little box. Be a friend to my children. My little girl.”

L E T T E R XLIII.

To the S A M E.

A. 4 May, 1777.

15 o'clock.

My dear Soul,

At the hazard of my life I write this to tell you Heaven has spared my life to your prayers. The unfinished note, which my hasty maid—I can't go on.

Sir,

My dear Mistress bids me say, Sir, that her disorder has taken a turn within this hour, and

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the physicians have pronounced her out of all danger. — Honoured Sir, I humbly crave your pardon for sending away my scribble just now, which I am afraid has made you uneasy; but indeed, Honoured Sir, I thought it was all over with my poor dear mistress; and then, I am sure I should have broke my heart. For, to be sure, no servant ever had a better, nor a kinder mistress. Sir, I presume to see your Honour to morrow. My mistress fainted away as she began this, but is now better.

A. 6 a'clock.

LETTER XLIV.

To Miss. —

Cannon Coffee-house.

27 June, 1777.

5 o'clock.

As I want both appetite and spirits to touch my dinner, though it has been standing before me these ten minutes, I can claim no merit in writing to you. May you enjoy that pleasure in your delightful situation on the banks of the Thames, which no situation, no thing upon earth, can in your absence, afford me!

Do

Do you ask me what has lowered my spirits to-day? I'll tell you. Don't be angry, but I have been to see the last of poor Dodd. Yes, "poor Dodd!" though his life was justly forfeited to the laws of his country. The scene was affecting—it was the first of the kind I had ever seen; and shall certainly be the last. Though, had I been in England when Peter Tolosa was deservedly executed in February, for killing Durzey a young French woman with whom he lived; I believe I should have attended the last moments of a man who could murder the object of his love. For the credit of my country, this man (does he deserve the name of *man*?) was a Spaniard.

Do not think I want tenderness, because I was present this morning. Will you allow yourself to want tenderness, because you have been present at Lear's madness, or Ophelia's? Certainly not. Believe me (you *will* believe me, I am sure)—I do not make a profession of it, like George S. Your H. is neither *artiste* nor *amateur*—nor do I, like Paoli's friend and historian, hire a window by the year, which looks upon the Grass-market at Edinburgh.

Raynall's book you have read, and admire. For its humanity it merits admiration. The

Abbé does not countenance an attendance on scenes of this sort by his writings, but he does by his conduct. And I would sooner take Practice's word, than Theory's. Upon my honour Raynall and Charles Fox, notwithstanding the rain, beheld the whole from the top of an unfinished house, close by the stand in which I had a place.

However meanly Dodd behaved formerly, in throwing the blame of his application to the chancellor on his wife; he certainly died with resolution. More than once to day I have heard that resolution ascribed to his hope that his friend Hawes, the humane founder of the humane society, would be able to restore him to life. But I give him more credit. Besides, Voltaire observes that the courage of a dying man is in proportion to the number of those who are present — and St. Evremond (the friend of the French M.) discovered that *les Anglois surpassent toutes les nations à mourir*. Let me surpass all mankind in happiness, by possessing my *Ninon* for life, and I care not how I die.

Some little circumstances struck me this morning, which, however you may refuse to forgive me for so spending my morning, I am sure you would not forgive me were I to omit.—Before
the

the melancholy proceſſion arrived, a ſow was driven into the ſpace left for the ſad ceremony, nor could the idea of the approaching ſcene, which had brought the ſpectators together, prevent too many from laughing, and ſhoutiug, and enjoying the poor animal's diſtreſs, as if they had only come to Tyburn to ſee a ſow baited.

After the arrival of the proceſſion, the preparation of the unhappy victim mixed ſomething diſagreeably ludicrous with the ſolemnity. The tendereſt could not but feel it, though they might be ſorry that they *did* feel it. The poor man's wig was to be taken off, and the night-cap brought for the purpoſe was too little, and could not be pulled on without force. Valets de chambre are the greateſt enemies to heroes. Every guinea in my pocket would I have given, that he had not worn a wig, or that (wearing one) the cap had been bigger.

At laſt arrived the moment of death. The driving away of the cart was accompanied with a noiſe which beſt explained the feelings of the ſpectators for the ſufferer. Did you never obſerve, at the ſight or the relation of any thing ſhocking, that you cloſed your teeth hard, and drew in your breath hard through them, ſo as to make

make a sort of hissing sound? This was done so universally at the fatal moment, that I am persuaded the noise might have been heard at a considerable distance. For my own part, I detected myself, in a certain manner, accompanying his body with the motion of my own; as you have seen people wreathing and twisting and biassing themselves, after a bowl which they have just delivered.

Not all the resuscitating powers of Mr. Hawes can, I fear, have any effect; it was so long before the mob would suffer the hearse to drive away with his body.—

Thus ended the life of Dr. Dodd. How shocking, that a man with whom I have eaten and drunk, should leave the world in such a manner! A manner which, from familiarity, has almost ceased to shock us, except when our attention is called to a Perreau or a Dodd. How many men, how many women, how many young and, as they fancy, tender females, with all their sensibilities about them, hear the sounds, by which at this moment, I am disturbed, with as much indifference as they hear muffins and matches cried along the streets! *The last dying speech and confession, birth, parentage and education*—Familiarity has even annexed a kind of humour to the cry.

try. We forget that it always announces the death (and what a death!) of one fellow being; sometimes of half a dozen, or even *more*.

A lady talks with greater concern of cattle-day than of hanging-day. And her maid contemplates the mournful engraving at the top of a dying-speech, with more indifference than she regards the honest tar hugging his sweetheart at the top of "Blackeyed Susan." All that strikes us is the ridiculous tone in which the halfpenny ballad-finger chants the requiem. We little recollect that, while we are finiling at the voice of the charmer, wives or husbands (charm she never so wisely) children, parents or friends, perhaps all these and more than these, as pure from crimes as we, and purer still perhaps, are weeping over the crime and punishment of the darling and support of their lives. Still less do we at this moment (for the printer always gets the start of the hangman, and many a man has bought his own dying-speech on his return to Newgate by virtue of a reprieve)—still less do we ask ourselves, whether the wretch, who, at the moment we hear this (which ought to strike us as an) awful sound, finds the halter of death about his neck, and now takes the longing farewell, and now hears the horses whipped and encouraged to draw

draw from under him for ever, the cart which he now, now, now feels depart from his lingering feet——whether this wretch really deserved to die more than we. Alas! were no spectators to attend executions but those who deserve to live, Tyburn would be honoured with much thinner congregations.

Well—I have made an uncomfortable sort of a meal on tea, and now I will continue my conversation with you. *Conversation*——a plague on words, they will bring along with them ideas! This is all the conversation we must have together for some days. Have I deserved the misery of being absent from my M.? To bring proofs of my love, would be to bring proofs of my existence. They must end together. Oh M. does the chaste resolution which I have so religiously observed ever since I offered you marriage deserve no smiles from Fortune? Is then my evil genius never to relent? Had I not determined to deserve that success which it is not for mortals to command, I should never have struggled with my passions as I did the first time we met after your recovery. What a struggle! The time of year, the time of day, the situation, the danger from
which

which you were hardly recovered, the number of months since we had met, the languor of your mind and body, the bed, the every thing—Ye cold-blooded, white-livered sons and daughters of chastity, have ye no praises to bestow on such a forbearance as that? Yet, when your strength failed you, and grief and tenderness dissolved you in my arms; when you reclined your cheek upon my shoulder, and your warm tears dropt into my bosom; then—who could refrain?—then——

What then, ye clay-cold hyper-criticks in morality?

Then—even then—"I took but one kiss, and I tore myself away."

Oh that I could take only one look, at this moment!

Your last says *the sun will shine*. Alas, I see no signs of it. Our prospects seem shut up for ever.

With regard to the stage—we will talk of it. My objections are not because I doubt your success. They are of a different kind—the objections of love and delicacy. Be not uneasy about my selling out. The step was not so imprudent. What think you of orders? More than once you know you have told me I have too much religion

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for a foldier. Will you condescend to be a poor parson's wife?

But I shall write till to-morrow at this rate.

LETTER XLV.

To the SAME.

7 July, 77.

Since last night I have changed my mind—totally changed it. I charge you not to see Mrs. Yates this morning. Write her word your mind is changed. - Never, will I consent to be supported by your labours. Never, never shall your face, your person, your accomplishments be exposed for so much an hour. By the living God I will not forgive you if you do not give up all thoughts of any such thing.

LETTER XLVI.

To the SAME.

Croydon,

20th Sept. 1777.

That you have taken to drawing gives me particular pleasure. Depend upon it you will find it suit your genius. But, in truth, your genius

nius seizes every thing. While your old friend is eating his corn, I sit down to tell you this; which I would not say to your face, lest you should call it flattery. Though you well know flattery is a thing in which *we* never deal. My opinion of the great man's stile of painting, who condescends to improve you in drawing, is exactly your's. Posterity will agree with us. The subjects you recommended to his pencil are such as I should have expected from my M.'s fancy. While I walked my horse hither this morning, two or three subjects of different sorts, occurred to me. All of them would not suit his stile. But I know one or two of them would not displease you, if well executed. Some of them I will send you.—

Louis xiv. when a boy, viewing the battle of St. Anthony from the top of Charonne. In 1650, I think.

Richard Cromwell, when the Prince de Conti, Condé's brother, told him in conversation, at Montpellier, without knowing him, that Oliver was a great man, but that Oliver's son was a miscreant for not knowing how to profit by his father's crimes.

Milton, when the idea first struck him of changing his mystery into an epic poem.

Demosthenes declaiming in a storm.

William the Conqueror, and his rebellious son Robert, discovering each other in a battle ; after they had encountered hand to hand for some time.

Charles XII. tearing the Vizir's robe with his spur. And again, after lying in bed ten months at Demotica.

" ——— Though my mother could na speak,

" She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break."

The Abra of Prior's Solomon,

" When she, with modest scorn, the wreath return'd,

" Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd."

Our Elizabeth, when she gave her Essex a box on the ear.

Chatterton's Sir Charles Bawdin, parting from his wife——

" Then tir'd out with raving loud,

" She fell upon the floor ;

" Sir Charles exerted all his might,

" And *march'd* from out the door."

The Conference of Augustus, Anthony and Lepidus (you are deep in Goldsmith, I know). Do you remember the scene ? Equally suspicious of treachery, they agreed to meet on a little island near Mutina. Lepidus first past over. Finding every thing safe, he made the signal.— Behold them, yonder, seated on the ground, on the

the highest part of a desolate island, unattended, fearful of one another, marking out cities and nations, dividing the whole world between them; and mutually resigning to destruction, agreeably to lists which each presented, their dearest friends and nearest relations. — Salvator Rosa would not make me quarrel with him for doing the back ground. Your friend, if any one living, could execute the figures.

Let me suggest one more subject. — Monmouth's decapitation, in the time of James ii. History speaks well of his face and person. The circumstances of his death are these. — He desired the executioner to dispatch him with more skill than he had dispatched Ruffel. This only added to the poor fellow's confusion, who struck an ineffectual blow. Monmouth raised his face from the block, and with a look (which I cannot describe, but the painter must give) reproached his failure. — By the turn of the head, the effect of the blow might be concealed, and left to fancy; who might collect it from the faces of the nearest spectators. — The remainder of the scene is too shocking for the eye, almost for the ear. — But, I know not how, whenever I am away from you, nothing is too shocking for me. — Monmouth again, laid

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down his head. The executioner struck again *and again*, to as little purpose; and, at last, threw down the axe. The sheriff obliged the man, whose feelings all must pity and respect, to renew his attempt. Two strokes more finished the butchery.

Were it possible to tear off this last subject without destroying half my letter, I really would. It will make you shudder too much. But, you see, it is not possible; and you prefer such a letter as this, I know, to none. The paper only affords me room to say my horse is ready. Every step he carries me from you, will be a step from happiness. — My imagination *would* busy herself just now, about the manner in which I should behave, if I were to die as ignominiously as Monmouth. But, as I feel no inclination for rebellion, fancy threw away her pains.

L E T T E R XLVII.

To the S A M E.

5 February, 1778.

Oh! my dearest M. what I have gone through since I wrote to you last night it is impossible for me to describe. Thank God, you were not in town! Suffice it that my honour and life are both

as you wish them. Now, mine of last night is more intelligible. How strange, that the kindest letter almost you ever wrote me, should come to me precisely at the time I was obliged to make up my mind to quit the world, or, what is more, *much more*, to quit you! Yet, so it was.

The story my letter mentioned, of a friend who had received such an affront as no human being could away with, was my own. Your feelings agreed with me, I am sure. Duelling is not what I defend. In general, almost always, it may be avoided. But cases may be put, in which it can be avoided only by worse than death, by everlasting disgrace and infamy. Had I fallen, I know where my last thoughts would have lingered; and you and your children would have had some tokens of my regard. Be assured the matter is for ever at an end, and at an end as properly as even you can wish. How happy shall we be, in 79, or 80 (for before that time we shall surely be blest with each other!), to have those friends about us who were privy to this day; and to talk over the possibility of it!

H. in all thy future life sacred be every fifth of February!

My mind is too much agitated to write any more this evening. To-morrow I will be more
parti-

particular. My last I am sure could not alarm you; though, had any thing happened, it would have prepared you. Don't be alarmed by this. Upon my honour! (with which you know I never preface a falsity) I am not hurt; nor, as it since turns out, is the other gentleman—at least, not materially.

One trifling circumstance I must mention. As I was determined either to kill or to be killed (unless sufficient apologies should be made),—*the only proper, and least pernicious, idea of duelling*,—I did not see why I should not recruit my strength as much as possible. So, about three o'clock, I took some cold-saddle of mutton and brandy and water at my friend's. After which I went home to seal up some things for you, where my friend was to call for me. When I saw him coming to my door between 4 and 5, I had just wrung the affectionate hand of the man I most value, and committed to his care you and your dear little girl, and my dear sister, &c. &c. Love, honour, revenge, and all my various feelings would, in spite of myself, parch my tongue. As I took my hat out of my dressing-room, I filled a wine-glass of water, and drank half of it, to moisten my mouth. When I saw that glass again, about an hour ago, on returning to that

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home,

home, which I never again thought to see, in order to write to her of whom I thought I had taken my last leave in this world—when I took that glass again in my hand, recollected my feelings on setting it down, and emptied the remainder of its contents, a libation of gratitude to the superintending Providence of Heaven—Oh M. no pen, not even your's, can paint my feelings!

Only remember——In all our future life, each fifth of February be ever sacred!

L E T T E R XLVIII.

To the SAME.

——Street,
2 March, 1778.

Your going out of town so suddenly has not served to mend my spirits. But I will be as merry as I can. Were I to be *very* miserable after my late miraculous adventure, I should be guilty of *sullenness* against Providence. The minute account I gave you of it last week, was, I assure you, dictated to my pen by my feelings, before they had forgotten the affecting circumstances.

Your

Your observations are truly just and striking. Unpardonable as the affront which I had received appears to mortal eyes, I should not readily, I fear, have found an answer to the question of the enquiring angel, on entering the world of spirits, "What brings you hither?"

Did I tell you o' Saturday the particulars of the poor fellow who suffered this day se'nnight for murdering Mrs. Knightly? They are singular. He was an Italian, I understand. Such a thing is not credible, but of an Italian.

Mrs. Knightly's account was that on the 18th of January Ceppi came into her room, she being in bed, locked the door, sat himself in a chair; and told her he was come to do her business. She, not understanding this, asked him to let her get out of bed; which he did. He then took from his pocket two pistols. She went towards the door in order to get out; but he set his back against it. She, to appease him, told him he might stay breakfast. He answered he would have none, but would give her a good one. She then called out to alarm the house, ran towards the bed, and said, "pray, don't shoot me!" and drew up close to the curtains. He followed, and discharged the pistol; after which he threw himself across the bed, and fired the other pistol at himself,

himself, which did not take effect. During this, a washerwoman ran up stairs, and with a poker broke the bottom pannel of the door, through which Mrs. Knightly was drawn half-naked, and Ceppi, following, ran down stairs; but was pursued and taken. In his defence, he said, he had proposed honourable terms of marriage to her, but that she had refused and deserted him; that he was overcome with grief and love, and that his design was not to hurt her, but to shoot himself in her presence.

It appears, I am afraid, from all the circumstances, that, whatever his despair meant with regard to his own life, he certainly was determined to take away her's. How unaccountably must Nature have mixed him up! Besides the criminality and brutality of the business, the folly of it strikes *me*. What—because the person, on whom I have fixed *my* affections, has robbed *me* of happiness by withdrawing *her's*, shall I let her add to the injury, by depriving me of existence also in this world, and of every thing in the next? In my opinion, to run the chance of being murdered by the new object of her affections, or of murdering him, is as little reconcilable to common sense as to common religion. How much less so to commit complicated murder,

der, which must cut off all hopes in all worlds!

Yet, could I believe (which I own I cannot, from the evidence in this case), that the idea of destroying her never struck him till his finger was at the trigger — that his only intention was to lay the breathless body of an injured lover at her feet — Had this been the fact, however I might have condemned the deed, I certainly should have wept over the momentary phrenzy which committed it. But, as nothing appears to have past which could at all make him change his plan, I must (impossible as it seems) suppose him to have deliberately formed so diabolical a plan — and must rejoice that he was not of the same country, while I lament that he was of the same order of beings, with myself.

If the favour I mentioned to you o' Saturday be at all out of course, pray don't ask it. Yet the worthy veteran I want to serve has now and then seen things happen not altogether *in* course. When he called this morning to learn how I had succeeded, I observed to him, while we were talking, that he had got bald. "Yes," said he, shaking his grey hairs, "it will happen so by people's continually stepping over one's head."

He

He little suspected the channel of my application, but he asked me this morning, whether I could scrape it together, properly slid into Miss ——'s hand, might not forward his views. My answer was, that I had no acquaintance with the lady, but I knew *for certain* that she had never in her life soiled her fingers with the smallest present of this sort.

Happy, blest, to know you, to love you, and be loved by you!

LETTER XLIX.

To the SAME.

Hockerill,

5 Sept. 1778.

Here did I sit, more than two years ago, in this very room, perhaps in this very chair, thanking you for bliss, for paradise; all claim to which I soon after voluntarily resigned, because I hoped they would soon be mine by claims more just, if possible, than those of love. Two years—how have I borne existence all the while! But delicacy, and respect for you, enjoined forbearance. And hope led me on from day to day, deceiving time with distant prospects which I thought at hand. When will the tedious journey end? When will

M

my

my weary feet find rest? When shall I sleep away my fatigues on the down-soft pillow of the bosom of love? Should hope continue to deceive me, you never shall make me happy, till you make me your husband. Yet, as we sat upon the grass, under the trees near the water, yesterday, just before you returned me my stick, because you thought the gentleman coming along the path by the mill was a certain person—yet, had I then loosened another button or two of my favourite habit, which was already opened by the heat; had I then (you remember, my Laura, the conversation and the scene) forgotten my resolution, forgotten every thing, and rioted in all your glowing charms, which only love like mine could withstand—who is he who would dare to blame me? Who would dare to say I had done what he would not have done? But the scene must be shifted.—Sally Harris, you know, arrived only at the dignity of Pomona at Hockerill. Had my M. her due, mankind at large would admit her double claim to the titles of Minerva and of Venus.

To sleep *here* is impossible. As well expect the miser to sleep in the place where he once hung in raptures over a hidden treasure which is now lost. This letter I have an opportunity to send to our old friend, for you, without taking it to town.

Let

Let me fill up the remainder of my paper with an almost incredible anecdote I learned from a gentleman who joined me on the road this morning, and travelled some miles with me. It happened last week, I think. Peter Ceppi you remember. Surely that Providence which prevents the propagation of monsters, does not suffer such *monstrous* examples as these to propagate.

One Empson, a footman to Dr. Bell, having in vain courted for some time a servant belonging to Lord Spencer, at last caused the bans to be put up in church, without her consent; which she forbade. Being thus disappointed, he meditated revenge; and having got a person to write a letter to her, appointing a meeting, he contrived to waylay her, and surprise her in Lord Spencer's park. On her screaming, he discharged a pistol at her, and made his escape. The ball wounded her, but not mortally.

Oh love, love, canst thou not be content to make fools of thy slaves, to make them miserable, to make them what thou pleasest! Must thou also goad them on to crimes! must thou convert them into devils, hell-hounds!

LETTER L.

To the SAME.

— street,

23 Jan. 1779.

The short note I wrote to you last night, immediately on my reaching town, you received, I hope. But why no answer to it? Why do you not say when we shall meet? I have ten thousand things to tell you. My situation in Norfolk is lovely. Exactly what you like. The parsonage-house may be made very comfortable at a trifling expence. How happily shall we spend our time there! How glad am I that I have taken orders, and what obligations have I to my dear B. to Mr. H. and Dr. V.! Now, my happiness can be deferred no longer. My character and profession are, now, additional weights in the scale. Oh then, consent to marry me directly. The day I lead you to the altar will be the happiest day of my existence.

Thanks, a thousand thanks for your tender and affectionate letters while I was in Norfolk. Be assured G. could mean nothing by what she said. She is our firm friend, I am persuaded. About an hour ago, I called there; but she was out. Presently I shall go again with this, in the hope of hearing something about you.

Oh.

Oh M.! every day I live I do but discover more and more how impossible it is for me to live without you.

Don't forget the 5th of next month. We must keep that sacred day together.

LETTER LI.

To the SAME.

— Areet,

7 Feb. 1779.

While I live I will never forget your behaviour yesterday. Were I to live an hundred years, I could never thank you enough. But, your will be done.

The task you have set me about Chatterton is only a further proof of your regard for me. You know the warmth of my passions; and you think, if I do not employ myself, they may flame out and consume me. Well then, I will spend a morning or two in arranging what I have collected respecting the author of Rowley's poems. Every syllable you will read, I assure you shall be authentic.

Did you start at "The author of Rowley's poems?" My mind does not now harbour a doubt that Chatterton wrote the whole, whatever I thought when we read them together at H.

30 M308 411101 75 The

The internal evidence of the matter shall not puzzle you, but you shall tell me whether you don't think it easier for Chatterton to have imitated the style of Rowley's age (which he has not done exactly, if you believe those who think as I think), than for Rowley to write in a style which did not exist till so many ages after his time. To suppose him to have found half, and to have added to them—or to consider him as a cat's paw in the business to some cotemporary Rowley, in order to extricate a fictitious Rowley from oblivion, would in my humble opinion be nonsense. For my own part, though he might find some old MSS. I cannot believe he found a syllable which he has attributed to Rowley. Who will engage to prove, from internal evidence, the antiquity of *any one* of Rowley's compositions? What he did find certainly suggested to him the idea of pretending to have found more; but how shall we persuade credulity to believe that all Rowley's poems were copied from old MSS. when the only MSS. produced in confirmation of the story are indisputably proved to be modern?—Is any one fool enough to believe C. was only the blind, subterraneous channel, through which these things were to emerge to day, and float for ever down the stream of fame? This (without mentioning other objections to such a ridiculous belief)

belief) were to suppose two people to determine on the same strange conduct, and two people (the real and the foster father) to keep with equal fidelity the same strange secret. And would the foster father have been as fond and careful of another's secret, as of the offspring of his own invention?

It is not clear to me that C.'s life (if such a scrap of existence can be called a life) does not exhibit circumstances still more extraordinary, if possible, than his being the author of Rowley's poems. But I possess not the abilities which Johnson displayed in his famous *Life of Savage*: nor is this a formal life of Chatterton; though such a thing might well employ even the pen of Johnson. This is only an idle letter to my dear M.—Oh, my M. you, who contributed so liberally, last year, to extricate from distress the abilities of a ——; what would you not have done for a Chatterton!

Thomas Chatterton, destin'd to puzzle at least, if not to impose upon, the ablest critics and antiquarians which the most polished age of England has produced, was born at Bristol, November the 20th 1752. His Father had been master of the free-school in Pile-street in that city, and was sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe church. History condescends not to relate any thing more of such an ignoble family, than that they had been sextons

tons of the same church for near a century and an half.

It seems to have been determined by fortune that this poor lad, I ought rather to say this extraordinary human being, should have no obligation but to genius and to himself. His Father, as he was a school-master, and is reported to have been a tolerable poet for a sexton, might perhaps have given his son a free-school education, had he lived to see him old enough for instruction. The sexton died very soon after, if not before, the birth of his son; who indisputably received no other education than what he picked up at a charity school at a place called St. Augustine's Back in Bristol. Reading, writing and accounts, composed the whole circle of sciences which were taught at this university of our Bristol Shakespear.

On the 1st of July, 1767, he was articled clerk to an attorney of Bristol, whom I have not been able to find out. From him, I understand, has been procured a strange, mad M. of Chatterton, which he called his *will*.

When the new bridge at Bristol was finished, there appeared, in Farly's Bristol Journal, an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge (the piece is prefixed to the volume of Chatterton's Miscellanies), preceded by these words:

—“ To

—“ To the Printer. October 1, 1768. The following description of the fryars’ first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old MS. may not at this time be unacceptable to the generality of your readers. Your’s, Dunhelmus Bristoliensis.” Curiosity at last traced the insertion of this curious memoir to Chatterton. To the threats of those who treated him (agreeably to his age and appearance) as a child, he returned nothing but haughtiness and a refusal to give any account. To milder usage and many promises the boy, after some time, confessed that he had received that and other MSS. from his father, which he had found in an iron chest placed by William Cannynge (the founder of the church of which C.’s family had so long been sextons) in a muniment room over the northern portico of St. Mary Redcliffe. Warton (in his history of English poetry) says when this appeared he was about seventeen. Days are more material in C.’s life than years in the lives of others. He wanted, you see, something of sixteen.—One fact is curious, that, though it was not possible for him to have picked up Latin at a charity-school where Latin was not taught, his note to the printer has, for no apparent reason, a Latin signature, *Dunhelmus Bristoliensis*. This Latin certainly was not Rowley’s. It must have been C.’s.

The

The memoir procured C. the acquaintance of some gentlemen of Bristol, who, because they condescended to receive from him the compositions which he brought them, without giving him much, if any thing, in return, fondly imagined themselves the patrons of genius. Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett, a pewterer and a surgeon, of his obligations to whom you will see him speak in his letters, were his principal, if not his only patrons. To these gentlemen he produced, between October 1768, and April 1770, (besides many things which he confessed to be his own, and many which, in the interval, appeared in the Town and Country Magazine), all Rowley's poems, except the "ballad of Charitie." Of these only two, I think, and those the shortest, he pretended to be the original MSS. The rest were transcripts, in his own hand; of some of which he acknowledged himself the author. Concerning these curiosities no distinct or satisfactory account, by friend or enemy, by threat or promise, could ever be drawn from him. For these curiosities how much he received from his Bristol patrons does not appear. His patrons do not boast of their generosity to him. They (Catcott at least) received no inconsiderable sum for Rowley's poems; nor has the sale of them turned out badly. In consequence of the money got by poems.

ems.

ems which Chatterton certainly brought to light, which, I firmly believe C. to have written, his mother acknowledges to have received the immense sum of five guineas, by the hands of Mr. Catcott; and Mr. Barrett, without fee or reward, cured the whitlowed finger of the sister. Talk no more of the neglect of genius in any age or country, when, in this age and country, Rowley's poems have produced such fortunes to the author and his family. Should I ever appear in print on this subject, I would publickly call upon the gentlemen concerned in this transaction, to state their accounts.

Has not the world a right to know what Catcott fairly bought of Chatterton (he does not pretend to have bought all), and what was the fair purchase-money of these inestimable treasures? Let us know what the editors of Rowley's poems gave and received for them, and what the sale of them has produced. Is the son to be declared guilty of forgery? Are his forgeries to be converted into (I believe, no inconsiderable sums of) money? And is the mother's and sister's share to be five guineas?

Either mean envy of C.'s extraordinary genius, or manly abhorrence of his detestable death, leads almost every person, who talks or writes about this boy, to tell you of his shocking profligacy and

and his total want of principle. One *reverend* antiquarian of Cambridge has gone so far as to tell those of whom he has made enquiries concerning him, that his death was of little consequence, since he could not long have escaped hanging. C. never did any thing which merited hanging, half so much as it is merited by that Doctor of the charitable religion of Christ, who can dare to advance such an uncharitable assertion without a shadow of *probability*. Who knows but this venerable seer, in his next vision, may choose to discover that I shall live to be hanged; may see your H. gibbeted in perspective; because my indignation rescues such a *villain* as poor Chatterton from his monkish bigotry?

When C. left this world in August 1770, he wanted as many months as intervene between August and November to compleat his eighteenth year. If into so small a space he had contrived to crowd much profligacy and much want of principle, some perhaps may be ascribed to his youth, and some to want of friends. Johnson, I remember, defends even the life of Savage, which differed from Chatterton's in more circumstances than its length, by some such observation as this; that the sons of affluence are improper judges of his conduct, and that few wise men will venture to affirm they should have lived better
than

than Savage in Savage's situation. Do *profligate* and *unprincipled*, some of the tenderest epithets vouchsafed poor Chatterton, mean dishonest or undutiful, an unkind brother or an unfeeling child? The dullest enemies of his genius can produce no proofs of any such crime. Some papers I shall send you will contain the fullest proof of the negative. Do they mean that, being a young man, he was addicted to women; that, being a youth of such an imagination, he was addicted to women like all youths of strong imaginations? Do the epithets mean that he exhibited those damnable proofs of his crimes which Bougainville exported into the country of Omiah? The proofs (if there were any, which his bed-fellow at his first lodging in town denies) only show he was unlucky. The crimes must be admitted. Do they mean that, writing to procure bread for himself, his mother and his sister, he wrote on any side and on any subject which would afford bread? The crime must perhaps be admitted. Yet, let not older men, who may possibly themselves, in this sense of the words, be a little unprincipled, a little profligate, head the advanced guard of veterans who are to attack this infant Hercules in his cradle. And let it be remembered that, in the "Memoirs of a Sad Dog," signed Harry Wildfire, inserted in the Town and

N Country

Country Magazine, where Chatterton evidently fate to his own pencil for two or three features, there is this passage——

“ As I know the art of *Curlism* pretty well, I make a tolerable hand of it. But, Mr. Printer, the late prosecution against the booksellers having frightened them all out of their patriotism, I am necessitated either to write for the entertainment of the public, or in defence of the ministry. As I have some little remains of conscience, the latter is not very agreeable. Political writing of either side is of little service to the entertainment or instruction of the reader. Abuse and scurrility are generally the chief figures in the language of party. I am not of the opinion of those authors who deem every man in place a rascal, and every man out of place a patriot.”

In the preface to Chatterton's *Miscellanies*, we are even assured that “ his profligacy was *at least* “ as conspicuous as his abilities.” p. 18. Indeed ! Then do I believe he was the most profligate mortal of his age (I had almost said, of any age) that ever existed. *The admirable Chatterton* (Adventurer, N. 81) bears no comparison with C. either as to the forwardness or the greatness of his abilities ; still less in point of education, for he studied at St. Andrew's in Scotland till he was above three years older than C. was at the time of his death.

The

The insinuations, thrown out by the editor of Chatterton's Miscellanies, and even by Mr. Warton, against the elegant writer at Strawberry-Hill, are certainly not founded. To impute Chatterton's death, in 1770, to the person who in 1768 refused to believe that some of his compositions had been written 300 years before, were to treat others still more uncharitably, if it be possible, than Chatterton has been treated. Mr. Walpole is by no means blameable for the life or the death of Chatterton*.

* Yet even Mr. Walpole cannot help regretting that he was not better acquainted with Chatterton's "fierce and untameable spirit, his consciousness of superior abilities, his inattention to worldly discretion, his scorn of owing subsistence or reputation to any thing but the ebullitions of his own genius." ("a letter to the editor of Chatterton's Miscellanies," printed at Strawberry-hill, 1779) Even he cannot help lamenting that he did not "contribute to rescue such a spirit from itself, its worst enemy." Still, this writer, no less humane than elegant, joins the general cry against the morals of Chatterton. But were or were not all the crimes which can be proved against this poor boy any thing more than the universal foibles of youth? To persist therefore to charge him with those crimes, is it any thing more than to accuse him of his youth? And pure should be that mouth of age which ventures such an accusation; for it may be remembered (the editor protests he means not the most distant application in the present day) that when, in the year 1740, on the seamen's bill, Mr. Horace Walpole reflected

Has the reverend Mr. Thomas Warton any thing to urge against the vanity or the presumption of this poor boy? He should surely have remembered

upon the youth of Pitt, that great man replied, he would not undertake to determine whether youth might justly be imputed as a reproach; but this he would affirm, that the wretch, whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs should secure him from insults: That much more is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation.—Still, this patron of Ossian and rejector of Chatterton, does not hesitate to affirm, *rather harshly*, that “all of the house of forgery are relations; and that, though it be just to Chatterton’s memory to say his poverty never made him claim kindred with the richest or most enriching branches, yet that his ingenuity in counterfeiting styles, and, he (W) *believes* hands, might easily have led him to those more facile imitations of prose, promisory notes.” But surely it should have been remembered that, in the preface to the first edition of the *Castle of Otranto*, not a *boy’s* production, we are solemnly told it was found in the “library of an ancient catholic family in the north of England, and was printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529;” that we are told, in the preface to the second edition, “the honourable author flatters himself he shall appear *excuseable* for having offered his work to the world under the borrowed personage of a translator.” —He should not so very uncharitably condemn the forgery, whose respectable example gave a sanction to it, and might

membered what the reverend Dr. Joseph Warton thought proper to tell the world of almost all his brother's writings, and even of his own "Ode to "Fancy." *

Let me now make you acquainted with the indisputable history of this boy till he left Bristol. As he says, in his "story of Canynge,"

In all his sheepen gambols and child's play,

At every merry-making, fair or wake,

I kenn a purpled light of wisdom's ray;

He ate down learning with the waffle cake.

As wise as any of the aldermen,

He'd wit enough to make a mayor at ten.

Beattie has hardly been able to invent a more striking picture of his minstrel, than is exhibited of C. in a letter written by his sister, last year, to a gentleman who desired her to recollect every circumstance concerning him, however trifling it might seem to her. The letter is lent to me, with many charges of care. Pray be careful of it. In transcribing it, you will naturally preserve the

might possibly suggest the original idea of it—for when C. ridicules Mr. W. in the story of "Harry Wildfire," he calls him Baron *Otranto*: And, in the February before C.'s deceit began, Mr. W. published "Historic doubts on the life and reign of Richard iii." which C. perhaps considered as a *bolder* attempt than the creation of Rowley. *The Editor.*

* Warton's "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope." Cooper. 1756. p. 33, 243, &c.

false spellings and stops. Let C.'s sister tell her own story in her own way. Sir Horace Warpool, for Mr. H. Walpole, &c. stamps authenticity on her artless tale. The anxiety shown in this letter to prove "he was a lover of truth from the earliest dawn of reason," is owing to what these two poor women (the mother and sister) have heard about deceit, impostor and *forgery*. For Chatterton's fake, the English language should add another word to its Dictionary; and should not suffer the same term to signify a crime for which a man suffers the most ignominious punishment, and the deception of ascribing a false antiquity of two or three centuries to compositions for which the author's name deserves to live for ever. Suffer me to ask what the prudery of our critics would have said had the song to Ælla, or the chorus to Godwin, been produced by Mr. Warton's nephew, or by a relation of Mr. Walpole? Should we then have been stunned in this manner with repetitions of impostor and forgery? The sins of the forgery and the impostor would then have been boasted by the child's most distant relations, unto the third and fourth generations. Is lady A. L. accused of *forgery* for her "Auld Robin Gray?" Is Macpherson's name mentioned in the same sentence with this unfeeling word *forgery*, even by those who believe Macpherson and Ossian to be

be the same? "When a rich man speaketh," says the son of Sirach (you see I have not taken orders in vain); "every man holdeth his tongue: and lo! what he says is extolled to the clouds: but, if a poor man speak, they say, What fellow is this?"—For the same reason the letter is careful to mention the copy-book covers, which C. told Catcott, &c. were, many of them, Rowley's MSS. But you will recollect that the father, by whom these MSS. are said to have been *cut up* for this purpose, was himself a bit of a *poet*.

A gentleman, who saw these two women last year, declares he will not be sure they might not easily have been made to believe that injured Justice demanded their lives at Tyburn, for being the mother and sister of him who was suspected to have *forged* the Poems of Rowley. Such terror had the humanity of certain curious enquirers impressed upon their minds, by worrying them to declare the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about the *forgery*—Strange-fated Chatterton! Hadst thou possessed fewer and less eminent abilities, the world would now give thee credit for more and for greater abilities.

With regard to the fact, the mother and sister either believe, or pretend to believe, with the pewterer, that all Rowley's poems came out of the old chest in the church. The case is, none
of

of the three knows any thing of the matter. Most readily I admit that, if Chatterton be an impostor (i. e. the wonderful human being I firmly believe him), he imposed upon every soul who knew him. This, with me, is one trait of his greatness.

It has been thought that murders and other crimes are pointed out to discovery by the finger of Providence. But "God's revenge against murder" is, in fact, only the sociableness of man's disposition. That we may have been wisely made thus for this purpose, among others, I do not deny. But Tyburn would see fewer executions were man a less sociable animal. It is not good for him to be alone. Joy or sorrow, villainy or otherwise, *we must have society, we must communicate it.* Man, in spite of grammar, is a noun adjective. Does any one admire Junius for saying that his secret should die with him, and for keeping his word? But this was only saying he would not enlarge the circle of those to whom his secret was already known; for, that he was, as he says, "the sole depositary of his own secret," I cannot think. The original letters are clearly written in a female hand.—But, Junius is now known.

Let any man, at any time of life, make an experiment of not communicating to a single individual,

vidual, during twelve months, a single scheme, a single prospect, a single circumstance respecting himself. Let him try how it is to lock up every thing, trifling or serious, sad or merry, within his own solitary breast. There are easier tasks.

—This boy did it during his whole life.

Very few such men as John the Painter* have appeared in the world, from whom his secret was only stolen by the *traiterous* hand of friendship. No such human being as this boy, at any period of life, has ever been known, or possibly ever will be known. The Spartan lad was far inferior, and that was the effect of education. Psalmanazar and D'Eon are not to be compared with him. That, at his timid and sociable age, when other children are almost afraid to be left alone, C. should wrap his arms round him, stand aloof from the whole world, and never lean upon a single indi-

* Don't smile at my lugging in John the Painter, till you consider how it applies. His secrecy was wonderful, yet less wonderful than C.'s, in exact proportion as his secret was more criminal, and went more to his life.——But you will not deny to be *odd* what I know for a fact, that, among his papers, were some observations on Rowley's poems: if they have not been destroyed, they might surely be published. They could not endanger our dock-yards, though written by John the Painter.——Can't you give a hint of this kind, some day, at your house? Most probably *he* has them.

vidual

vidual for society in his schemes (in schemes, too, neither odious nor criminal), is with me almost more wonderful than the schemes which I firmly believe him, without any assistance, to have planned and executed. It shall make a trait in the character of a general, if he have strength of mind enough not to communicate his plans to his first favourite, till the communication is no longer dangerous. Shall not a boy of eighteen, of seventeen, of *sixteen*, have merit for secrecy much more singular?

In this letter, from which I will detain you no longer, you will find his sister mentions some books she sent him to London. She told me many of them were in languages and in hands (*types* she meant), which she could not understand—that they were numerous—and that with them she sent a catalogue of the books he had read to the amount of many hundreds.

To this I should add, that, when C. tells the story of *Astrea Brokage* in a letter to the Town and Country Magazine, dated “Bristol January 3, 1770,”—at the conclusion, *Astrea* writes thus:—“Having told you I do
 “not like this *uncivilized* Bristolian, you may
 “imagine a *tendresse* for some other has made his
 “faults more conspicuous. You will not be far
 “from the truth. *A young author who has read*
 “more

“ *more than Magliabechi*, and wrote more love
 “ letters than Ovid, is continually invoking the
 “ Nine to describe me.”

In one part of the sister's letter, you will not fail to recollect Dryden, who speaks of the alliance between understanding and madness.—I am sure that love and madness are near relations.

“ Conscious, of my own inability to write to a man of letters. And reluctant to engage in the painful recollection of the particulars of the life of my dear deceased brother, together with the ill state of health I've enjoyed since it has been required of me, are, Sir, the real causes of my not writing sooner. But I am invited to write as to a friend, inspired with the sacred name, I will forget the incorrectness of my epistle and proceed.

My brother very early discover'd a thirst for prehemince I remember before he was 5 years old he would always preside over his playmates as their master and they his hired servants. He was dull in learning not knowing many letters at 4 years old and always objected to read in a small book. He learnt the Alphabet from an old Folio musick book of father's my mother was then tearing up for wast paper, the capitals at the beginning of the verses. I assisted in teaching him. I recollect nothing remarkable till he went into the school, which was in his 8th year. Excepting his promising my mother and me a deal of finery when he grew up as a reward of her care. About his 10th year he began (with the trifle my mother allowed him for pocket money) to hire books from the circulating library and we were informd by the usher made rapid progress in arithmetick. Between his 10th and 12th year he wrote a catalogue of the books he

had read to the number of 70. History and divinity were the chief subjects, his school mates informd us he retired to read at the hours allotted for play. At 12 years old he was confirm'd by the Bishop, he made very senciible serious remarks on the awfullness of the ceremony and his own feelings and convictions during it. Soon after this in the week he was door-keeper he made some verses on the last day, I think about 18 lines, paraphras'd the 9 chapter of Job and not long after some chapters in Isaiah. He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn, but we remark'd he was more chearfull after he began to write poetry. Some saterical peicis we saw soon after. His intimates in the school were but few and they solid lads and except the next neighbour's sons I know of none acquaintance he had out. He was 14 the 20th of Novr. and bound apprentice the 1st of July following. Soon after his apprenticeship he corresponded with one of his school mates that had been his bedfellow, and was I believe bound to a merchhant at New-York. He read a letter at home that he wrote to his friend, a collection of all the hard words in the English language, and requested him to answer it. He was a lover of truth from the earliest dawn of reason, and nothing would move him so much as being bely'd. When in the school we were informd by the usher, his master depended on his verasity on all occations. Till this time he was remarkably indifferent to females. one day he was remarking to me the tendency sever study had to sour the temper and declared he had always seen all the sex with equal indifference but those that nature made dear, he thought of makeing an acquaintance with a girl in the neighbourhood supposeing it might soften the austerity of temper study had ocationd, he wrote a poem to her and they commenced corrisponding acquaintance. About this time the parchments belonging to my father that was left of covering his boys books, my brother carried to the office.

He

He would often speak in great raptures of the undoubted success of his plan for future life. He was introduced to Mr. Barret, Mr. Catcot, his ambition increas'd dayly. His spirits was rather uneven. some times so gloom'd that for many days together he would say very little and that by constraint. At other times exceeding chearfull. When in spirits he would enjoy his rising fame. confident of advancement he would promise my mother and me should be partakers of his success. Mr. Barret lent him many books on surgery and I believe he bought many more as I remember to have packt them up to send to him when in London and no demand was ever made for them. About this time he wrote several satirical poems. one in the papers on Mr. Catcot's putting the pewter plates in St. Nicolas tower. He began to be universally known among the young men. He had many cap acquaintance but I am confident but few intimates. At about 17. he became acquainted with Mr. Clayfield distiller in Castle-street, who lent, him many books on astronomy. Mr. Cator. likewise assisted him with books on that subject. from thence he applyd himself to that study. His hours in the office was from 8 in the morning to 8 in the evening. He had little of his masters business to do. sometimes not 2 hours in a day, which gave him an opportunity to pursue his genius. He boarded at Mr. Lamberts, but we saw him most evenings before 9 o clock and would in general stay to the limits of his time which was 10. o clock. He was seldom 2 evenings together without seeing us. I had almost forgot to add, we had heard him frequently say that he found he studied best toward the full of the moon and would often sit up, all night and write by moon light. A few months before he left Bristol he wrote letters to several booksellers in London I believe to learn if there was any probability of his getting an employment there but that I can't affirm as the subject was a secret at home. He wrote one letter to Sir Horace Warpool.

O

and

and except his correspondence with Miss Rumsey, the girl I before mentioned, I know of no other. He would frequently walk the Colledge green with the young girls that stately paraded there to shew their finery. But I really beleive he was no debauchee (tho some have reported it). the dear unhappy boy had faults enough I saw with concern. he was proud and exceedingly impetuous but that of venality he could not be justly accused with. Mrs Lambert informd me not 2 months before he left Bristol, he had never been once found out of the office in the stated hours as they frequently sent the footman and other servants there to see Nor but once stayd out till 11 o Clock; then he had leave, as we entertained some friends at our house at Christmas.

Thus Sir have I given you, as before the great searcher of hearts the whole truth as far as my memory have been faithfull the particulars of my dear brother. The task have been painfull, and for want of earlyer recollection much have been nay the greatest part have been lost. My Mother joins with me in best respects which conclude me,

Bristol.

Sir

Somersetshire square.

Your very humble servant,

Sept. 22, 1778.

Mary Newton."

To proceed with some sort of regularity, you will next read the earliest production of Chatterton which I have been able to find. It is transcribed from an old pocket-book in his mother's possession. It appears to be his first, perhaps his only, copy of it; and is evidently his hand writing. By the date he was eleven* years and almost five

* Tickell, in the preface to Addison's works, speaks of his "account of the greatest English poets," printed in the miscellanies,

five months old. It is not the most extraordinary performance in the world: but, from the circumstances of Chatterton's parentage and education, it is unlikely, if not impossible, that he should have met with any assistance or correction. Whereas, when we read the ode which Pope wrote at twelve, and another of Cowley at thirteen, we are apt to suspect a parent, friend, or tutor, of an amiable dishonesty, of which we feel, perhaps, that we should be guilty. Suspicions of this nature touch not Chatterton. He knew no tutor, no friend, no parent—at least no parent who could correct or assist him. This poem appears to have

lainies, *while he was young*. In the works this poem is dated April 1694. A friend assured me he has seen it in a miscellany, with this recommendation, “written by Mr. Addison, *when he was only twenty-seven*.” Some recommendation is required by a poem which concludes with these four lines (Addison's works, 4to. Tonson, 1721, vol. 1. p. 41.)

I leave the arts of poesy and verse

To them that practise them with more success.

Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,

And so, at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.

Chaulieu, a French poet, asks indulgence for a little rondeau, because, at the time he wrote it, he was *Poëte NAISSANT*, & *FORT jeune* (Œuvres de Chaulieu, à la Haye, 1777.) The apology will hold, if a man be exceedingly young and a sucking poet at *forty*, which was Chaulieu's age when he wrote the rondeau in question.

been aimed at somebody, who had formerly been a Methodist, and was lately promoted (to the dignity, perhaps, of opening a pew or a grave; for C. was the sexton's son) in the established church. Satire was his fort, if any thing can be called his fort, who excelled in every thing he undertook. Catcott has another later poem of C.'s, called, I think, "The Exhibition." The church here also supplied his indignation with a subject. But, as the satire is rather severe, and the characters are living, Catcott does not permit it to be copied. He has suffered it to be read, and the three following couplets are in different parts of it. At the same time that the lines are surely not bad, they show that music was one of the many things Chatterton found means to acquire during the few months he lived. He is known to have been musical; a fact we have upon poetical record only of him and Milton, I believe. They are not lowered in *your* estimation on this account.—C.'s father had a remarkable turn for music. An old female relation says he talked little, was very absent in company; and used very often to walk by the river side, talking to himself, and flourishing his arms about.—The first and second couplets I mentioned, are in ridicule, the last in praise, of some organist.

Sacred

Sacred to sleep, in his inverted key,
Dull doleful diapasons die away.

Whose jarring humdrum symphonies of flats
Rival the harmony of midnight cats.

He keeps the passions with the sounds in play,
And the soul trembles with the trembling key.

The *e* in key is, I believe, in the Somersetshire
pronunciation, *a*.

Now, for the Poem.

APOSTATE WILL, by T. C.

In days of old, when Wesley's pow'r
Gather'd new strength by every hour;
Apostate Will, just sunk in trade,
Resolv'd his bargain should be made:
Then strait to Wesley he repairs,
And puts on grave and solemn airs;
Then thus the pious man address'd,
Good Sir, I think your doctrine best;
Your servant will a Wesley be,
Therefore the principles teach me.
The preacher then instructions gave,
How he in this world should behave:
He hears, assents, and gives a nod,
Says every word's the word of God.

Then lifting his dissembling eyes,
 How blessed is the sect he cries;
 Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet,
 Shall make me from this sect retreat.
 He then his circumstance declar'd,
 How hardly with him matters far'd,
 Begg'd him next meeting for to make
 A small collection for his sake.
 The preacher said, Do not repine,
 The whole collection shall be thine.
 With looks demure and cringing bows,
 About his business strait he goes;
 His outward acts were grave and prim,
 The Methodist appear'd in him;
 But, be his outward what it will,
 His heart was an Apostate's still;
 He'd oft profess an hallow'd flame,
 And every where preach'd Wesley's name;
 He was a preacher and what not,
 As long as money could be got;
 He'd oft profess with holy fire,
 The labourer's worthy of his hire.

It happen'd once upon a time,
 When all his works were in their prime,
 A noble place appear'd in view,
 Then——to the Methodists, adieu;
 A Methodist no more he'll be,
 The Protestants serve best for *he*.
 Then to the curate strait he ran,
 And thus address'd the rev'rend man:
 I was a Methodist, 'tis true,
 With penitence I turn to you;

O that

O that it were your bounteous will
 That I the vacant place might fill
 With justice I'd myself acquit,
 Do every thing that's right and fit.
 The curate straitway gave consent——
 To take the place he quickly went.
 Accordingly he took the place,
 And keeps it with dissembled grace.

April 14th, 1764.

Though it may not be the next in order of composition, for I shall send you nothing which is already printed, I shall now transcribe for you a poem dated 1769; of which Catcott tells, that talking one day with Chatterton about happiness, Chatterton said he had never yet thought on the subject, but that he would. The *next day* he brought Catcott these lines, and told him they contained his creed of happiness. There can in this be no deceit; for the pewterer produces the poem, and in the simplicity of his vanity, imagines it to contain a *panegyric* on himself.

H A P P I N E S S. 1769.

Since happiness is not ordain'd for man,
 Let's make ourselves as happy as we can;
 Possess with Fame or Fortune, friend or whore;
 But think it happiness——we want no more.

Hail

Hail revelation ! sphere-envelop'd dame,
 To some divinity, to most a name,
 Reason's dark-lantern, superstition's sun,
 Whose cause mysterious and effect are one——
 From thee, ideal bliss we only trace,
 Fair as ambition's dream, or bounty's face,
 But, in reality, as shadowy found
 As seeming truth in twisted mysteries bound.
 What little rest from over-anxious care
 The Lords of Nature are design'd to share,
 To wanton whim and prejudice we owe.
 Opinion is the only God we know.
 Where's the foundation of religion placed ?
 On every individual's fickle taste.
 The narrow way the priest-ridden mortals tread,
 By superstitious prejudice misled :
 This passage leads to Heaven——yet, strange to tell !
 Another's conscience finds it leads to Hell.
 Conscience, the soul-Camelion's varying hue,
 Reflects all notions, to no notion true.——
 The bloody son of Jesse, when he saw
 That mystic priesthood kept the Jews in awe,
 He made himself an ephod to his mind,
 And sought the Lord, and always found him kind.
 In murder, *, *, cruelty and lust,
 The Lord was with him, and his actions just.

Priestcraft, thou universal blind of all,
 Thou idol at whose feet whole nations fall,
 Father of misery, origin of sin,
 Whose first existence did with fear begin,
 Still sparing deal thy seeming blessings out,
 Veil thy Elysium with a cloud of doubt——

Since

Since present blessings in possession cloy,
 Bid hope in future worlds expect the joy——
 Or, if thy sons the airy phantoms slight,
 And dawning reason would direct them right,
 Some glittering trifle to their optics hold;
 Perhaps they'll think the glaring spangle gold,
 And, maddened in the search of coins and toys,
 Eager pursue the momentary joys.

† Catcott is very fond of talk and fame,
 His wish a perpetuity of name,
 Which to procure, a pewter-altar's made,
 To bear his name, and signify his trade,
 In pomp burlesqu'd the rising spire to head,
 To tell futurity a pewterer's dead.
 Incomparable Catcott, still pursue
 The seeming happiness thou hast in view:
 Unfinish'd chimnies, gaping spires compleat,
 Eternal fame on oval dishes beat:

Ride

† This pewterer is famous for producing to the world those poems which Chatterton produced to him. He is famous also for ascending by a rope, with no little danger of his life, in order to place the top stone of St. Nicholas church spire, and under it a piece of pewter recording this singular event. Nor is he less famous for passing the stream, by means of some narrow boards (on horseback, I believe), before the new bridge was compleated; that it might be said (with how much propriety Fame must decide) he first passed the bridge.

* Ride four-inch'd bridges, clouded turrets climb,
 And bravely die—to live in after-time.
 Horrid idea! if on rolls of fame
 The twentieth century only find thy name.
 Unnoticed this in prose or * * * *
 He left his dinner to ascend the tower.
 Then what avails thy anxious spitting pain?
 Thy laugh-provoking labours are in vain:
 On matrimonial pewter set thy hand;
 Hammer with every power thou canst command;
 Stamp thy whole soul, original as 'tis,
 To propagate thy whimsies, name and phyz——
 Then, when the tottering spires or chimnies fall,
 A Catcott shall remain, admir'd by all.

Endo, who has some trifling couplets writ,
 Is only happy when he's thought a wit——
 Thinks I've more judgment than the whole Reviews,
 Because I always compliment his muse.
 If any mildly would reprove his faults,
 They're critics envy-sicken'd at his thoughts.

To me he flies, his best-beloved friend,
 Reads me asleep, then wakes me to commend.

Say, sages—if not sleep-charm'd by the rhyme,
 Is flattery, much-lov'd flattery, any crime?
 Shall dragon Satire exercise his sting,
 And not insinuating Flattery sing?

* The reader will recollect that poor Tom complains the
 foul fiend has “made him proud of heart,” to ride on
 “a high-trotting horse over four-inched bridges.”——Shake-
 speare's poor Tom, as well as our's, discovered “reason in
 “madness.”

Is it more natural to torment than please?
How ill that thought with rectitude agrees !

Come to my pen, companion of the lay,
And speak of worth where merit * *
Let lazy Barton undistinguish'd snore,
Nor lash his generosity to Hoare ;
Praise him for sermons of his curate bought,
His easy flow of words, his depth of thought ;
His active spirit, ever in display,
His great devotion when he drawls to pray ;
His fainted soul distinguishably seen,
With all the virtues of a modern Dean.

Varo, a genius of peculiar taste,
His misery in his happiness has placed ;
When in soft calm the waves of Fortune roll,
A tempest of reflection storms the soul.
But what would make another man distressed,
Gives him tranquillity and thoughtless rest.
No disappointment can his thoughts invade,
Superior to all troubles not self-made——
This character let grey Oxonians scan,
And tell we of what species he's a man.
Or be it by young Yeatman criticized,
Who damns good English if not latinized ; *
In Aristotle's scale the Muse he weighs,
And damps her little fire with copied lays ;
Vers'd in the mystic learning of the schools,
He rings bob-majors by Leibnitzian rules.

Pulvis

* If Rowley did not imitate C. either C. imitated R. or R. and C. are the same ; for, in the epistle on *Aella* to Canynge, is this line——

“ The English, him to please, must first be latinized.”

Pulvis, whose knowledge centres in degrees,
Is never happy but when taking fees;
Blest with a bushy wig and solemn pace,
Catcott admires him for a foffile face.

When first his farce of countenance began,
Ere the soft down had mark'd him almost man,
A solemn dullness occupied his eyes,
And the fond mother thought him wondrous wise.
—But little had she read in nature's book,
For fools assume a philosophic look.

O Education, ever in the wrang,
To thee the curses of mankind belong;
Thou first great author of our future state,
Chief source of our religion, passions, fate.
On every atom of the doctor's frame
Nature has stamp'd the pedant with his name:
But thou hast made him (ever wast thou blind)
A licens'd butcher of the human kind.
—Mould'ring in dust the fair Lavinia lies,
Death and our doctor clos'd her sparkling eyes.
O all ye powers, the guardians of the world!
Where is the useless bolt of vengeance hurl'd?
Say shall this leaden sword of plague prevail,
And kill the mighty where the mighty fail!
Let the red bolus tremble o'er his head,
And with his guardian julep strike him dead!

But to return—In this wide sea of thought,
How shall we steer our notions as we ought?
Content is happiness, as sages say——
But what's content? The trifle of a day.

Then

Then, friend, let inclination be thy guide,
Nor be thy superstition led aside——

It is possible, I trust, to admire these lines, without approving the doctrine they lay down. Wiser men than Chatterton, and older men than he was in 1769, have been sufficiently lost to conviction to maintain such doctrine. And whether, I would ask, is more culpable; he who goes astray when he has been directed right, or he who loses his way when none has had the charity to point it out to him? Again—This boy's religious principles were abominable. Agreed. Whence did he get them? Did nature implant them with the seeds of life? Certainly not. They must have been engrafted, transplanted. Go, then, to the authors of those books from which he must have transplanted those poisonous weeds. There the axe will fall with justice.

His sacred muse sometimes took less exceptionable flights. The original of what follows is in his mother's possession.

THE RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky;
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

P

The

The mystic mazes of thy will,
 The shadows of celestial light,
 Are past the pow'r of human skill,—
 But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
 When anguish swells the dewy tear,
 To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,
 Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom ought but thee
 Inroaching sought a boundless sway,
 Omniscience could the danger see,
 And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
 Why drooping seek the dark recess?
 Shake off the melancholy chain,
 For God created all to bless.

But, ah! my breast is human still;
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,
 My languid vitals' feeble rill,
 The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
 I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;
 Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
 Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
 Which on my sinking spirit steals,
 Will vanish at the morning light,
 Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

Chatterton

Chatterton remained in the attorney's office at Bristol till April 1770. The life he led there you may collect from Mrs. Newton's letter. In addition to that, she and her mother relate that his Sundays were generally spent in walking alone, into the country round Bristol, as far as the day would allow him time to return before night. From these excursions he never failed to bring home with him drawings of churches, or of something which had struck him. That he had a turn for drawing you will see by the figure of a warrior (perhaps Ælla) presenting a church on his knee, which shall accompany this letter (and you are now a judge of drawing, you know)---It was one of his first attempts. There are, I believe, better specimens of his ingenuity in this art. That he improved is evident, from his sketch for Beckford's statue, after he came to town, of which an engraving is prefixed to his Miscellanies; and which was thought worthy to be engraved for the Town and Country Magazine of the month in which he died.

But any single self-acquired accomplishment ceases to surprize, when we recollect his other acquisitions of heraldry, architecture, music, astronomy, surgery, &c. Our surprize has been long since called forth. Had Chatterton, without any instruc-

tion but reading, writing, and accounts, *before he was 18*, arrived at the ability of *only* putting together, in prose or in verse, something which was deemed worth insertion in the most worthless Magazine, it would have been surprizing. What master would not be astonished to discover such a talent in a servant (grown grey in the acquisition of it) who had only learnt to read and write? Stephen Duck and others have been lifted to independence, to wealth, for little more. Yet, even the thresher had a friend and instructor——without whom, says Polymetis Spence, “ Stephen must “ have been placed in the same class with *Hai-“ Ebn Yokdhan*, and the young *Hermes* in *Ram-“ say’s Cyrus* ; *the story of whose improvements, with-“ out any assistance, agrees only with romances.*”--- Spence did not live to know Chatterton. But, we may infer, from his lives of Magliabechi and *Hill*, that he lived to change his opinion. The author of our existence can alone determine to what he has made his creatures equal.

That C. should acquire particular things, without instruction, is not singular, since it was with him a favourite maxim, that man was equal to *any thing*, and that *every thing* might be acquired by diligence and abstinence. Was any thing of this sort mentioned in his hearing? All boy as he was,

was, he would only observe, that the person in question merited praise; but that God had sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach any thing, if they would be at the trouble of extending them. This idea he could not but feel confirmed by what he knew of a Mr. Burgum (I think), Mr. Catcott's partner, who taught himself Latin and Greek.

Yet this very Catcott tells us (Monthly Review, May, 1777) that, "*to his certain knowledge, Chatterton (who, you remember, in 1768, used a Latin signature to the paper) understood no language but his mother tongue.*" On what was this *certain knowledge* founded? It must rest, ultimately, upon this, that Chatterton had never told him he did, had perhaps told him he did not, understand any other language. With as much *certainly of knowledge* the same assertion might have been advanced of Mr. Burgum, before his acquisitions in languages were known to Mr. Catcott. With as much *certainly of knowledge*, and more appearance of truth, a pewterer of Schwabach might have assured the world that Barretier (*Fugitive pieces*, printed for Davies, vol. 1. 141.) was not, at *nine* years of age, master of five languages, and did not, in his *eleventh* year, publish a learned letter in Latin, and a translation of a

Hebrew book into French, whereto, *in one month*, he added notes that contain, it is said, so many curious remarks and enquiries out of the common road of learning, and afford so many instances of penetration, judgement, and accuracy, that the reader finds in every page some reason to persuade him they cannot possibly be the work of a child; but of a man long accustomed to these studies, enlightened by reflexion, and dextrous by long practice in the use of books. Greater men than Catcott might profit by the just observations of Barretier's biographer, that "incredulity" may perhaps be the product rather of prejudice "than reason—that *envy may beget a disinclination* "to admit immense superiority—that an account is "not to be immediately censured as false, merely "because it is wonderful."

How qualified Catcott is to separate wonderful from false, we may judge from his own mouth. In the Monthly Review for May 1777, he formally tells the world, that Chatterton *could be little more than 15* when he gave him the Bristow Tragedy, the ode to *Ælla*, and the two or three little pieces which he first produced. A few lines further of this account, he tells us how absurd it would be to suppose that *a lad of 15* could forge Rowley. In the Gentleman's Magazine

gazine for August 1778, this conscientious pewterer signs his name to a letter, which thus attacks Warton's 2d vol. of English poetry.

"Page 141, He (W.) says Chatterton was 17 years old when he first produced the poems to me. He was *but just* turned of 15. He was born November 20th, 1752, and he gave me the poems *in the beginning of the year* 1768. He had then the tonsure on his head, being just come from Mr. Colston's charity school. By thus misrepresenting the year of his age, in which he mentions most of the poems which have since appeared as being then in his possession, two years are gained; *an interval of time, which might give colour of probability to the (I must say) otherwise very improbable supposition of Chatterton's being the author of the works ascribed to Rowley.*"

In the Gentleman's Magazine for September 1778, Mr. Catcott writes thus to the Printer, and talks rather differently about this *interval of time*, and its consequence.

"I lately received a letter from London, charging me with an inconsistency in my account of the time in which I *first* became acquainted with young Chatterton. In mine of last month, I said, it commenced *the beginning of the year*; I now recollect it was about three weeks, or *perhaps a month*, subsequent to the publication in Felix Farley's Bristol Journal dated the 1st of October 1768, respecting the ceremonies used in opening the old bridge; consequently, *it could not have been till the latter end of the year: but, in my opinion, it is matter of little moment as to the precise time in which we*
became

It came acquainted, as it will not add a single minute to his life, and, of course, not the least degree of credibility to the supposition of his being the author of the poems attributed to Rowley."

So that supposing Catcott to tell truth at last (and his "*perhaps a month,*" may be *perhaps* two months; and probably "*about three weeks, or perhaps a month,*" intervened between the first acquaintance, and the communication of the poems), Chatterton, instead of being a lad of 15 when he produced the first of Rowley's poems, was, on the 20th of the month subsequent to the publication in Farley's Journal, 16; for he was born in November 1752. They, at least, who tell us of Chatterton's shocking impositions, should not themselves impose upon us about Chatterton. It is pleasant enough that every thing like argument in Catcott rests on Rowley's own evidence of his own existence. These are Rowley's poems, because Rowley "*in a MS. of his own writing,*" produced by Chatterton, says he deposited poems in the chest out of which Chatterton said he had these poems. These poems were written three hundred years ago, because the ode to Ælla is written in long lines like a prose composition, as was usual three hundred years ago, when parchment was scarce (Monthly Review, May, 1777)—

But

But if Chatterton invented Rowley's poems, he invented also the other MSS. in which those poems are mentioned. If Chatterton composed the ode to Ælla, it was surely less difficult to write it on parchment, in "lines not kept distinct, in the manner of prose," as was usual in Rowley's age, than to be the author of it! But, says Mr. Catcott——

"With respect to the antiquity of these poems, it needs only to be observed, that Mr. Canynge, the great friend and patron of Rowley, died in the year 1474, and by his will directed that *these, together with a vast collection of other writings, sufficient to fill three or four large chests, should be deposited in Redcliff church, in the room before mentioned; requesting that the mayor and chief magistrates of the city, attended by the town clerk, together with the minister and churchwardens of the parish, would annually inspect the same, and see that every thing was carefully preserved; ordering, moreover, that*

"AN ENTERTAINMENT (Catcott himself gives this passage in capitals) SHOULD BE PROVIDED FOR THEM ON THE DAY WHEN THIS VISITATION SHOULD BE HELD."
(Monthly Review, May, 1777).

If this be so, it is, to be sure, tolerably conclusive. But how stands the matter, if there should not be *a single syllable of truth in the whole passage?*—Every word, except perhaps the date of his death, is false. Rowley's name is

NOTE

not once mentioned in the will. It makes just as much mention of "three or four large chests" of Rowley, as of Ossian; or of three or four large chests of Catcott's pewter (Warton's history of English poetry, vol. 2. 159). Whence did Mr. Catcott get this *formal* story? Certainly, either from Chatterton, or from some of C.'s friend Rowley's MSS. But, says Mr. Catcott (Gentleman's Magazine, August, 1778), it is true that what I told the world is *not true*—all this is *not mentioned in Canynge's will*. It is however mentioned "in a deed in Mr. Barrett's hand; and, *what is more*, mention is there made "of a particular portion of Mr. Canynge's estates set apart to defray the expences of an "entertainment on that occasion, and the chest "itself is most particularly described." Catcott adds, "if C. had seen this deed, he could not "have read it, it being written in Latin, of "which he was, *to my knowledge, totally ignorant*." To cut the matter short at once, he had better tell us that, *to his knowledge*, Chatterton did not write a syllable of Rowley; and there would be an end of the business—with those at least who believe in Catcott's infallibility. But, unluckily, next to Chatterton, Catcott is the man least to be believed. What a proper person did Chatterton's judgement

select to prepare Rowley's path before him, and to make his way strait! Yet, this is he with whom we are told (Monthly Review, May, 77) Mr. Hale, the late Lord Lyttelton, Lord Camden, Mr. Harris, the Dean of Clogher, and Dr. Mills, have all agreed in opinion. If it be so, is not this the blind leading the * blind?

But, to return from Catcott's *contradictions*.—How very strongly the idea, that a human being may accomplish any thing, had taken possession of Chatterton, one of his letters will convince you. He desires, you will see, his sister to improve herself in copying music, drawing, and *every thing which requires genius*; as if genius were no less common to man and woman, than a pair of eyes or a nose. He gave all his fellow-creatures credit for what he felt so plainly himself.

When Voltaire tells us, in his history of

* All that has hitherto appeared in print on the subject of Rowley, or of Chatterton, is contained in the Monthly Reviews for April, May, and June, 1777 (the Critical gives extracts, but no opinion): in the Gentleman's Magazines for May, June, July, August, and September, 1777; and August and September, 1778: in the 2d vol. of Wharton, section viii. and the additions to pages 148, 153, 156, and 164, at the end of the volume: in Mr. Walpole's letter: and, of course, in Rowley's poems, and Chatterton's miscellanies.

Charles

Charles xii. that, on such a day, he quitted Stockholm, *to which he never returned*, we are interested enough, even in such a savage, to feel something like concern. In April, 1770, Chatterton quitted Bristol (from which place he never had before been absent further than he could walk in half a Sunday, and to which place he never returned), to try his fortune in London.—Hear him now his tell own story; and mark how regularly, but how rapidly, his method improves.

Letter 1.

Dear Mother;

London, April 26, 1770.

Here I am safe, and in high spirits—To give you a journal of my tour would not be unnecessary. After riding in the basket to Brislington, I mounted the top of the coach, and rid easy; and agreeably entertained with the conversation of a quaker *in dress*, but little so in personals and behaviour. This laughing friend, who is a carver, lamented his having sent his tools to Worcester, as otherwise he would have accompanied me to London. I left him at Bath; when finding it rained pretty fast, I entered an inside passenger to Speenhamland, the half-way stage, paying seven shillings: 'twas lucky I did so, for it snowed all night, and on Marlborough downs the snow was near a foot high.

At seven in the morning I breakfasted at Speenhamland, and then mounted the coach-box for the remainder of the day, which was a remarkable fine one.—Honest gee-ho complimented me with assuring me, that I sat bolder and tighter.

tighter than any person who ever rid with him—Dined at Stroud most luxuriantly, with a young gentleman who had slept all the preceding night in the machine; and an old mercantile genius whose school-boy son had a great deal of wit, as the father thought, in remarking that Windsor was as old as *our Saviour's time*.

Got into London about 5 o'clock in the evening—called upon Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Doddsley. Great encouragement from them; all approved of my design; shall soon be settled.—Call upon Mr. Lambert, shew him this, or tell him, if I deserve a recommendation, he would oblige me to give me one——if I do not, it would be beneath him to take notice of me.* Seen all

* An anecdote, less authentick and less striking than this, in the course of a long life, shall confer immortality, and afford subject for eternal panegyrics. Recollect the age and the situation of Chatterton at this time.—The editor takes the liberty of adding to this note of Mr. H. by observing that, when Mr. Walpole wrote Chatterton word he wanted faith about the antient poems he had received, Chatterton maintained their genuineness, and demanded to have them returned, as they were the property of another gentleman——when Mr. W. went to France without returning them, the same spirit which led him to write thus to his mother, led him to demand his poems in a haughtier stile of Mr. W. on his return to England, and to write him word, that “he would not have *dared* to use him so ill, if he had not acquainted him with the narrowness of his circumstances.” This Mr. W. calls “*singularly impertinent*.” Let me ask what treatment Mr. W. would expect from an *equal* to

Q whom

all aunts, cousins—all well—and I am welcome. Mr. T. Wenfley is alive and coming home.—Sister, grandmother, &c. &c. &c. remember—I remain,

Your dutiful son,

T. Chatterton.

Letter 2.

Shoreditch, London, May 6, 1770.

Dear Mother,

I am surprized that no letter has been sent in answer to my last. I am settled, and in such a settlement as I would desire. I get four guineas a month by one magazine: shall engage to write a history of England and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect! Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings since I first corresponded with the bookfellers here. I shall visit him next week, and by his interest will ensure Mrs. Ballance the Trinity House. He affirmed that what Mr. Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth; and expressed a desire to know the author. By the means of another bookfeller I shall be introduced to Townshend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-house, and know all the geniuses there. A character is now unnecessary; an

author

whom he should tacitly refuse to return something which had been lent? Let me ask again, what else could be expected from the foreness which always accompanies (especially, when in want) that "consciousness of superior abilities," to which even Mr. W. cannot refuse applause?

author carries his character in his pen. My sister will improve herself in drawing. My grandmother is, I hope, well. Bristol's mercenary walls were never destined to hold me—there, I was out of my element; now, I am in it—London! Good God! how superior is London to that despicable place Bristol—here is none of your little meannesses, none of your mercenary securities which disgrace that miserable hamlet.—Dress, which is in Bristol an eternal fund of scandal, is here only introduced as a subject of praise; if a man dresses well, he has taste; if careless, he has his own reasons for so doing, and is prudent. Need I remind you of the contrast? The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who understands the arts of bookfellers—Without this necessary knowledge, the greatest genius may starve; and, with it, the greatest dunce live in splendor. This knowledge I have pretty well dipped into.—The Levant man of war, in which T. Wensley went out, is at Portsmouth; but no news of him yet. I lodge in one of Mr. Walmsley's best rooms. Let Mr. Cary copy the letters on the other side, and give them to the persons for whom they are designed, if not too much labour for him.

I remain, yours, &c.

T. Chatterton.

P. S. I have some trifling presents for my mother, sister Thorne, &c.

Sunday morning.

For Mr. T. Cary.

I have sent you a task. I hope no unpleasing one. Tell all your acquaintance for the future to read the Freeholder's

Q 2

Magazine,

Magazine. When you have any thing for publication, send it to me, and it shall most certainly appear in some periodical compilation. Your last piece was, by the ignorance of a corrector, jumbled under the considerations in the acknowledgments. But I rescued it, and insisted on its appearance.

Your friend,

T. C.

Direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row.

Mr. HENRY KATOR.

If you have not forgot Lady Betty, any Complaint, Rebus, or Enigma, on the dear charmer, directed for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row—shall find a place in some Magazine, or other, as I am engaged in many.

Your friend,

T. Chatterton.

Mr. WILLIAM SMITH.

When you have any poetry for publication, send it to me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row, and it shall most certainly appear.

Your friend,

T. C.

Mrs. BAKER.

The sooner I see you the better—send me as soon as possible Rymdyk's Address.

(Mr.

(Mr. Cary will leave this at Mr. Flower's, Small-street)

Mr. MASON.

Give me a short prose description of the situation of Nash—and the poetic addition shall appear in some magazine. Send me also whatever you would have published, and direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Paternoster-row.

Your friend,
T. Chatterton.

Mr. MAT. MEASE.

Begging Mr. Mease's pardon for making public use of his name lately—I hope he will remember me, and tell all his acquaintance to read the Freeholder's Magazine for the future.

T. Chatterton.

TELL——

Mr. Thaire	Mr. Rudhall	Mr. Ward
Mr. Gaster	Mr. Thomas	Mr. Kalo
Mr. A. Broughton	Mr. Carty	Mr. Smith, &c. &c.
Mr. J. Broughton	Mr. Hanmor	
Mr. Williams	Mr. Vaughan	

to read the Freeholder's Magazine.

Letter 3.

King's Bench, for the present, May 14, 1770.

Dear Madam,

Don't be surprized at the name of the place. I am not here as a prisoner. Matters go on swimmingly: Mr. Fell having offended certain persons, they have set his creditors upon him, and he is safe in the King's Bench. I have been bettered by this accident: His successors in the Freeholder's Magazine, knowing nothing of the matter, will be glad to engage me, on my own terms. Mr. Edmunds has been tried before the House of Lords, sentenced to pay a fine, and thrown into Newgate. His misfortunes will be to me of no little service. Last week being in the pit of Drury-Lane Theatre, I contracted an immediate acquaintance (which you know is no hard task to me) with a young gentleman in Cheapside; partner in a music shop, the greatest in the city. Hearing I could write, he desired me to write a few songs for him: this I did the same night, and conveyed them to him the next morning. These he showed to a doctor in music, and I am invited to treat with this doctor, on the footing of a composer, for Ranelagh and the gardens. *Bravo, hey boys, up we go!*---Besides the advantage of visiting these expensive and polite places, gratis; my vanity will be fed with the sight of my name in copper-plate, and my sister will receive a bundle of printed songs, the words by her brother. These are not all my acquisitions: a gentleman who knows me at the Chapter, as an author, would have introduced me as a companion to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour. But, alas! I speak no tongue but my own!---But to return once more to, a place

a place I am sickened to write of, Bristol. Tho', as an apprentice, none had greater liberties, yet the thoughts of servitude killed me: now I have that for my labour, I always reckoned the first of my pleasures, and have still, my liberty. As to the clearance, I am ever ready to give it; but really I understand so little of the law, that I believe Mr. Lambert must draw it. Mrs. L. brought what you mention. Mrs. Hughes is as well as age will permit her to be, and my cousin does very well.

I will get some patterns worth your acceptance; and wish you and my sister would improve yourselves in drawing, as it is here a valuable and never-failing acquisition.—My box shall be attended to; I hope my books are in it—if not, send them; and particularly * Catcott's Hutchinsonian jargon on the Deluge, and the M.S. Glossary, composed of one small book, annexed to a larger.—My sister will remember me to Miss Sandford. I have not quite forgot her; though there are so many pretty milliners, &c. that I have almost forgot myself. Carty will think on me: upon enquiry, I find his trade dwindled into nothing here. A man may very nobly starve by it, but he must have luck indeed, who can live by it.—Miss Rumsey, if she comes to London, would do well, as an old acquaintance, to send me her address.—London is not Bristol—We may patrol the town for a day, without raising one whisper, or nod of scandal: if she refuses, the curse of all antiquated virgins light on her: may she be refused, when she shall request. Miss Rumsey will tell Miss Baker, and Miss Baker will tell Miss Porter, that Miss Porter's favoured humble servant, though but a *young* man, is a very old lover; and in the eight and fiftieth year of his age: but that, as Lappet says, is the flower of a man's days: and when a lady can't get a young husband, she must put up with an old bedfellow. I left Miss Singer, I am sorry to say

it,
* The pewterer's brother, a clergyman in Bristol.

it, in a very bad way; that is, in a way to be married.——
 But mum—Ask Miss Sukey Webb the rest; if she knows,
 she'll tell ye.—I beg her pardon for revealing the secret, but
 when the knot is fastened, she shall know how I came by it.
 —Miss Thatcher may depend upon it, that, if I am not in
 love with her, I am in love with nobody else: I hope she is
 well; and if that whining, sighing, dying pulpit-fop, Lewis,
 has not finished his languishing lectures, I hope she will see
 her amorofo next Sunday.—If Miss Love has no objection to
 having a crambo song on her name published, it shall be
 done.——Begging pardon of Miss Cotton for whatever has
 happened to offend her, I can assure her it has happened
 without my consent. I did not give her this assurance when
 in Bristol, lest it should seem like an attempt to avoid the
 anger of her *furious* brother.*—Enquire when you can, how
 Miss Broughton received her billet.—Let my sister send me
 a journal of all the transactions of the females within the
 circle of your acquaintance. Let Miss Watkins know, that
 the letter she made herself ridiculous by, was never intended
 for her; but another young Lady in the neighbourhood, of
 the same name.—I promised, before my departure, to write
 to some hundreds, I believe; but, what with writing for pub-
 lications, and going to places of public diversion, which is as
 absolutely necessary to me as food, I find but little time to
 write to you.—As to † Mr. Barrett, Mr. Catcott, Mr. Bur-
 gum,

*Excuse my impertinence in pointing out to you this unaf-
 fected trait of courage.

† Yet are we continually pestered with the obligations of
 the literary world to Mr. Barrett. And every publication
 which speaks of Chatterton, even Mr. Warton's quarto his-
 tory,

gum, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise; had Rowley been a Londoner, instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.—In my humble opinion, I am under very few obligations to any persons in Bristol; one, indeed, has obliged me, but, as most do, in a manner which makes his obligation no obligation. †—My youthful acquaintances will not take it in dudgeon that I do not write oftener to them, than I believe I shall: but as I had the happy art of pleasing in conversation, my company was often liked, where I did not like: and to continue a correspondence under such circumstances, would be ridiculous. Let my sister improve in copying music, drawing, and every thing which requires genius: in Bristol's mercantile style those things may be useless,

tory, is made a hand-bill to advertize the public that Mr. B. "is engaged in writing the Antiquities of Bristol."—Nay, in the preface to Rowley's poems, printed by Payne, though the very passage to which this note refers is inserted, p. ix: but *without the names*; we are told afterwards, p. xi. that this *low rater of literary lumber* "intends to publish in his history of Bristol, which the editor has the satisfaction to inform the public is very far advanced, *a discourse on Bristowe*, with such remarks as he *of all men living is best qualified to make*." And we are told before (p. vi.) that "to the *very laudable zeal* of Mr. Catcott" (another of these low raters of literary lumber) "the public is indebted for the most considerable part of the following collection."
—Precious dictators these of public gratitude!

† And will any one still talk of the *very laudable zeal* of any Bristol gentleman?

less, if not a detriment to her; but here they are highly profitable.—Inform Mr. Rhife that nothing shall be wanting on my part, in the business he was so kind as to employ me in; should be glad of a line from him to know whether he would engage in the marine department; or spend the rest of his days, safe, on dry ground.—Intended waiting on the Duke of Bedford, relative to the Trinity House; but his Grace is dangerously ill. My grandmother, I hope, enjoys the state of health I left her in. I am Miss Webb's humble servant. Thorne shall not be forgot, when I remit the small trifles to you. Notwithstanding Mrs. B.'s not being able to inform me of Mr. Garfed's address, thro' the closeness of the pious Mr. Ewer, I luckily stumbled upon it this morning.

I remain, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Thomas Chatterton.

Monday evening.

(Direct for me, at Mr. Walmfley's, at Shoreditch---only.)

Letter 4.

Tom's Coffee-house, London, May 30, 1770.

Dear Sister,

There is such a noise of business and politicks, in the room, that my inaccuracy in writing here, is highly excusable. My present profession obliges me to frequent places of the best resort. To begin with, what every female conversation begins with, dress. I employ my money now in fitting myself fashionably, and getting into good company; this last article always brings me in interest. But I have engaged to live with a gentleman, the brother of a Lord (a Scotch

Scotch one indeed) who is going to advance pretty deeply into the bookfelling branches: I shall have lodging and boarding, genteel and elegant, gratis: this article in the quarter of the town he lives in, with worse accommodations, would be 50*l.* per annum. I shall have, likewise, no inconsiderable premium: and assure yourself, every month shall end to your advantage: I will send you two silks this summer; and expect, in answer to this, what colours you prefer. My mother shall not be forgotten. My employment will be writing a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of the next winter: as this will not, like writing political essays, oblige me to go to the Coffee-house; I shall be able to serve you the more by it. But it will necessitate me to go to Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Coventry, and every Collegiate Church near; not at all disagreeable journeys, and not to me expensive. The Manuscript Glossary, I mentioned in my last, must not be omitted. If money flowed as fast upon me as honours, I would give you a portion of 5000*l.* You have, doubtless, heard of the Lord Mayor's remonstrating and addressing the King: but it will be a piece of news, to inform you that I have been with the Lord Mayor on the occasion. Having addressed an essay to his Lordship, it was very well received; perhaps better than it deserved; and I waited on his Lordship, to have his approbation, to address a second letter to him, on the subject of the remonstrance, and its reception. His Lordship received me as politely as a citizen could; and warmly invited me to call on him again. The rest is a secret.—But the devil of the matter is, there's no money to be got of this side the question. Interest is of the other side. But he is a poor author, who cannot write on both sides. I believe I may be introduced (and, if I am not, I'll introduce myself)

myself) to a ruling power in the court party. I might have a recommendation to Sir George Colebrook, an East India director, as qualified for an office no ways despicable; but I shall not take a step to the sea, whilst I can continue on land: I went yesterday to Woolwich, to see Mr. Wensley; he is paid to-day. The artillery is no unpleasing sight, if we bar reflection, and do not consider how much mischief it may do. Greenwich Hospital, and St. Paul's Cathedral, are the only structures which could reconcile me to any thing out of the Gothic.* Mr. Carty will hear from me soon: multiplicity of literary business must be my excuse.— I condole with him, and my dear Miss Sanford, in the misfortune of Mrs. Carty: my physical advice is, to leach her temples plentifully: keep her very low in diet; as much in the dark as possible. Nor is this last prescription the whim of an old woman: whatever hurts the eyes, affects the brain: and the particles of light, when the sun is in the summer solstice, are highly prejudicial to the eyes; and it is from this sympathetic effect, that the head ach is general in summer. But, above all, talk to her but little, and never contradict her in any thing. This may be of service. I hope it will. Did a paragraph appear in your papers of Saturday last, mentioning the inhabitants of London's having ordered another view of St. Paul's; and advising the corporation, or vestry of Redcliff, to procure a more compleat view of Redcliff church? My compliments to Miss Thatcher. If I am in love, I am; tho' the devil take me, if I can tell with whom it is. I believe I may address her in the words of Scripture, which no doubt she revere; if you had not plowed with my heifer (or bullock rather), you had not found out my riddle. Humbly thanking Miss Rumsey, for her complimentary expression, I cannot think it

* Is this a letter of Chatterton or Rowley?

is satisfactory. Does she, or does she not, intend coming to London? Mrs. O'Coffin has not yet got a place; but there is not the least doubt but she will in a little time.

Essay-writing has this advantage; you are sure of constant pay; and when you have once wrote a piece, which makes the author enquired after, you may bring the booksellers to your own terms. Essays on the patriotic side, fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuities to spare. So says one of the beggars, in a temporary alteration of mine, in the Jovial Crew.

A patriot was my occupation,
It got me a name, but no pelf:
Till, starv'd for the good of the nation,
I begg'd for the good of myself.

Fal, lal, &c.

I told them, if 'twas not for me,
Their freedoms would all go to pot;
I promis'd to set them all free,
But never a farthing I got.

Fal, lal, &c.

—On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted: and you must pay to have them printed, but then you seldom lose by it,—Courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to daub them with an appearance of it. To return to private affairs—Friend Slude may depend upon my endeavouring to find the publications you mention. They publish the Gospel Magazine here. For a whim I write in it: I believe there are not any sent to Bristol; they are

R

hardly

hardly worth the carriage: Methodistical, and unmeaning. With the usual ceremonies to my mother, and grandmother; and sincerely, without ceremony, wishing them both happy; when it is in my power to make them so, they shall be so; and with my kind remembrance to Miss Webb, and Miss Thorne, I remain, as I ever was,

Yours, &c. to the end of the chapter,

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

P. S. I am this minute pierced through the heart, by the black eye of a young lady, driving along in a Hackney coach. — I am quite in love: if my love lasts till that time, you shall hear of it in my next.

Letter 5.

June 19, 1770.

Dear Sister,

I have an horrid cold——The relation of the manner of my catching it may give you more pleasure than the circumstance itself.—As I wrote very late Sunday night (or rather very early Monday morning), I thought to have gone to bed pretty soon last night: when being half undressed, I heard a very doleful voice, singing Miss Hill's favorite bedlamite song:—the hum-drum of the voice so struck me, that tho' I was obliged to listen a long while, before I could hear the words, I found the similitude in the sound. After hearing her with pleasure drawl for above half an hour, she jumped into a brisker tune, and hobbled out the ever-famous song, in which poor Jack Fowler was to have been satyrid.——“I put my hand into a bush: I prick'd my finger to the bone: I saw a ship sailing along: I thought the sweetest flowers

“flowers to find:” and other pretty flowery expressions, were twanged with no inharmonious bray.—I now ran to the window, and threw up the sash; resolved to be satisfied, whether or no it was the identical Miss Hill, in propria persona.—But, alas! it was a person whose twang is very well known, when she is awake, but who had drank so much royal bob (the gingerbread baker for that, you know), that she was now singing herself asleep; this somnifying liquor had made her voice so like the sweet eccho of Miss Hill’s, that if I had not considered that she could not see her way up to London, I should have absolutely imagined it her’s.—There was a fellow and a girl in one corner, more busy in attending to their own affairs, than the melody.

This part of the letter, for some lines, is not legible.

. the morning) from Marybone gardens; I saw the fellow in the cage at the watch-house, in the parish of St. Giles’s; and the nymph is an inhabitant of one of Cupid’s inns of Court.—There was one similitude it would be injustice to let slip. A drunken fishman, who sells fouse mackarel, and other delicious dainties, to the eternal detriment of all twopenny ordinaries; as his best commodity, his salmon, goes off at three half-pence the piece: this intinerant merchant, this moveable fish-stall, having likewise had his dose of bob-royal, stood still for a while; and then joined chorus in a tone, which would have laid half a dozen lawyers, pleading for their fees, fast asleep: this naturally reminded me of Mr. Haythorne’s song of

“Says Plato, who oy oy should man be vain?”

However, my entertainment, though sweet enough in itself, has a dish of four sauce served up in it, for I have a most horrible weezing in the throat: but I don’t repent that I have

this

this cold ; for there are so many nostrums here, that 'tis worth a man's while to get a distemper ; he can be cured so cheap.

June 29th, 1770.

My cold is over and gone. If the above did not recall to your mind some scenes of laughter, you have lost your ideas of mobility.

Letter 6.

Dear Mother—

I send you in the box—

Six cups and saucers, with two basons, for my sister. If a China tea-pot and cream-pot is, in your opinion, necessary, I will send them ; but I am informed they are unfashionable, and that the red China, which you are provided with, is more in use.

A cargo of patterns for yourself, with a snuff-box, right French, and very curious in my opinion.

Two fans—the silver one is more grave than the other, which would suit my sister best. But that I leave to you both.

Some British-herb snuff in the box ; be careful how you open it. (This I omit, lest it injure the other matters.)

Some British-herb tobacco for my grandmother, with a pipe.

Some trifles for Thorne. Be assured whenever I have the power, my will won't be wanting to testify, that I remember you.

Yours,

T. Chatterton.

July 8, 1770.

N. B. I shall forestall your intended journey, and pop down upon you at Christmas. I and

I could

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I could have wished you had sent my red pocket-book, as 'tis very material.

I bought two very curious twisted pipes, * for my grandmother; but, both breaking, I was afraid to buy others, lest they should break in the box, and, being loose, injure the China. Have you heard anything further of the clearance? Direct for me, at Mrs. Angel's, sack-maker, Brook-street, Holborn.

Letter 7.

* It has been the frequent complaint of poets, that their eyes, "in a fine frenzy rolling, glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," must be sometimes fixed on worldly matters; must now and then submit to settle an account, or to cast up a washerwoman's bill. What shall we say of this *unprincipled, profligate* boy, who could pass so regularly from the beauties of the head, to the beauties of the heart; from the muse of fire, to the domestic deity; from the chorus to Godwin or Ælla, to a tea-pot for his mother and a tobacco-pipe for his grandmother? Psalmanazar, with all his methodism, does not even pretend to have ever enquired after his parents; though he might, without danger of discovery, have relieved their necessities. C.'s affection more than kept pace with his villainy (that's the charitable word, I think). Nor does he ever mention a new prospect, without accompanying it with a new promise of what his mother and sister might expect from it. Who can read these letters without reflecting that this profligate and unprincipled villain might have wrestled a little longer with, might, perhaps, have conquered, want and hunger, had he sent fewer unnecessary presents to his mother, sister, and grandmother!

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Letter 7.

Dear Sister,

I have sent you some china, and a fan. You have your choice of two. I am surprized that you chose purple and gold; I went into the shop to buy it; but it is the most disagreeable colour I ever saw; dead, lifeless, and inelegant. Purple and pink, or lemon and pink, are more genteel and lively. Your answer in this affair will oblige me. Be assured, that I shall ever make your wants, my wants: and stretch to the utmost to serve you. Remember me to Miss Sanford, Miss Rumsey, Miss Singer, &c. &c. &c.

As to the songs, I have waited this week for them, and have not had time to copy one perfectly; when the season's over, you will have 'em all in print. I had pieces last month in the following Magazines:

Gospel Magazine,

Town and Country, viz.

Maria Friendless.

False Step.

Hunter of Oddities.

To Miss Rush, &c.

Court and City. London. Political Register, &c. &c.

The Christian Magazine, as they are not to be had perfect, are not worth buying—I remain,

Yours,

T. Chatterton.

July 11, 1770.

Letter 8.

Letter 8.

I am now about an Oratorio, which when finished will purchase you a gown. You may be certain of seeing me before the 1st of January, 1771.—The clearance is immaterial.—My mother may expect more patterns.—Almost all the next Town and Country Magazine is mine. I have an universal acquaintance: my company is courted every where; and, could I humble myself, to go into a compter, could have had twenty places before now; but I must be among the great: State matters suit me better than commercial. The ladies are not out of my acquaintance. I have a deal of business now, and must therefore bid you adieu. You will have a longer letter from me soon—and more to the purpose. *

Yours,

T. C.

20th July, 1770.

* The publick may be assured of the authenticity of these letters, and of every thing which is related of this boy. All the originals of his letters here printed, except the original of this *last*, are in the possession of his mother, or sister, who, I believe, are still living in Bristol, and keep little day-schools. The original of this (they received no more—he died on the 24th of the next month), his mother suffered to be retained as a curiosity. That, and the original letter from his sister, dated September 22, 1778, are deposited in the hands of Mr. Kearfly. †

The Editor.

During

† The publisher of this volume.

During the period in which these letters were written, C. produced many of the things printed in the volume of his Miscellanies. One passage I will be at the trouble of copying, because it shows the acuteness of his mental sight, which could plainly distinguish each varying ray of excellence, and see blots even in the sun from which his genius sprung, and which it worshipped.

“ But, alas! happiness is of short duration; or, to speak in the language of the high-sounding Ossian, Behold! thou art happy; but soon, ah! soon, wilt thou be miserable. Thou art as easy and tranquil as the face of the green-mantled puddle; but soon, ah! soon, wilt thou be tumbled and tossed by misfortunes, like the stream of the water-mill. Thou art beautiful as the Cathedral of Canterbury; but soon wilt thou be deformed like Chinese palace-paling. So the sun rising in the East, gilds the borders of the black mountains, and laces with his golden rays the dark-brown heath. The hind leaps over the flowery lawn, and the reeky bull rolls in the bubbling brook. The wild boar makes ready his armour of defence. The inhabitants of the rock dance, and all nature joins in the song. But see! riding on the wings of the wind, the black clouds fly. The noisy thunders roar; the rapid lightnings gleam; the rainy torrents pour; and the dripping swain flies over the mountains, swift as Bickerstaff, the son of song, when the monster *Bumbailiano*, keeper of the dark and black cave, pursued him over the hills of death, and the green meadows of darkness.—O, Ossian! immortal genius! What an invocation could I make now! But I shall leave it to the abler pen of
Mr.

Mr. Duff,† and spin out the thread of my own adventures.²
 Town and Country Magazine, July 1770, p. 375.

Of course I have been a little curious after the short part of his life which he spent in town. By his letters you see he lodged first in Shoreditch; afterwards (when his employments made it necessary for him to frequent public places, I suppose), in Brook-Street, Holborn. The man and woman where he first lodged are still living in the same house. He is a plaisterer. They and their nephew, and niece (the latter about as old as C. would be now, the former three years younger); and Mrs. Ballance, who lodged in the house, and desired them to let C. (her relation) lodge there also, have been seen. The little collected from them you shall have in their own words. But the life he led did not afford them many opportunities to observe him, could they have imagined that such a being was under the same roof with them, or that they would be asked for their observations upon him, after an interval of so many years.—Mrs. Ballance says he was as proud as Lucifer. He very soon quarrelled with her for calling him “Cousin Tommy,” and asked her if she ever heard of a poet’s being called *Tommy*: But she assured him she knew nothing

† This alludes, I conclude, to “Critical observations” by W. Duff, A. M. 8vo. 5s. Becket—published in June 1772. Mr. D. admits but three original geniuses in poetry, Homer, Ossian, and Shakespeare—Would not Chatterton complete the triumvirate better than Ossian?

thing of poets, and only wished he would not set up for a gentleman. Upon her recommending it to him to get into some office, when he had been in town two or three weeks, he stormed about the room like a madman, and frightened her not a little, by telling her, he hoped, with the blessing of God, very soon, to be sent prisoner to the Tower, which would make his fortune. He would often look stedfastly in a person's face, without speaking, or seeming to see the person, for a quarter of an hour or more, till it was quite frightful; during all which time (she supposes, from what she has since heard), his thoughts were gone about something else. When Beckford died, he was perfectly frantic, and out of his mind; and said he was ruined. He frequently said he should settle the nation before he had done; but how could she think her poor cousin Tommy was so great a man as she now finds he was? His mother should have written word of his greatness, and then, to be sure, she would have humoured the gentleman accordingly, —Mr. Walmsley saw nothing of him, but that there was something manly and pleasing about him, and that he did not dislike the wenches. —Mrs. W.'s account is, that she never saw any harm of him—that he never *mistreated* her; but was always very civil, whenever they met in the house

house by accident—that he would never suffer the room, in which he used to read and write, to be swept, because, he said, poets hated brooms—that she told him she did not know any thing *poet folks* were good for, but to fit in a dirty cap and gown in a garret, and at last to be starved—that, during the nine weeks he was at her house, he never staid out after the family hours, except once, when he did not come home all night, and had been, she heard, *poetting* a song about the streets.—This night, Mrs. Ballance says, she knows he lodged at a relation's, because Mr. W.'s house was shut up when he came home.

The niece says, for her part, she always took him more for a mad boy than any thing else, he would have such flights and *vagaries*—that, but for his face and her knowledge of his age, she should never have thought him a boy, he was so manly, and *so much himself*—that no women came after him, nor did she know of any connexion; but still, that he was a sad rake, and terribly fond of women, and would sometimes be saucy to her—that he ate what he chose to have with his relation (Mrs. B.) who lodged in the house, but he never touched meat, and drank only water, and seemed to live on the air.—Did not I send you some beautiful French lines last year from Ireland?

Ireland? Chatterton's muse had the same effect as Robin's mistress --

Plus qu'un Hermite il fait maigres repas.

The niece adds that he was good tempered, and agreeable, and obliging, but sadly proud and haughty; nothing was too good for him, nor was any thing to be too good for his grandmother, mother and sister, hereafter --- that he had *such a proud spirit* as to send the china, &c. (mentioned in his last letter but two) to his grandmother &c. at a time when she (the niece) knew he was almost in want --- that he used to sit up almost all night, reading and writing; and that her brother said he was afraid to lie with him; for, to be sure, he was a *spirit*, and never slept; for he never came to bed till it was morning, and then, for what he saw, never closed his eyes.

The nephew (C.'s bedfellow, during the first six weeks he lodged there) says, that, notwithstanding his pride and haughtiness, it was impossible to help liking him --- that he lived chiefly upon a bit of bread, or a tart, and some water: but he once or twice saw him take a sheep's tongue out of his pocket --- that C. to his knowledge, never slept while they lay together; that he never came to bed till very late, sometimes three or four o'clock, and was always awake

awake when he (the nephew) waked ; and got up at the same time, about five or six—that almost every morning the floor was covered with pieces of paper not so big as sixpences, into which he had torn what he had been writing before he came to bed.—In short, they all agree that no one would have taken him, from his behaviour, &c. to have been a poor boy of 17, and a sexton's son---they never saw such another person before nor since---he appeared to have something wonderful about him. They say, he gave no reason for quitting their house. They found the floor of his room covered with little pieces of paper, the remains of his *poetings*, as they term it.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy ;
 Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
 Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
 Silent, when glad ; affectionate, though shy :
 And now his look was most demurely sad ;
 And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
 The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad :
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believ'd him mad.

Mrs. Angel, to whose house he removed from Shoreditch, I have in vain endeavoured repeatedly to find out. A person in distressed circumstances, as I understand her to be, is slow to be-

S lieve

lieve that an inquiry after her hiding place, is only set on foot by the curiosity of honest enthusiasm. Little versed in the history of mankind, she cannot imagine how any one can be curious or concerned about a person, so many years after his death, for whom in his life-time no one cared a farthing. Every stranger is to her imagination a bailiff in disguise. In every hasty tread she hears "the monster Bumbailiano, keeper of the "dark and black cave."—Poor hunted animal! If thou wert kind to Chatterton; if, by thy charitable means, his young hairs were brought down with somewhat less of sorrow to the grave, never may the monster lay his cruel paw upon thy shoulder!

Could Mrs. Angel be found, much might not be learnt from her short knowledge of C. for he remained nine weeks in Shoreditch—at least, not much more, perhaps, than has been gotten from Mrs. Walmsley and her family.—Mrs. Wolfe, a barber's wife, within a few doors of the house in which Mrs. Angel lived, remembers him, and remembers his death. She speaks also of his proud and haughty spirit, and adds, that he appeared both to her and Mrs. A. as if he was born for something great. Mrs. A. told her, after his death, that, as she knew he had not eaten any
thing

thing for two or three days, she begged he would take some dinner with her on the 24th of August; but he was offended at her expressions, which seemed to hint he was in want, and assured her he was not hungry.

The first book of Beattie's beautiful *Minstrel* appeared in 1771. While he was employed in painting an ideal Edwin; Bristol, without knowing it, possessed the original. Edwin was certainly the child of Percy's "Reliques of antient English Poetry": perhaps Chatterton is descended from the same parents. We too may lament, with Beattie, over our *Minstrel*—

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
 The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
 Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
 Hath felt the influence of malignant star,
 And waged with fortune an eternal war!
 Check'd by the scoff of pride, and envy's frown,
 And poverty's unconquerable bar,
 In life's low vale remote hath pined alone,
 Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

Such was the short and incredible life of Thomas Chatterton. Over his death, for the sake of the world (he is out of the reach of our
 pity

pity or concern), I would willingly draw a veil. But this must not be. They who are in a condition to patronize merit, and they who feel a consciousness of merit which is not patronized, may form their own resolutions from the catastrophe of his tale;---those, to lose no opportunity of befriending genius: these, to seize every opportunity of befriending themselves; and, upon no account, to harbour the most distant idea of quitting the world, however it may be unworthy of them, lest despondency should at last deceive them into so unpardonable a step. Chatterton, as appears by the Coroner's Inquest, swallowed arsenick, in water, on the 24th of August, 1770; and died, in consequence thereof, the next day. He was buried in a shell, in the burying-ground of Shoe-Lane work-house. His taking such a rash and unjustifiable step, is almost as strange, as his fathering his poems upon Rowley. That he should have been driven to it by *absolute* want, though I don't say it was *not* so, is not very possible; since he never indulged himself in meat, and drank nothing but water*. The Coroner

* In the preface to Rowley's poems, p. x, we are told, "he was reduced to real indigence, from which he was relieved by death, in what manner is not certainly known."

roner has no minutes of the melancholy business, and is unable to call any of the circumstances, at this distance of time, to his memory. The witnesses before the Inquest, as appears by his memorandum, were Frederick Angell, Mary Foster, William Hamsley: none of whom I have been able to find out. That his despair should fix on August, that it should not have staid, at least, till the gloomier months of winter, must surprize those who are sensible of the influence of such a climate as our's. Recollecting what Mrs. Newton says of the effect the moon had upon her brother, I searched for the moon's changes in August, 1770. Much cannot be presumed from them. The moon was at the full, on the 6th, and in the last quarter the 14th. The 20th, at 11 at night, there was a new moon. The fatal day was the 24th.—But who can bear to dwell upon, or argue about, the self-destruction of such a being as Chatterton? The motives for every thing he did are past finding out.

His room, when it was broke open, after his death, was found, like the room he quitted

at:

“ known.” Now, the manner is certainly known; the cause (*real* indigence) is not. Can any one be sure he was not determined to seal his secret with his death?

at Mr. Walmsley's, covered with little scraps of paper. What a picture would he have made, with the fatal cup by his bed side, destroying plans for future *Ællas* and *Godwins*, and unfinished books of *the battle of Hastings*? M. I have had the—(call it what you will) to spend half an hour in this room. It was half an hour of most exquisite sensations. My visit of devotion was paid in the morning, I remember; but I was not myself again all day. To look round the room; to say to myself, here stood his bed; there the poison was set; in that window he loitered for some hours before he retired to his last rest, envying the meanest passenger, and wishing he could exchange his own feelings, and intellects, for their manual powers and insensibility! Then, abhorrence of his death, abhorrence of the world, and I know not how many different and contradictory, but all distracting, ideas! Nothing should tempt me to undergo such another half-hour.

Bristol, stand forth! Too just are even these rhymes
 Without a trial to condemn thy crimes.
 Come forward, answer to thy cursed name!
 Stand, if thou dare, before the bar of Fame.
 Bristol, hold up thine hand, that damned hand
 Which scatters misery over half a land,
 The land of Genius! —————

But

But my indignation cannot stay for rhyme, yet
it must vent itself.

Tell me, Bristol, where is Savage? * Whither
didst thou drive Hume? † Where hast thou hid
the body of murdered Chatterton? Where are
his mother and his sister? Could not the female
hand of Charity ‡ spare one mite to the starving
child

* Johnson's life of Savage.

† "In 1734," says Hume, in his life, "I went to Bristol, with some recommendations to eminent merchants; but, in a few months, I found that scene totally unsuitable to me." In his history, speaking of Naylor the mad quaker, who fancied himself transformed into Christ, we are told, "he entered Bristol, mounted on a horse;— I suppose," adds Hume, "from the difficulty in that place of finding an *ass*." 4to. edition, 1770. vol. 7. p. 360.

‡ The following is a list of the late Mrs. Peloquin's public donations, who died at Bristol.

To the chamber of the city of Bristol, for the benefit of the poor not receiving alms	-	19500	0	0
To the Bristol Infirmary	-	5000	0	0
To the Bath Hospital	-	500	0	0
To St. Stephen's Church	-	400	0	0
For the propagation of the Gospel	-	500	0	0
For promoting Christian Knowledge	-	500	0	0

£. 26400 0 0

child of Genius! *Miserable Hamlet!* * as Chatterton calls thee. Unworthy such a treasure! Much more unworthy his guardian care! For, canst thou be sure, ungrateful city, the spirit of neglected Chatterton does not still best delight to haunt the place which gave him birth? Canst thou be certain his watchful providence did not lately extinguish the threatening flames of treason †? Perhaps, while I write, his spirit protects your commerce;

Or, in black armour, stalks around
Embattled Bristol, once his ground,
And glows, arduous, on the castle stairs;
Or, fiery, round the mynster glares.
Perhaps for Bristol still he cares;
Guards it from foemen and consuming fire;
Like Avon's stream ensyrkes it round,
Nor lets a flame enharm the ground,
Till in one flame all the whole world expire. ‡

But the feelings of the moment have hurried me away. Bristol is not culpable. She may be proud that she produced C. and need not, perhaps, blush for his death. Had he remained in the

* See his second letter to his mother.

† John the Painter.

‡ See the conclusion of the "song of *Alla*."

the "*miserable hamlet*," Rowley *must inevitably* have worked his way in the world. "Sir Charles Bawdin" and the "song of Ælla," were already known to fame. Rowley's other poems must soon have blazed out—they could not, cold as was the age, have been kept much longer, even by the chilling hand of pewter patronage, from kindling a flame in the literary world, which haply might have cheered their author—and Chatterton might, now (distracting reflexion!); might, nine years ago; might, before he was twice nine years old; have been considered as the most extraordinary prodigy of genius the world ever saw. Nay, had he continued at Bristol only a few weeks longer, had he continued in the world only a few days longer, he might have been preserved. For, oh my M. I have been assured that the late amiable Dr. Fry, head of St. John's in Oxford, went to Bristol the latter end of August 1770, in order to search into the history of Rowley and Chatterton, and to patronize the latter if he turned out to be the former, or to deserve assistance—when, alas! all the intelligence he could pick up about either was, that Chatterton had, within a few days, destroyed himself.

Let me mention one circumstance which strikes me here, after which I maintain it to be impossible that a single individual should doubt, for a single moment, whether *Ælla*, &c. were all written by a poor sexton's son, before he was (I may say) seventeen.—After Chatterton left Bristol we see but one more of Rowley's poems, "The ballad of Charitie:" And that a very short one. What was the reason of this? Had C. given to the world all the contents of Canynge's chest? Certainly not—for he is known to have spoken of other MSS. both at Bristol and in town; and you have seen him write to his mother, that, "had Rowley been a Londoner, instead of a Bristowyan, he could live by copying his works." Is it likely that a lad, possessor of a chest full of such poems (some of which he sold for trifles to a pewterer, before he wanted money or knew its value), should, when in real distress, and when he could have lived by only copying them, part with none of them, offer not one of them to any bookseller? Ridiculous! Impossible! This was the very moment to produce them. In my own mind I am persuaded that, had C. really found the poems in an old chest, the idea of *ferging* others, as like them as he could, *would now* have struck him. But, in truth,

truth, Canynge's old chest was only his own fruitful invention. At Bristol, undisturbed by the cares, or the pleasures of the world, his genius had nothing to do but to indulge itself in creating Rowley and his works. In London, was to be learnt, that which even Genius cannot teach, the knowledge of life—Extemporaneous bread was to be earned more suddenly than even Chatterton could write poems for Rowley—and, in consequence of his employments, as he tells his mother, public places were to be visited, and mankind to be frequented. He who fabricated such poems, in the calm and quiet of Bristol, must have been almost more than man. Had C. produced them to the world *as fast*, amidst the avocations, the allurements, the miseries of his London life, I would immediately become a convert to Rowley. At present, if I fall down and worship Rowley, it can only be as the golden image which Chatterton has set up.

The ballad of Charity, the last of Rowley's poems, in addition to the internal proofs that it was a composition of the day, carries melancholy conviction to the mind, that it was the composition of Chatterton. The note, which, the editor of Rowley's poems tells us, accompanied this pastoral

toral to the printer, is dated " Bristol, July 4, 1770." Now, in what month is the scene laid?

In *virgyne* the sweltrie sun gan sheent,
And hotte upon the meads did cast his ray.

If C. had this by him all 1769, is it not odd that this should be the only poem he did not show Catcott? Is it not singular he should not produce it till July 1770? Till the very month in which it was originally written?

Look in his glomed face, his sprite there scan,
How woebegone, how withered, sapless, dead!
Haste to thy church-glebe house, afshrewed man;
Haste to thy kiste, thy only dortoure bed!
Cold as the clay which will gre on thy head
Is charity and love among high elves;
Knightis and *Barons* live for pleasure and themselves.

This seems too plainly designed for a sketch of himself, and of the coldness with which he conceived he had been treated; especially as "the *Memoirs of a Sad Dog*" appeared in the Town and Country Magazines for July and August 1770: wherein C. ridicules Mr. Walpole with some humour, under the title of *Baron Otranto*. And, more especially, as in a
note

* There is a very remarkable passage in this ridicule.
"Should any critic assert it is impossible such an imagination"

note of his own, upon the fourth word in the stanza (*glommed*), he writes thus —

“ clouded, *dejected*. A person, of some note in the literary world, is of opinion that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley’s MSS. *Glum-mong*, in the Saxon, signifies twilight, a dark and dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*.”

—Again, the confidence with which he speaks of Rowley’s merit, now that he is more convinced of his own abilities than he was when he carried the productions of them to Catcott —

“ An *excellent* balade of Charitie.” Can’t you see his indignation penning the note to the printer? I can. “ If the Glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible; the sentiment, description, and versification are highly deserving the attention of the literary.”

“ tion” (that by the charms of *Robinhood’s Ramble* he was carried back to the age of his favourite hero, Richard the Third) “ could enter the cerebellum of the Baron, who confines all his ideas within the narrow limits of propriety (for the songs of Robin Hood were not in being till the reign of Elizabeth) — His assertion shall stand undisturbed by me, as I know,” says C. in the character of Harry Wildfire, “ by woeful experience, that, when an author resolves to think himself in the right, it is more than human argument can do to convince him he is in the wrong.”

“*rati.*” Had it been thought to deserve the attention of the magazine, it might possibly have made its way to the literati, and the author might have been snatched from the fangs of suicide by the hand of Fame. But, although the note is dated July 4; no such poem appears in the magazine for that month, nor for any other. Yet, surely, Rowley’s “ballad of Charitie” could not have disgraced the chaste records of an immortal magazine of 1770, more than Rowley’s “Elinoure and Juga” in 1769! Addison said, he would put his friend Sir Roger de Coverley to death, lest any one should murder him. Is it possible that C. should have determined to murder himself, because the Town and Country Magazine doubted the existence of his friend Rowley. In turning over their volume for 1770, I thought I had found room for some such suspicion, when I met with the following passage among the acknowledgments to correspondents—

“The Pastoral from Bristol, signed D. D.” (which I conclude to be an error of the press for D.B.—especially, as no other acknowledgment is made for Chatterton’s Pastoral) “has some share of merit; but the *author* will, doubtless, discover, upon another perusal of it, many exceptionable passages.” However, on looking again, I saw this was prefixed to the Magazine

for

for August.—Consequently, when it was published on the 1st of September, Chatterton was beyond the reach of Magazines.—But it is pretty clear the Magazine thought C. was *the author* of Rowley's poems.

The circumstance most extraordinary, and which must appear so even to those (if there still be any such) who will not think as I think, is this—that he not only in his distress never endeavoured to procure bread by writing poems for Rowley (or by producing one or two from the *many chests full* of Rowley's poems, which he had in his possession, and brought to town in his pocket, and carried about in his pocket); but, that, having written the “ballad of “Charitie,” he did not, in distress by which some think he was driven to suicide, turn it, or endeavour to turn it into money. All his other things, after he came to town, as is known from booksellers, and is clear from his letters, were *fold*; the “ballad of Charitie” was a free-will offering to literature. Had C. so much respect for his fictitious Rowley (there is not the *shadow* of a reason to be given why he should have so much respect for a *real* R.), that he would not barter his poems to a Magazine for bread? That it should be so is not altogether impossible; but it is surely *odd* that the same christian name should belong to the finder, and to the author.

The new side was I found of

these poems; *Thomas Rowley, Thomas Chatterton*.
 —Every thing that C. did at every period of his
 life about Rowley was original. The *only* time
 (as I think Catcott says) that he ever asked the
 pewterer for money, was when he brought him
 the subsequent bill.

Mr. G. Catcott to the executors of T. Rowley, Dr.	
To pleasure received in reading his historic works	5 5 0
————— his poetic works	5 0 0
	10 10 0

At Mr. Walmesley's he used frequently to say he
 had many wrirings by him, which would produce
 a great deal of money, if they were printed.
 To this it was once or twice observed that they
 lay in a small compass, for that he had not much
 luggage. But he said he had them, nevertheless.
 —When he talked of writing something which
 should procure him money to get some cloaths;
 to paper the room in which he lodged; and to
 send some more things to his sister, mother, and
 grandmother: he was asked why he did not en-
 able himself to do all this, by means of these
 writings which were "worth their weight in
 gold." His answer was, that they were not
 written with a design to buy old cloaths, or to
 paper

paper rooms; and that, if the world did not behave well, it should never see a line of them.

We come now to the question of most difficulty, but of least consequence. What could induce C. to lay such a plan? Was it the credit of imposing upon the world, which he was determined never to claim, since he never owned the imposition. My answer is, that I neither know nor care; And the conjectures of the rustiest fellow of the antiquarian society cannot give an answer much more to the purpose. Are the motives of men's and women's conduct so plain, that he who runs may read them? How much less obvious are we to expect the motives of a boy's conduct? C. with some, with many things about him, superior to most, to all men, was still but a boy. Though he did see 17 before his death, he must have been *literally* a boy, when he laid the foundation of his plans.—If Macpherson and Ossian be the same, if C. thought them to be the same, C. is an original in poetry only, not in suppositiousness.—Mr. L. never took off his mask, but rather chose that Fame should dress up an ideal writer, and worship him as the author of Junius, than to claim the eternal crown in his

own name and person.——Good men are satisfied with the applause of their own consciences, and scatter charity with the invisible hand of bounty. May not great men be formed in the same mold? May not obscurity appear to enlarge an ideal, as well as a real, object? God would, perhaps, be something less of God, were he visible.—But, as I said, I neither know nor care what was C.'s motive.——

Am I still asked for it? Like many a man in conversation, I'll get off by telling a story. D'Alembert, in his pamphlet upon the destruction of the Jesuits, relates that one of the orders, who had spent 20 years upon a mission in Canada, did not believe even the existence of a God. Notwithstanding this, he had, numerous times, run the hazard of his life in defence of that religion which he preached with success among the Savages. To a friend who expressed surprize at the warmth of his zeal, the missionary observed —“ Ah, you have no idea of the pleasure there is in having 20,000 men to listen to you, and in persuading them what you don't believe yourself.”

What suggested the scheme to Chatterton's invention?——This question it is, perhaps, still more impossible to answer. Nor do I pretend

tend to answer it, If you can ground any conjectures on a few facts I will mention—so.—Psalmanazar died about the time Chatterton's scheme was born, and bequeathed his methodical memoirs to the world. Walpole, about the same time, endeavoured to turn a whole national current of belief, with respect to Richard iii. and, not long before, acknowledged the imposition he had put upon the public in the preface to *Otranto*. The Douglas cause was about the same time, in high agitation. Ossian, with Blair's dissertation, in which the name of *Ella* is mentioned, had not long made his appearance. "The Concubine," in Spenser's manner, appeared in 1767. Percy's "Reliques" had not long been published. Page xxiv. of the first vol. (2d. edition 1767) mention is made of "Colgrin, son of that *Ella* who was elected king of the Saxons in the room of Hengist." C. must have admired "Hardyknute" (vol. 2. p. 94) which "Mrs. Wardlaw pretended to have found on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues;" and must have seen through the pretended extract of a letter from *Canton* to James Garland, Esq; at the end of the third volume, which vouches for the truth of Percy's *Hau Kiou Chooan*, there advertised as translated from the Chinese.—On the 21st

of

of January 1769, the *invisible* Junius printed his first letter. In May 1769, Mrs. Montagu published her Essay on Shakespeare, from which it is not impossible that C.'s *tindery* ambition might catch the fire of rivalry. Farrer's Essay on the learning of Shakespeare had appeared about a twelvemonth. In the wonderful extent of his reading Chatterton could not be ignorant of Parnell's imposition on Pope, by means of a pretended Leonine translation of some of his lines in the Rape of the Lock; or of Parnell's Fairy Tale, *in the antient English style*.—Better memories may, perhaps, recollect other things of this kind.—That Chatterton had Walpole and Ossian in some measure present to his mind, is manifest from his fixing upon the same person (Mr. W.) to introduce Rowley to the world, whom Macpherson chose for Ossian. And, surely, to prove Earl Godwin a good man and true, in spite of history, is much such an attempt as Mr. W.'s concerning Richard! The first stanza of Cannynge's prologue to Godwin, is little more than a versification of the ingenious supposition in the article *Godwin*, in the Biographia Britannica; and is rather the language of our *distant* age, than of a man writing *three hundred years nearer* Godwin;

win; who was not then *ungently* treated in *so many* histories, as now.

Whilomme, by pensmen, much ungentle name
Has upon Godwin Earl of Kent been laid,
Thereby bereaving him of faith and fame.
The unforgiving clergymen have said,
That he was known to no holy wurche.
But this was all his fault—he gifted not the church.

It may be said that hardly one of the schemes, which I have mentioned, succeeded. Let me, in my turn, tell what Fontenelle, in his dialogues, puts into the mouth of the Russian pretender. When he is asked how he dared to assert a claim, for which two or three impostors had suffered the cruelest death; he answers, it was upon that very circumstance he grounded the probability of passing for a true man, and no impostor.

When “The Town and Country Magazine” was first set up in January 1769, the foundation of C.’s scheme was laid. The superstructure, of course, ascended by degrees. It has at least been some amusement to see if I could discover that he took any materials from these publications. For this purpose I have carefully looked them over, down to the time of his death. The memorandums I made I will transcribe for you just as I scratched.

scratched them down upon paper at the time. Some of them are little to the purpose, perhaps; and would not have occurred but for the consciousness that I was reading what had been read by the object of my admiration.—Many parts of the book you lent me the other day struck me in a particular manner, because I knew my M. had perused the same parts.—But, we must not expect to track a Magliabechi very often in the course of only *one* volume.—

In January 1769, p. 15, is this article—"The antient and modern dresses in France compared with those of England." Which is continued and concluded in February, p. 59. Therein the writer says he is "glad to avail himself of the assistance of *Chaucer*, who describes the dresses in the time of Richard II."—In March, p. 136. C. published *Rowley's M. S. on the Court-mantle*.—The former part of this article (January, p. 15) says, it appears by a journal of those times that

"On the 17th of October, 1409, the Sieur John de Montague was conducted from the little Chatelet to the Halles, being seated high in a cart, and dressed in his livery, viz. a great coat half red and half white, and a hood of the same, with a red buskin and a white one, gilt spurs, his hands tied, and two trumpets before him: and that, after his head was cut off, his body was carried to the

“ the gibbet of Paris, and was there hung up with his buskins and gilt spurs.”

Catcott, after all his contradictions, does not pretend to have received from C. the death and execution of “ Sir Charles Bawdin” in 1461, long, if *at all*, *before* the appearance of this article. They, who imagine this passage suggested Bawdin to C. will conclude Catcott to have received the poem just *after* the appearance of this article in January.

Page 30, of the same month, are inserted the singular notes which Rousseau left upon his table at Bourgoins when he quarrelled with the magistrates. The vanity and self-importance of these notes were hardly exceeded even by C. Among them are two, which I will transcribe; but not because they could to *him* have suggested any thing; for he could not, poor fellow! see as far as our day. “ The men of genius revenge themselves by insulting me, because they feel my superiority. “ Authors pillage, and censure me; knaves “ curse me; the mob hoot at me.”

May we not suppose C. to have read these French lines? (January, p. 34.

L'homme vit par son ame, & l'ame est la pensée.

C'est elle qui pour vous doit mesurer le tems.

Cultivez la sagesse; apprenez-l'art suprême

De vivre avec soimême;

Vous pourrés sans effroi compter tous vos instans.

In

In an Essay on Fame (January, p. 37) I find this passage—"Butler tells us

Fools are known by looking wise.

"And, indeed, it must occur to every discerning man, that affected wisdom and sententious gravity are often assumed, to conceal a great profundity of folly and ignorance." In the poem on Happiness, dated 1769, which you have already seen, are these lines—

And the fond mother thought him wondrous wise.
But little had she read in Nature's book,
For fools assume a philosophic look.

"On a friend who died in his *eighteenth* year." (January, p. 48) Little did C. think he had read his own epitaph.

In February, p. 62, an antiquarian gives an account of Burge-castle in Suffolk, antiently called Cnobersburge, wherein we are told that "one of the towers, being perhaps undermined when the castle was destroyed, is reclined from the wall at the top about six feet."—One of Rowley's manuscripts produced by Chatterton, is a plan to support the tower of the Temple church in Bristol, which had declined from its perpendicular. In a late reparation of the church, Catcott says some subterraneous works have been found, which correspond with this M. S.—

Will

Will Catcott prove, to the satisfaction of *any person beside himself*, that evidence is discovered of the tower's having declined; or that C. could not possibly know or judge that the tower had declined? *If he can*, still C. might by accident have hit upon such a thing, especially after he had seen the foregoing passage about Burge Castle. Chance makes luckier hits than this continually.

In February, p. 104, are some lines, signed Afaphides, dated January 29, 1769—"On Mr. Alcock, a miniature painter, of Bristol." They are printed in Chatterton's Miscellanies. But should they be thought inferior to other things in his own and Rowley's name; and should that inequality, which we are obliged to pardon in the greatest geniuses, be used as an argument against a boy; I know not any proof that he wrote this, or another poem which we find in April, p. 217, with the same signature. He almost *always* signed himself D. B. the initials of his first Latin signature, Dunhelmus Bristolienfis. He is here twice, and only twice, made to assume the strange name of *Afaphides*.

In March, p. 146, is inserted an encomium on Pope's pastorals from Ruffhead. In May, p. 272, we read the pastoral of Elinoure and Juga, from D. B. dated May 1769.

In April, p. 193, we find "remarks on the works of some of the most eminent painters, with short anecdotes of their lives." It was a little later, in the year 1769, than April, *I think*, that C. offered to furnish Mr. Walpole with Rowley's MS. of "a series of great painters that had flourished at Bristol."

In "an account of the most celebrated monasteries in Europe" (April, p. 201.) mention is made of the abbey of St. Alban's, which was suppressed at the dissolution of monasteries. The scene of Elinoure and Juga (in the next month, May, p. 272.) is laid on Ruddeborne bank, a river near St. Alban's (as we learn from Chatterton's notes); and after the dialogue, Elinoure and Juga

———moved gentle o'er the dewy mees,
To where St. Alban's holy shrines remain.

In May, p. 272, immediately before his own Elinoure and Juga, is inserted a monody. Some of the lines, together with the motto, I shall transcribe.

A MONODY.

" Oh! now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! Oh! *farewel!*
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

The

The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, oh! you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel !
Shakespeare.

Farewel, Calcaria, now farewel !
Meand'ring wharf adieu !
Ye neighb'ring vills, I cease to tell
What joys I shar'd in you !
Farewel fair bridge, and Gothic pile,
Adieu yon moat and mill !

No more yon murm'ring water-fall,
Its rustic *din* I hear ;
No more yon bells so sweetly call
My steps to wander there.

No more, dear F***** ! thy sweet *song*
Delights my list'ning ear ;
No more, dear Tom, thy *fiddle's* strung,
My pensive soul to cheer.
No more, gay Flora, your *guittar*,
Tho' fraught with melody ;
No more your voice, yet sweeter far,
Will fill my heart with glee.
No more, my friends, I join your *joy*,
Your concert, *song*, or *ball*.

Adieu, delightful Bramham park,
Thy walks, thy meads, thy groves.

Thy proud pavillions, and thy cot,
With homely thatch done o'er;
Thy distant views, thy rural grot,
Adieu! farewell!

Give me leave, now, to transcribe you a few lines from Rowley's first eclogue. The old (and sometimes *unintelligible*) words, I will change for C.'s more modern ones in his notes.

Speak to me not; I ken thy woe in mine.
O! I've a tale the devil himself might tell.
Sweet *flourets*, mantled meadows, *forests* dign,
And groves *far-seen* around the hermit's cell;
The sweet ribible *dinning* in the dell;
The joyous *dancing* in the alehouse court;
Eke the *high song* and every joy—farewel!
Farewel the very shade of fair disport!

Of the impossibility to prove imitation I am well aware. But for intentional imitation I do not here contend. The originality of C.'s sublime genius would not have stooped from its height to imitate any man that ever wrote. The question is, whether we perceive the remarkable turn of Othello's *farewel*, and whether C.'s wonderful memory had retained that, and the rustic *din*, the *fiddle*, *guittar*, &c. from a perusal of the monody, without being conscious of it. C. him-
self

self explains *ribible* to be a "violin;" a musical instrument not known, I fancy, to the period at which the scene of this eclogue is laid; nor very natural in the eclogue, though *truth* might mark the propriety of it in the monody.—By the nature of his plan the folding doors of imitation were effectually shut against Chatterton. His hands were tied up from picking and stealing. What other poet, antient or modern, except Homer (and even Homer had his antients perhaps), can produce an octavo volume, and *such* an octavo volume, in the whole course of which, after a search of some years, the best and oldest heads are not able to detect him with certainty more than six or eight times*? And those coincidences must of course have been the effect more of memory than design. Rather different are the following *coincidences*; of which many (beside those they have the honesty to own) might be collected from every page of every poet but this boy.

Love, free, as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

Pope. El. to Abelard.

For soon as mastery comes, sweet love anone
Taketh his nimble wings, and soon away is gone.

Spenser. 3. 1. 25.

* A *few* remarkable coincidences to which a few, and but a few, might still be added, are pointed out in a letter prefixed to C.'s Miscell. which originally appeared in the St. James's Chronicle.

The attic warbler pours her throat.

Gray. Spring.

Love will not be confined by maisterie:

When maisterie comes, the Lord of love anon

Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone.

Chaucer.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?

E. on Man. 3. 33.

The painful family of death.

Gray. Eton College.

Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain.

Pope.

Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

Gray. Bard.

Interest that waves on party-coloured wings.

Dunciad 4. 538.

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Gray. Elegy.

The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time.

All's well that ends well.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beach,

That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,

His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,

And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Gray. Elegy.

———He lay along

Under an oak, whose antique root peep'd out

Upon the brook, that crawl'd along the wood.

Shakesp. As you like it.

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Gray. Elegy.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up.

Shakesp. Hen. V.

Man wants but little here below,

Nor wants that little long.

Goldsmith. Edwin and Angelina.

Man wants but little, nor that little long.

Young. Night 4.

In

In May, p. 328, is a modern version of Eleonora and Juga, "by S. W. A." aged 16. What must have been the feelings of Chatterton, when he saw a boy take merit to himself for *spoiling* a poem, by a modern version, at the same age, or perhaps at a more advanced one, than that at which he *forged* it!

In July, p. 370. we read of Otway, that——
 "When he died (which he did in an obscure house, near the Minories), he had about him the copy of a tragedy, which it seems he had sold for a trifle to Bentley, the bookseller. I have seen," says the author of this article, "an advertisement, at the end of one of Lefrange's political papers, offering a reward to any one who should bring it to his shop. What an invaluable treasure was there irretrievably lost, by the ignorance and neglect of the age he lived in."

In this affecting picture it was impossible C. should perceive his own features; but you will allow it required all even his strength of mind, and conscious genius, to work on upon Rowley after reading the following truth!—

"At present, were a man to endeavour to improve his fortune, or increase his friendship, by poetry, he would soon feel the anxiety of disappointment. The press lies open, and is a benefactor to every sort of literature but that alone."

If C. did endeavour to catch the public by other baits, besides genius, who can blame him?

What must have been the sensations of C.'s feeling mind when he read (July, p. 389) that

the number of slaves brought from the coast of Africa, in one year 1768, between Cape Blanco and Rio Congo, by the different European nations, amounted to one hundred and four thousand one hundred ! Great Britain (the seat of freedom) 53,100—France 23,500—Holland (after wresting their own freedom from Philip) 11,300—Portugal 8,700—British *America* 6,300—Denmark 1,200. How must the genius of Rowley have fired at such a sum total of fellow creatures, made beasts of burden, only because the common Creator had made them of a different colour !

Ill-fated Chatterton ! Why didst thou not attend to *Orestes* “on the poverty of authors ?” (August, p. 399.) How couldst thou imagine that even thy parts would prevent thy adding one to his long but faithful list of the starved children of Genius ! Could thy penetrating sight discover no truth in his borrowed observation, that——
 “ we more readily assist the lame and the blind than a poor
 “ man of genius—for every one is sensibly affected with
 “ the apprehension of blindness or lameness ; but who is
 “ in the least dread of the accidents which attend on ge-
 “ nius ?”

——Here let me stop a moment to rescue the world from blame it does not merit. The world is not accountable for the death of every man of abilities who has perished, however miserably,
 in

in an alehouse or a prison. Profligacy and genius, ability and prodigality, are not, as many imagine, the same things. But genius too often thinks it necessary to be profligate, and profligacy often demands to pass for genius. To behold genius confined in a prison, or skulking in an alehouse, and not to lend relief, were infamous; provided the spectator could be sure he was lending *effectual* relief. But, if to rescue from one prison, be only to give an opportunity to visit another—whose humanity is sturdy enough to bear such insults even from a friend or from a child? Churchill reproached the world with suffering Lloyd to pine in the Fleet, and Johnson has moistened many an eye with the sufferings of Savage. But the world, if it be ever accountable, is only accountable for the death of such a being as C. who (let his enemies or enviers persist, as they choose, in asserting what they cannot prove) was not extravagant, was not profligate, was not unprincipled. All his profligacy consisted in quitting the attorney's office, and penning *Ælla*—"when he should have engrossed." His own extravagance was vishing upon unnecessary presents to his grandmother, mother, and sister, a few shillings, the earnings of his genius, which might otherwise, perhaps, have saved him from starving. Unprincipled belongs to those who accuse him of crimes without a shadow of proof.

In

In the Magazine for September, p. 497, is a *roundelay*, for the Jubilee in honour of Shakespeare. Let me just transcribe the first stanza of it, and the first stanza of the famous Minstrell's Song in *Ælla*. Your musical ear must judge whether the latter was suggested by the former.

Sisters of the tuneful strain!
Attend your parent's jocund tree;
'Tis fancy calls you, follow me,
To celebrate the jubilee.

O! sing unto my roundelay,
O! drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more on holyday,
Like a running river be.

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

If your ear be struck by the cadence, you will be struck not a little, in the remainder of the song, by a strong resemblance or two of Shakespeare, to whom C.'s retentive memory must have been directed by the subject of the roundelay, and by the mention it makes of Desdemona.

In *Othello* (4. 13), Desdemona sings, "*All a green willow,*" &c. which she says her mother's maid Barbary "*died singing.*" The burden of the song in *Ælla* is "*All under the willow tree*"—and it concludes with

I die;

I die; I come; my true-love waits.

Thus the damsel spake and died.

The original of Desdemona's song ("willow, "willow") is in Percy's *Reliques*, i. 192. One stanza (p. 193) is not totally unlike the Minstrell's *first* which I have just transcribed——

The cold *stream* ran by him,
His eyes wept apace;
The *salt* tears fell from him,
Which drowned his face.

What follows is surely rather more than coincidence!

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his cheek as the summer snow.

Whiter is my true-love's shroud.

Ælla. 852. 873.

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Hamlet. 4. 5.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll.

Hamlet. 4. 5.

Here, upon my true-love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid.

Ælla. 879.

Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

Hamlet. 4. 5.

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed.

Ælla. Burden of the song.

No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed.

Hamlet. 4. 5.

One

One other line has the same turn and expression as a line of Tickel.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing.

Ælla. 865.

And, at her window,—

The raven flapped his wing.

Lucy and Colin.

Have I tired you? But, pray, confess there is more in the similitude of these passages, than if I were to argue that C. wrote all Rowley, because in one of R.'s poems there is a line which is to be found, *word for word*, in two other poets since R.

And tears began to flow.

Sir C. Bawdin.

And tears began to flow.

Alexander's Feast.

And tears began to flow.

Edwin and Angelina.

So, in another bard——

Right against the eastern gate.

Gray. Descent of Odin.

Right against the eastern gate.

Milton. L'allegro.

This *might* happen without even having seen the lines which are so exactly the same. Then only it is that we can be sure we see the stealing hand of memory, or catch the Proteus form of imitation, when the same idea is expressed in the same words.

Before we go any further, let me just shew you how the account stands between Chatterton and the Town and Country Magazine for 1769.

January

January.	- - - - -	0
February.	" Account of the tincture of Saxon heralds;" and some lines " on Mr. Alcock," which do not from the signature appear to be C.'s though inserted in his Miscellanies	2
March.	" Ethelgar, a Saxon poem;" and a MS. by Rowley, on the court mantle	2
April.	" Kenrick, a Saxon poem;" and an elegy, which does not from the signature appear to be C.'s though inserted in his Miscellanies	2
May.	" Cerdick, a Saxon poem;" Saxon achievements, and Elinoure and Juga	3
June.	- - - - -	0
July.	Some lines to Mr. Holland	1
August.	Godred Crovan	1
Sept.	- - - - -	0
Oct.	- - - - -	0
Nov.	" The Hirlas;" and an elegy, which does not from the signature appear to be C.'s though inserted in his Miscellanies, where I <i>do not</i> find " the Hirlas," printed in the Magazine, p. 574, with his usual signature, D. B.	2
Dec.	" The antiquity of Christmas Games," and " the Copernican System"	2
Supplement.	" The Hirlas," an elegy, and some lines to Miss R.	3

You cannot, I am sure, but observe, and with surprize, how few things he contributed during the space of some whole months, from May to December. How are we to account for this? Was his active genius unemployed during all this time, and some of it the most poetical part of the year? Or did his

—————spirit haunte
 —————with his loved Rowley by his side,
 Where he might hear the swotie nightlark chaunte?
 B. of Hastings, 2. 581.

It is certain that in December (p. 623 of the Magazine) there is a passage in a short article of C.'s upon the "antiquity of Christmas games," which seems clearly meant to prepare the world for *Ælla*, *Godwin*, and the *Apostate*—and who can tell for how many more of Rowley's plays?

"A register of the nunnery of Keynsham relates, that, William, Earl of Gloucester, entertained two hundred knights with tilts and fortunys, at his great manor of Keynsham, provided thirty pies of the eels of Avon, as a curious dainty; and on the twelvth day began the plays for the knights by the monks: with miracles and maumeries for the henchmen and servants, by minstrels.

Here is plainly a distinction made between maumeries and miracles, and the more noble representations comprehended under the name plays. The first were the holiday entertainments of the vulgar; the other of the barons and nobility. The private exhibitions at the manors of the ba-

rons were usually family histories, the monk, who represented the master of the family, being arrayed in a tabard (or herald's coat without sleeves) painted with all the hatchments of the names. In these domestic performances absurdities were unavoidable; and in a play wrote by Sir Tibbet Gonges" (an error of the press, certainly, for Rowley's friend Gorges) "Constance, Countess of Bretagne and Richmond, marries and buries her three husbands in the compass of an hour. Sometimes these pieces were merely relations, and had only two characters of this kind, as that in Weever's funeral monuments. None but the patrons of monasteries had the service of the monks in performing plays on holidays; provided the same contained nothing against God or the church. The public exhibitions were superior to the private; the plot generally the life of some pope, or the founder of the abbey the monks belonged to. *I have seen several of these pieces, MOSTLY LATIN, and cannot think our ancestors so ignorant of dramatic excellencies as the generality of modern writers would represent; they had a good moral in view: and some of the maumeries abound with wit, which, though low now, was not so then.*"

So much for the Town and Country Magazine 1769.

Before I leave Rowley I must transcribe you a short passage from the Gentleman's Magazine for August 1777, p. 363, which accounts for the following extraordinary lines in the epistle on Ælla:

Playes made from hallie tale I hold unmeete;
 Let somme great story of a manne be songe:
 Whanne as a manne we Godde and Jesus treate,
 In mie pore mynde we doe the Godhedde wronge.

X-2-

"I have"

“ I have hinted, that it is often impossible to distinguish between coincidence and imitation; nevertheless, I should suppose the foregoing lines much more likely to have been written by one who had seen the following passage of Vossius, than by one who had not. *I am of opinion, says he, that it is better to chuse another argument than sacred: for it agrees not with the majesty of sacred things to be made a play and a fable. It is also a work of very dangerous consequence to mingle human inventions with things sacred: because the poet adds uncertainties of his own, sometimes falsities; which is not only to play with holy things, but also to graft in men's minds opinions now and then false. These things have place especially, when we bring in God or Christ speaking or treating of the mysteries of religion.* Now Rowley could not have seen Vossius; for Vossius was contemporary with Grotius, who was born in 1583. It may be thought very unlikely that Chatterton, the youth who is said to have produced these poems as the composition of Rowley, should have seen any work of Vossius: it is, however, not unlikely that he had seen this passage in the place from whence I have quoted it; viz. *Lives of the Poets* (12mo. vol. ii. p. 14; *Life of Francis Goldsmith*); a book of which a young reader might very probably be possessed”--

—A book, I will add, which we may conclude our Magliabechi, just commencing the life of a poet, whether he possessed it or not, had certainly read.

One other question remains to be answered—It may be asked why C.'s own Miscellanies are inferior to Rowley? Let me ask another question—*Are they inferior?* Genius, abilities, application we *may* bring into the world with us; these
rare

rare ingredients *may* be mixed up in our compositions by the hand of Nature. But Nature herself cannot create a human being possess of a complete knowledge of our world almost the moment he is born into it. Is the knowledge of the world which his Miscellanies contain, no proof of his astonishing quickness in seizing every thing he chose? Is it remembered when and at what age C. for the first time quitted Bristol, and how few weeks he lived afterwards? C.'s Letters and Miscellanies, and every thing which the warmest advocate for Rowley will not deny to have been C.'s, exhibit an insight into men, manners, and things, for the want of which in their writings, authors, who have died old men, with more opportunities to know the world (who could have fewer than C.?) have been thought to make amends by other merits.

Again—in his own character, he painted for bookfellers and bread; in Rowley's, for fame and eternity. Why are a boy's *tasks* at school inferior to what he writes for his amusement?—Then it is not impossible that he might designedly under-write himself. He certainly did, when he wrote “Ladgate's answer to the song of Ælla.”—After all, he was no modern; the boy was born an antient. And he knew mankind well.

X 3 enough:

enough to see, that, in the present age, there was a greater facility of emergence from obscurity to fame, through the channel of curiosity, for a monk of the 15th century, than for a sexton's son of the 18th. Shame upon that age, which still persists in bearing testimony to his knowledge of it!

Suffer me to indulge my whim in running a short parallel between this boy and our great Milton. Some similitudes, and some dissimilitudes, will not fail to strike your nice eye.

Milton enjoyed every advantage not only of private, but of public, not only of domestic, but of foreign education.

M. in his youth received such instructions from teachers and schoolmasters, that, in his age, he was able to become a schoolmaster, and a teacher to others.

M.'s juvenile writings would not have justified a prophecy of Paradise Lost. But the author of them flatters himself, by dating his life 15, till he had turned 16.

Chatterton wanted every advantage of every possible education.

C. became his own teacher, and his own schoolmaster, before other children are subjects for instruction; and never knew any other.

Few if any of M.'s juvenile writings would have been owned by C. at least by Rowley, could he have past for the author of them.

M. did

M. did not produce *Comus* much earlier than in his 26th year, since it was first presented at Ludlow in 1634; and he was born in 1608. In 1645, when he was 37, *Allegro and Penferoso* first appeared. In 1655, when he was 47, after *long chusing and begining late*, he set himself to turn a strange thing, called a mystery, into an epic poem; which was not completed in less than C.'s whole active existence, since the copy was not sold till April 1667, and then consisted only of 10 books. With all its glorious perfections, *Paradise Lost* contains puerilities, to which C. was a stranger. In 3 years more, when he was 62, appeared M.'s *History of England*. *Paradise Regained* and *Samson* were published in the same year. *Lycidas* I had forgotten. It was written in his 29th year. That propriety of character and situation, which C. can seldom have

C. not suffered to be *long chusing*, or to *begin late*, in 17 years and 9 months, reckoning from his cradle to his grave, produced the volume of Rowley's poems, his volume of *Miscellanies*, and many things which are not printed, besides what his indignation tore in pieces, the day he spurned at the world, and threw himself on the anger of his Creator.

violated

violated, or he would not to this moment deceive such and so many men, M. seldom preserves in Lycidas.—If in the course of an existence almost four times longer than C.'s, this man (*fallen on evil days and evil tongues*, with less truth than C.) who bore no fruit worth gathering till after the age at which C. was withered by the hand of death—If, I say, this great man produced other writings, he will not quarrel that posterity has forgotten them; if he should, posterity will still forget them.

M.'s MSS. preserved at Cambridge, bear testimony to his frequent and commendable correction.

M. as Elwood relates,
could never bear to hear
P. Lost

What time could C. have found for alteration or correction, when I maintain that any boy who should only have fairly *transcribed*, before his 18th year, all that C. before his 18th year invented and composed, would be considered to deserve the reputation of diligence, and the praise of application.

If C. much earlier in life than M. was calculated
either

P. Loft preferred before P. Regained.—He is known to have pronounced Dryden to be no poet.

M. more from inclination than want of bread, it seems, entered into party disputes, whether a king might be lawfully beheaded, &c. with a servility and a virulence, and let out his praise to hire with a meanness, at all periods of his life, which the worst enemies of C. cannot prove him to have equalled.

M. in affluence (if compared with others beside C.) felt on his brows those laurels which others could not see; and was persuaded, that, “by labour and intense study, his portion in this life, he might leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die.”

P. Loft produced the author and his widow only 28 pounds. The meaner, more servile, and more versatile abilities of the au-

either to be an author or a critic; had not possessed a chaster judgment, he would not still impose on so many critics and authors.

C. in order to procure bread for himself, a grandmother, mother, and sister, was ready to prove the patriotism of Bute or of Beckford, in writings, which older men need not blush to own, and in an age when older men did not blush at such a *profession*.

C. steeped to the lips in poverty, entertained, long before he had lived 18 years, ideas, hopes, persuasions (*by labour and intense study, more truly his portion in this life than M.'s*) of living to all eternity in the memory of Fame.

Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett must inform the world whether Rowley's poems and his own together procured C. 28 shillings.

thor

thor produced him indeed enough to be deprived of four thousand pounds by ill fortune, and to leave 15 hundred pounds to his family.

Phillips relates of M. from his own mouth, that
 "his vein never happily
 "flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the
 "vernal."——Richardson writes, that "his poetical
 "faculty would on a sudden rush upon him with
 "an impetus or æstrum."

M. when a man, seldom drank any thing strong—he ate with delicacy and temperance.

M.'s historians and grand-daughter admit his moroseness to his children, and

What is said of C. and of the moon's effect upon him, you have read.

C. when a boy, hardly ever touched meat, and drank only water: when a child he would often refuse to take any thing but bread and water, even if it did happen that his mother had a hot meal, "because he had a work
 "in hand, and he must
 "not make himself more
 "stupid than God had
 "made him."

C.'s mother, his sister, and his letters can speak best of his heart, and of his

and that he would not let his wishes that his sister
 them learn to write. might learn every thing.

Into this parallel C.'s literary impositions on mankind, and the circumstance of his carrying the secret out of the world with him, are not taken.

Before I conclude this long scrawl, suffer me to observe, that the brother of him who wrote the essay on the genius of Pope (of whom both, whether deservedly or undeservedly, have received from the hands of literature that independence for which Chatterton courted her) might surely have concluded his criticism on Rowley, without studying to heap so many epithets of abhorrence upon that *boy*, whom at the same time he seems to consider as Rowley, i. e. as the most extraordinary instance of genius the world ever saw. Warton finishes with saying, that Chatterton was "an (1) adventurer, a professed (2) hireling in the trade of literature, "full of (3) projects and invention, (4) artful, " (5) enterprizing, (6) unprincipled, (7) indigent, and (8) compelled to subsist by expedients." (Addition to p. 164. Hist. of Eng. poetry, vol. 2.) That prophets are not honoured in their own country I have heard; but I never till now knew that poets are so little honoured

in their own country and in their own profession. After all—of these epithets and phrases bestowed by the author of the *Triumph of Isis*, in the most mature and charitable part of his life, upon the juvenile author of Rowley's poems, 1. 2. 8. do not convey very shocking ideas of criminality—3. 4. 5. may be construed into praise—7. is not a very unpardonable fault in C. except that this, together with ambition and a desire to provide for his grand-mother, mother, and sister, laid the foundation of the six crimes already enumerated—6. is absolute false.—

With regard to C.'s face and person, all agree that he was a manly, good-looking boy—that there was something about him, which instantaneously prepossessed you in his favour. Mr. Barrett and Mr. Catcott, as well as all who remember him, speak particularly of his eye. Catcott says he could never look at it long enough to see what sort of an eye it was; but it seemed to be a kind of a hawk's eye, he thinks. You could see his soul through it.—Mr. Barrett says, he took particular notice of his eyes from the nature of his profession. He never saw such. One was still more remarkable than the other. You might see the fire roll at the bottom of them, as you sometimes do in a black eye, but never in grey ones, which his were. Mr. Barrett adds,

adds, that he used often to send for him from the charity-school (which is close to his house) and differ from him in opinion, on purpose to make him earnest, and to see how wonderfully his eye would strike fire, kindle, and blaze up.—

So ends what I have to say about Chatterton, when I shall have just observed that his *innocent* imposition on the world is exactly the story of M. Angelo's buried statue of Cupid; and, finally, that Miss More is oftener boasted by Bristol, and acquired more fame and wealth, for an *Ode to Garrick's dog*, than C. for all R.'s poems. Prefix to this letter, if you please, the *comforting* discovery of Lord Shaftesbury in his *Characteristics*, that—“*an ingenious man never starves unknown.*” Such a being as C. should not have been suffered to starve at all. But *comfort* like this is to be expected from “Knights and Barons.”

Bards may be Lords, but 'tis not in the cards,
Play as you will, to turn Lords into Bards.

The employment has been of the service to me you meant it should. In some measure I have forgotten myself, and, as much as it was possible, forgotten my M. during the hours I have spent upon this business. If the story be not told as regularly as it might, the situation of my mind with regard to you must be my excuse. Beside, were I cold enough to tell such a tale as Chat-

Y

terton's

terton's with as much regularity as I put a common occurrence upon paper, I should despise myself. All I shall further add is, that I do not hold out Chatterton as the first character in the world. An army of Macedonian and Swedish butchers, indeed, fly before him; nor does my memory supply me with any human being who, at such an age, with such disadvantages, has produced such compositions*. Under the heathen mythology, superstition and admiration would

* *Mohammed*, it is true, with hardly the usual education of his illiterate tribe, unable (as was imagined, and he pretended) even to read or write, *forged* the KORAN; which is to this day the most elegant composition in the Arabic language, and its standard of excellence. Upon the argument of improbability, that a man so illiterate should compose a book so admired, *Mohammed* artfully rested the principal evidence of his *Koran's* divinity. (Sale's "Koran," P. Discourse, p. 42. 60.) He who, merely from improbability, denies Chatterton to be the author of Rowley's Poems, must go near to admit God to be the author of the *Koran*.—But, before we compare together Chatterton and Mohammed, it should be remembered that M. was *forty* when he commenced prophet.—Perhaps the most extraordinary circumstance about M. is that even familiarity could not subject him to contempt; that he contrived to be a hero, and prophet, even to his wives and his *valets de chambre*. Even his fits of the epilepsy he converted into proofs of his divine mission. It is probable, that, if *Mohammed* had been less falacious, and not subject to the falling sickness, out of thirty equal divisions of the known world, whereof Christianity claims five, and Paganism nineteen, the inhabitants of six would not now believe in the *Koran*.

have explained all by bringing Apollo upon earth. Nor would the god ever have descended with more credit to himself. But, after all, the world is only indebted to Chatterton for a few inimitable poems. If barbarity and fanatacism be suffered to destroy mankind, genius will write in vain, when there is none to read. To preserve our fellow creatures is still a greater praise than to instruct or to amuse them. Perhaps, all circumstances considered, the first character that ever existed was Bartholomew las Casas.—

Let me conclude these tedious sheets of paper with a most capital subject for a painter, from Chatterton's *tournament*, which you may add to the subjects I have before suggested to you. It will surprize you to find how *very* modern it is. The advocates for Rowley must explain this to you, if they can, and if R. has still any advocates; for I do assure you, as you will find by turning to the poem, that I have only altered *four* words, and those *only* by changing them for Chatterton's words of explanation in his notes to the poem.

When battle, steaming with new-quicken'd gore,
Bending with spoils and bloody † dropping head,
Did the dark wood of ease and rest explore,
Seeking to lie on pleasure's downy bed——

† “ The helmet of Darydh dropped blood.” The
Y 2 *Hircas,*

Pleasure, dancing from her wood,
 Wreath'd with flowers of eglantine,
 From his visage washed the blood.
 Hid his sword and gaberdine.

The note I risqued yesterday you got I hope. If you had not answered my last but one, I should certainly have thrown this bundle of papers into the fire. Since you are now a good girl again, I send them to you. May they afford you any thing like entertainment! It was but last night I finished them.—Adieu.—Much as I dread the expedition, to-morrow I believe must be the day.

17 February, 79.

L E T T E R LII.

To the SAME.

At sea—20 February, 1779.

My dear little angel! I wrote my last letter to you yesterday at 11 o'clock, just when we sailed.

I dined

Hirlas, by Chatterton, Town and Country Magazine, November, p. 575.—To suppose C. to have intentionally imitated, or stolen from Rowley, is nonsense; because then he would have stolen all R.'s poems, and past them off for his own. Stronger resemblances than this might be pointed out between C.'s things and (what will not much longer, I trust, be called) Rowley's. One I have mentioned before.

I dined at two o'clock, and, as for the afternoon, I had some music. I have my own servant on board that plays, and a couple of hands from London for the six weeks I am out. We were a good many at dinner. I had about nine people yesterday, and shall have more when the rest of my Squadron join me. They staid with me till near seven. I got to supper about 9 o'clock; but I could not eat, and so got to bed about 10—I then prayed for you, my dearest love; kissed your dearest little hair; and lay down, and dreamt of you; and had you on the dear little couch ten thousands times in my arms, kissing you and telling you how much I loved and adored you; and you seemed pleased; but, alas, when I woke I found it all *dillusion*—no body by me but myself at sea. I rose by time, at half past five, and went upon deck. There I found my friend Billy, and walked with him for about an hour, till Barrington came to me. We then breakfasted about 8 o'clock, and by 9 I began and exercised the ships under my command till 12. It is now one, and when I finish this letter to you, my dear love, I shall dress and go to dinner at two o'clock. It is a rule on board to dine at two, breakfast at 8, and sup at 9—always, if nothing hinders me, I shall be abed by 10, or soon after,

Yg bas 29.11.1940

and up by half past five in the morning, in order to have, if there is any occasion, orders ready for the fleet under my command before I begin to exercise them.—I am sure the account of this day's duty can be no pleasure to you, my love; yet it is exactly what I have done; and as I promised you always to let you know my motions and my thoughts, I have now performed my promise this day to you, and always will until the very last letter you shall have from me, which will be between 5 and 6 weeks hence. I shall send the Admiralty word that I am arrived at Spithead. Then I shall only wait for their answer, which will be with me in a few hours, to strike my flag—and then I shall return to you that instant. O' my love, mad and happy beyond my self to tell you how I love you and have thought of you ever since I have been separated from you! The wind being contrary to-day about one, I put off dinner till three o'clock, in order to anchor ships for this night in Portland road, just off Weymouth, about 2 miles. I hope to sail to-morrow by 5 in the morning. I hope you are well. I am sure I need not tell you I have had nothing in my thoughts but your dear self, and long for the time to come back again to you. I will, all the while, take care of myself because you desire, my dear little friend does, the angel of my heart!

pray do you take care of your dear self for the sake of your faithful servant, who lives but to love you, to adore you, and to bless the moment that he has made you generous enough to own him. I hope, my dear, nay I will dare to say, you never will have reason to repent it. The wind was not so contrary but we could have sailed on: but I told Barrington that as it was not fair, I would anchor, especially as I could send one of my frigates in, for that I had dispatches of consequence to send to London. Indeed, my dear angel, I need not tell you. I know you read the reason too well that made me do so. It was to write to you, for God knows I have wrote to none else, nor shall I to any other but to the King. God bless you, most amiable and dearest little creature living—*aimons toujours mon adorable petite amour.*

Je vous adore plus que la vie même.

I have been reading for about an hour this morning in Prior, and find these few lines, just now, applicable to us.

How oft had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Harriet's eyes;
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
And oft the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love,

Till

Till time and industry (the mighty two
 That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
 Made him perceive that the inclining fair
 Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
 That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
 And dealt to Harriet's heart a share of Henry's pain.

Such is my amusement to read those sort of things that puts me in mind of our mutual feelings and situations. Now, God bless you, till I shall again have an opportunity of sending to you. I shall write to you a letter a day as many days as you miss *herein* of me when I do they shall all come Friday 16 June. God bless—I shan't forget you. God knows you have told so before I have your heart, and it lies warm in my breast. I hope mine feels as easy to you, thou joy of my life. Adieu.

Well, my M.—how like you my pen to-day? Don't you think I am improved? In time I shall come to write such letters as may appear in print. Were you not surprized to read a letter dated at sea; and to find me write about my squadron, and the King, and the Lord knows what? when we parted but yesterday within the bills of mortality.—Come, I'll now put off my mask. The hopes you gave me yesterday of so soon calling

calling you mine, and to-day's uncommon fineness, had quite inspired me with good spirits. A copy of the letter I have just transcribed was given me last night; and, as I promised to write to you to-day, I thought it would amuse you more than any thing I could say. It has blood royal in it, I assure you; and I'll take my *bible oath* of its authenticity. When you have *nobody by you but yourself*, I think it will make you laugh. Compare this King's brother with my sexton's son; who, during the composition of this letter, was writing Rowley's poems. Where I could make it sense by stopping it, I have. The original is all written post. Cupid never stops to bait. Then he has no eyes, you know; which is an excuse for bad spelling, and confusion in the sense. Poor blind boy! It's very well he can contrive to write at all. With regard to some of it, we are still in the dark; but Lady G. made it out, I dare say. Oh Love, almighty Love! with what eloquence does adoration of thee inspire thy votaries!

Now, in my own character.—What you desired so earnestly shall certainly be done. As to the disparity of our years, what you said about it yesterday did honour to your heart, but was all nothing to the purpose. My mind is made up. Besides, I knew your age all along. Do you re-

member

member some sufficiently bald poetry, with the reading of which I taxed your patience when I was quartered at * Huntingdon, I believe? May I be hanged, drawn, and quartered, if I did not, at the time I wrote it, know as well as yourself how many years you were older than I! But I well knew you were not acquainted with *my* age; which, by those lines, I hoped to conceal from you. Then I thought, if you should suspect or come to know I was younger than you, that though the idea (as you will see, unless you have committed them to the flames they merit) turns, in fact, upon our being *born* in the same year, on the same day almost——yet, that you *might* take it to turn upon the circumstance of our *birth-days* happening almost together; and so overlook, in considering the nearness of our birth-days, the disparity of our ages.

But it's useless to say a word more to me on this subject—all you pointed out I see—and I am determined. Remember *Ninon*. You are not quite old enough to be my *mother*.

* See Letter XVII. The Editor cannot but observe, that if Mr. H. had not, in this subsequent letter, by the merest accident in the world, explained those lines, they would have thrown an unjust suspicion of suppositiousness on this whole volume, and few people would have believed those letters to have been genuine, from one of which it was so clear, that H. was so very ignorant of Miss ——'s age.

By the day after to-morrow I hope to be able to tell you your business is done.—Of that song which I gave you some time ago, and with which you are often kind enough to treat me, I have discovered the author. You know what I mean —“When your beauty appears, &c.” It was written by the elegantly-simple Parnell.

Let me to-day send you another, which as I never heard you sing it, I suppose you have never seen—otherwise, from what I know of your taste, it must have been your favourite.

The moans of the forest after the battle of Flodden-field.

I have heard a lilting, at the ewes milking,

A' the lasses lilting before break of day ;

But now there's a moaning, in ilka green loning,

Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away :

At

Lilting] Singing chearfully, with a brisk lively air, in a style peculiar to the Scots ; whose music, being composed for the bagpipe, jumps over the discordant notes of the 2d and 7th, in order to prevent the jarring which it would otherwise produce with the drone or bass, which constantly sounds an octave to the key note. Hence this kind of composition is commonly styled a Scotch *lilt*.—‘*A'*’ All.—‘*Ilka*’ Each.—‘*Loning*’ Lane ; a word still in use in the northern parts. The word *green* is peculiarly emphatical ; grown over with grass, by not being frequented.—

‘*Bughts*

At bughts in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
Our lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae :
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sobbing,
Ilka lass lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In har'ft at the shearing, nae swankies are jeering,
Our bansters are wrinkled and lyard and grey :
At a fair or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleetching,
Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away.

At e'en in the gloming, nae youngsters are roaming
'Bout stacks with the lasses at boggles to play ;
But ilka lass sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away.

Dool and wae fa' the order—sent our lads to the border !
The English for once by a guile won the day :
The flowers of the forest, that shone aye the foremost,
The pride of our land now ligs cauld in the clay !

We'll ha' nae mair liling, at the ewes milking,
Our women and bairns now sit dowie and wae :
There's nought heard but moaning in ilka green loning,
Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away.

• *Bughts*] Circular folds, where the ewes are milked.—
• *Scorning*] Bantering, jeering.—• *Dowie*] Dowly, solitary.—• *Wae*] Full of woe or sorrow.—• *Daffing*] Wag-
gish sporting.—• *Gabbing*] Jestingly prating, talking gib-
ble-gabble.—• *Leglin*] Can, or milking-pail.—• *Swankies*] Swains.—• *Bansters*] Bandsters, binders up of the sheaves.
—• *Lyard*] Hoary : being all old men.—• *Apreading*] A
preaching in Scotland is not unlike a country fair.—
• *Fleetching*] Fawning, flattering.—• *Glooming*] Glimmer-
ing, twilight.—Do you remember Chatterton's note on
glommed, in my letter about him?—• *Dool*] Dolour, sor-
row.—• *Wae fa'*] Woe befall, evil betide.—• *Ligs*] Lies.'

L E T-

L E T T E R LIII.

To the SAME.

24th February, 1779.

Since we parted yesterday I have thought a good deal of what we talked about. Though I did not promise to write to you till to-morrow, I take up my pen you see this morning. The business that is to forward our marriage (which can alone make me happy, and remove that melancholy you observe) cannot be done till the evening—so I may as well spend this morning in talking to you upon paper.

The manner in which you account for the self-destruction of that most wonderful boy Chatterton is physical, I assure you, as well as sensible. Tissot, in his essay on the diseases incident to literary persons, starts some ideas very much like your's; only they are wrapped up in harder words. You shall see:

When the mind, long time occupied, has forcibly impressed an action upon the brain, she is unable to repress that forcible action. The shock continues after its cause; and, reacting upon the mind, makes it experience ideas which are truly delirious. For they no longer answer to the external impressions of objects, but to the internal disposition of the brain, some parts of which are now become incapable to receive the new movements transmitted to it by the senses.

Z

The

The brain of Paschal was so vitiated by passing his life in the laborious exercises of study, thought, and imagination, that certain fibres, agitated by incessant motion, made him perpetually feel a sensation which seemed to be excited by a gulph of fire situated on one side of him; and his reason, overpowered by the disorder of his nerves, could never banish the idea of this fiery abyss. Spinello painted the fall of the rebel angels, and gave so fierce a countenance to Lucifer, that he was struck with horror himself; and during the remainder of his life, his imagination was continually haunted by the figure of that dæmon, upbraiding him with having made his portrait so hideous. Gaspar Barlæus, the orator, poet, and physician, was not ignorant of these dangers. He warned his friend Hughens against them. But, blind with regard to himself, by immoderate studies he so weakened his brain, that he thought his body was made of butter, and carefully shunned the fire, lest it should melt him; till at last, worn out with his continual fears, he leapt into a well. Peter Jurieu, so famous in theological dispute, and for his commentary on the apocalypse, disordered his brain in such a manner that, tho' he thought like a man of sense in other respects, he was firmly persuaded his frequent fits of the cholic were occasioned by a constant engagement between seven horsemen who were shut up in his belly. There have been many instances of literary persons who thought themselves metamorphosed into lanterns; and who complained of having lost their thighs.

No one can deny that Chatterton must have gone through as much wear and tear of the imagination as any person Tissot mentions. But I would give a good deal, were it possible for

me never again to think about Chatterton, or about his death, as long as I live—for I never do without being miserable.

What you let fall about the propensity of the English to suicide, is not true; though a very popular idea. And yet I will relate to you, in the words of another person, an instance of English suicide much more cool and deliberate than any you ever heard, I dare say. It is a fact, and happened in 1732.

Richard Smith, a bookbinder, and prisoner for debt within the liberties of the King's Bench, persuaded his wife to follow his example, in making away with herself, after they had murdered their little infant. This wretched pair were in the month of April found hanging in their bed-chamber at about a yard's distance from each other; and in a separate apartment the child lay dead in a cradle. They left two papers inclosed in a short letter to their landlord, whose kindness they implored in favour of their dog and cat. They even left money to the porter who should carry the inclosed papers to the person to whom they were addressed. In one of these the husband thanked that person for the marks of friendship he had received at his hands; and complained of the ill offices he had undergone from a different quarter. The other papers subscribed by the husband and wife contained the reasons which induced them to act such a tragedy on themselves and their offspring. This letter was altogether surprizing for the calm resolution, the good humour, and the propriety with which it was written. They declared, that they withdrew themselves from poverty

and rags; evils that, through a train of unlucky accidents, were become inevitable. They appealed to their neighbours for the industry with which they had endeavoured to earn a livelihood. They justified the murder of their child, by saying, it was less cruelty to take her with them, than to leave her friendless in the world, exposed to ignorance and misery. They professed their belief and confidence in an Almighty God, the fountain of goodness and beneficence, who could not possibly take delight in the misery of his creatures: they therefore resigned up their lives to him without any terrible apprehensions; submitting themselves to those ways, which, in his goodness, he should appoint after death.—These unfortunate suicides had been always industrious and frugal, invincibly honest, and remarkable for conjugal affection.

This tragedy I have shown you, because I think France, lively France, in whose language suicide is an *Anglicism*, can supply me with an anecdote, as authentic, of something still more cool, and more deliberate; since the motives to the crime (to which no motive can be sufficiently strong) were so much weaker.—

On the day before Christmas-day 1773, about eleven o'clock, two soldiers came to the Cross-Bow inn at St. Dennis, and ordered dinner. Bordeaux, one of the soldiers, went out and bought a little paper of powder, and a couple of bullets, observing to the person who sold them to him, that St. Dennis seemed to be so pleasant a place, he

he should not dislike to spend the remainder of his life there. Returning to the inn, he and his companion passed the day together very merrily. On Christmas-day they again dined as merrily, ordered wine, and about five o'clock in the afternoon, were found by the fire, on breaking open the door, sitting on the opposite sides of a table, whereon were three empty champaign bottles, the following will and letter, and a half crown. They were both shot through the head; two pistols lay upon the floor. The noise of the pistols brought up the people of the house, who immediately sent for M. de Rouilleres, the commandant of the *marechaussée* at St. Dennis.

The will I translated myself from a formal copy which was taken for a friend of mine at St. Dennis in 1774.

The W I L L.

A man who knows he is to die, should take care to do every thing which his survivors can wish him to have done. We are more particularly in that situation. Our intention is to prevent uneasiness to our host, as well as to lighten the labours of those whom curiosity, under pretence of form and order, will bring hither to pay us visits.

Humain is the bigger, and I, Bordeaux, am the lesser of the two.

He is drum-major of *mestre de camp des dragons*, and I am simply a dragoon of Belzunce.

Death is a passage. I address to the gentleman of the law of St. Dennis (who, with his first clerk as assistant, must come hither for the sake of justice) the principle, which, joined to the reflexion that every thing must have an end, put these pistols into our hands. The future presents nothing to us but what is agreeable—Yet that future is short, and must end.

Humain is but 24 years of age; as for me, I have not yet completed four lustres. No particular reason forces us to interrupt our career, except the disgust we feel at existing for a moment under the continual apprehension of ceasing to exist. An eternity is the point of re-union; a longing after which leads us to prevent the despotic act of fate. In fine, disgust of life is our sole inducement to quit it.

If all those who are wretched would dare to divest themselves of prejudice, and to look their destruction in the face, they would see it is as easy to lay aside existence as to throw off an old coat, the colour of which displeases. The proof of this may be referred to our experience.

We have enjoyed every gratification in life, even that of obliging our fellow-creatures. We could still procure to ourselves gratifications. But all gratifications must have a period. That period is our poison. We are disgusted at the perpetual sameness of the scene. The curtain is dropped, and we leave our parts to those who are weak enough to feel an inclination to play them a few hours longer.

Two or three grains of powder will soon break the springs of this moving mass of flesh which our haughty fellow-creatures stile the King of Beings.

Messrs. the officers of justice, our carcases are at your discretion. We despise them too much to give ourselves any trouble about what becomes of them.

As to what we shall leave behind us—for myself, Bordeaux; I give to M. de Rouilleres, commandant of the mare-

harechauffée at St. Dennis, my steel-mounted sword. He will recollect that, last year, about this very day, as he was conducting a recruit, he had the civility to grant me a favour for a person of the name of St. Germain, who had offended him.

The maid of the inn will take my pocket and neck-handkerchiefs, as well as the silk stockings which I now have on, and all my other linen whatever.

The rest of our effects will be sufficient to pay the expence of the useless law proceedings of which we shall be the subject.

The half crown upon the table will pay for the last bottle of wine which we are going to drink.

At St. Dennis, Bordeaux.
Christmas-day, 1773. Humain.

Of the following letter from Bordeaux to his lieutenant in the regiment of Belzunce, I have not seen the French; I cannot therefore answer for the translation, which does not appear to have been done carefully. Another friend supplied me with it. You shall have it as I had it from him.

“ Sir,

During my residence at Guise, you honoured me with your friendship. It is time that I thank you. You have often told me I appeared displeased with my situation. It was sincere, but not absolutely true. I have since examined myself more seriously, and acknowledge myself entirely disgusted with every state of man, the whole world, and myself. From these discoveries a consequence should be
drawn :

drawn: if disgusted with the whole, renounce the whole. The calculation is not long. I have made it without the aid of geometry. In short, I am on the point of putting an end to the existence that I have possessed for near twenty years, fifteen of which it has been a burden to me; and, from the moment that I write, a few grains of powder will destroy this moving mass of flesh, which we vain mortals call the King of Beings.

“ I owe no one an excuse. I deserted, that was a crime; but I am going to punish it; and the law will be satisfied.

“ I asked leave of absence from my superiors, to have the pleasure of dying at my ease. They never condescended to give me an answer. This served to hasten my end.

“ I wrote to Bord to send you some detached pieces I left at Guise, which I beg you to accept. You will find they contain some well chosen literature. These pieces will solicit for me a place in your remembrance.

“ Adieu, my dear lieutenant! continue your esteem for St. Lambert and Dorat. As for the rest, skip from flower to flower, and acquire the sweets of all knowledge, and enjoy every pleasure.

“ Pour moi, j'arrive au trou

“ Qui n'échappe ni sage ni fou,

“ Pour aller je ne sçais où.

“ If we exist after this life, and it is forbidden to quit it without permission, I will endeavour to procure one moment to inform you of it; if not, I should advise all those who are unhappy, which is by far the greatest part of mankind, to follow my example.

“ When you receive this letter, I shall have been dead at least 24 hours.

With esteem, &c.

Bordeaux.”

Is

Is there any thing like this in English story?

If we exist after this life—Ah, my brave Bordeaux, that is the question; and a question which even you could not answer in the *negative*.

————— There's the retrospect
That makes calamity of so long life,
For who would bear the whips and the scorns o'th' time,
The pangs of despised love,

(which I could never bear),

————— The law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
Which patient merit of th' unworthy takes?
But that the dread of something after death
Puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

The pains these two poor fellows took (or rather Bordeaux, for he seems to have been the principal) to prevent any trouble or uneasiness to their survivors, lead me to reflect how very uniformly the contrary is the conduct of suicides with us. One would sometimes almost fancy that they studied how they might commit the abominable crime so as to be found by those whom the discovery would most affect. Have they wives, children? It must be done sometimes in their presence, in bed with them; often in their hearing; almost always in such a manner that they may be the first spectators of it. Mr. Y. Lord F. Mr. S.

S. Lord C. Mr. B. are cruel instances of this. Oh for Omnipotence to call such savages back to life, and chain them to the hardest tasks of existence! Is not the crime of suicide sufficient, without adding to it the *murder* of a heart-broken wife or child? Hence you may, perhaps, draw an argument that every suicide is a madman. For my part, I have no doubt of it; and if Human had fallen into the hands of a friend less mad than Bordeaux, he might have lived to have fought another day.

And here ends a long, dull letter, about a short, entertaining conversation (on your part at least). Don't stay long out of town, or I shall write you *madder* notes than you received during the week I was employed on the letter about Chatterton. When I think of you, I am mad——What must I be when I have reason to think (or fancy so) that you don't think of me? G. is gone.

L E T T E R LIV.

To the SAME.

1 March, 1779.

Though we meet to-morrow, I must write you two words to-night, just to say, that I have all the hopes in the world ten days, at the utmost, will compleat the business. When that is done,
your

your only objection is removed along with your debts; and we may, surely, then be happy, and be so *soon*. In a month, or *six weeks at furthest*, from this time, 'I might certainly call you mine. Only remember that my *character*, now I have taken orders, makes expedition necessary. By to-night's post I shall write into Norfolk about the alterations at *our* parsonage.—To morrow.—G.'s friendship is more than I can ever return.

LETTER LV.

TO CHARLES — Esq.

20 March, 1779.

Your coming to town, my dear friend, will answer no end. G. has been such a friend to me, it is not possible to doubt her information.—What interest has she to serve? Certainly none. Look over the letters, with which I have so pestered you for these two years, about this business. Look at what I have written to you about G. since I returned from Ireland. She can only mean *well* to me. Be not apprehensive. Your friend will take no step to disgrace himself. What I shall do I know not. Without her I do not think I can exist. Yet I will be, you shall see, a *man*, as well as a lover. Should there be a
rival,

rival, and should he merit chastisement, I know you'll be my friend. But I'll have ocular proof of every thing before I believe.

Your's ever.

LETTER LVI.

To the SAME.

6 April, 1779.

It signifies not. Your reasoning I admit. Despair goads me on. Death only can relieve me. By what I wrote yesterday, you must see my resolution was taken. Often have I made use of my key to let myself into the A. that I might die at her feet. She gave it me as the key of love—Little did she think it would ever prove the key of death. But the loss of Lady H. keeps Lord S. within.

My dear Charles, is it possible for me to doubt G.'s information? Even you were staggered by the account I gave you of what passed between us in the Park. What then have I to do, who only lived when she loved me, but to cease to live now she ceases to love? The propriety of suicide, its cowardice, its crime—I have nothing to do with them. All I pretend to prove or to disprove is my misery, and the possibility of my existing under

der it. Enclosed are the last dying words and confession of poor Captain J. who destroyed himself not long ago. But these lines are not things which have determined me. There are many defects in the reasoning of them, though none in the poetry.—His motives are not mine, nor are his principles mine. *His* ills I could have borne. He told me of his inducements, poor fellow! But I refused to allow them. Little did I imagine that I should ever have inducements, as I now have, which I *must* allow. These extraordinary lines are said to be his. Yet, from what I knew of him, I am slow to believe it. They strike me as the production of abilities far superior to his; of abilities sent into the world for some particular purpose, and which Providence would not suffer to quit the world in such a manner.

Till within this month, till G.'s information, I thought of self-murder as you think of it. Nothing now is left for me but to leap the world to come. If it be a crime, as I too much fear, and we are accountable for our passions, I must stand the trial and the punishment. My invention can paint no punishment equal to what I suffer here.

Think of those passions, my friend—those passions of which you have so often, since I knew

A a

Miss

Miss ——, spoken to me and written to me. If you will not let me fly from my misery, will you not let me fly from my passions? They are a pack of bloodhounds which will inevitably tear me to pieces. My carelessness has suffered them to overtake me, and now there is no possibility, but this, of escaping them.—The hand of Nature heaped up every species of combustible in my bosom. The torch of Love has set the heap on fire. I must perish in the flames. At first I might perhaps have extinguished them——now they rage too fiercely. *If* they can be smothered, they can never be got under. Suppose they should consume any other person beside myself. And who is he will answer for passions such as mine?—At present, I am innocent.

Did you ever read D'Arnaud? Let me tell you a story I found in him the other day. It made me shudder at the precipice on which I stand. It determined me to shut the adamantine gates of death against possibility.

Salvini, an Italian (no Englishman *could* commit his crime), in whose mind my mind discovered its relation, becomes intimate with Adelson, an Englishman of fortune, at Rome. Salvini accompanies him to England, and is introduced by him to Mrs. Rivers and her daughter, his intended wife. Adelson introduced a rival and a ——but you shall hear. Love, who had never before been able to conquer Salvini, now tyrannized over him, as cruelly as he has tyrannized

rannized over me. The tale is well worked up. Love leads his victim by degrees, from one crime to another; till, at last, on the day fixed for Nelly's marriage with Adelson, Salvini murders her, and endeavours to murder himself. The attendants preserve him, a further victim to justice. He is committed to Newgate—condemned to death. Adelson bribes a jailor to afford Salvini that opportunity to escape, which he twice refuses. He satisfies *human* justice by suffering at Tyburn. Adelson and Mrs. Rivers increase his crime, by dying of grief in consequence of it. *

Oh Charles—Charles——as yet thy H. is no Salvini. Nor will I murder any but myself.—As yet the devil has not tempted me to plunge
my

* When first I read this letter I had never heard of D'Arnaud. I now enquired for such a writer. Still I could not credit Mr. H. Who could believe that poor H.'s story should be related, so many years before it happened, under the name of Salvini? But so it is. (*Epreuves du sentiment par M. D'Arnaud. Maestricht, 1774. Tome 3. 101.*) The circumstance is so remarkable, that a note an hour long might be written upon it. If H.'s story be more compleat than Salvini's, it does but show that nature is a better writer than D'Arnaud. He yields, yet yields only to her pen; and even nature appears to have borrowed from D'Arnaud.—“What a compliment!” the reader says.—“What a writer, to deserve such a compliment!” adds the Editor.

Before poor H. concludes this letter there is an allusion to the most singular scene which Rousseau has so wonderfully painted. *La nouvelle Héloïse, Lettre 17.*

my *Eloise* along with me into the unfathomable depths of destruction.—Take the lines I mentioned. They are too good for the bad cause they were written to defend.—My watch I have sealed up for you: Wear it for my sake. Crop has been a faithful servant to me, accept of him; and when he is too old to carry you, let him have the run of your park. He once (how happy was I that day!)—he once bore the precious burden of her for whom I die. Already have I bid you solemnly farewell. It shall not be repeated. While I *do* live, Your own

H.

Averse from life, nor well resolved to die,
Used but to murmur, I retain my breath—
Yet pant, enlarged from this dull world, to try
The hospitable, tho' cold, arms of death.

What future joys should bid me wish to live?
What flattering dreams of better days remain?
What prospect can obscure existence give,
A recompence for penury and pain?

Is there an hope that o'er this untuned frame
Awaken'd health her wonted glow shall spread?
Is there a path to pleasure, wealth, or fame,
Which sickness, langour, and remorse can tread?

Then wherefore should I doubt? what should I fear?
Why for a moment longer bear my grief?
Behold! my great deliverer is near!
Immediate as I wish, his prompt relief.

O instance

O instance strange of free, but blinded will,
Discuss'd so much, so little understood,
To bear the certainty of present ill,
Before the uncertain chance of ill or good !

But what that chance ? Why, be it what it may ;
Still 'tis a chance : and here my woes are sure.
Yet think these woes are sorrows of a day,
While those to all eternity endure.----

Think on the horrors of eternal pain !
Imagination startles at the name ;
Nor can impress upon the labouring brain
Duration endless still, and fill the same.-----

Well hast thou said,---nor can it be impress'd.
Hath blind credulity that abject slave,
Who thinks his nothingness, for ever blest'd,
Shall hold eternal triumph o'er the grave ?

When oceans cease to roll, rocks melt away,
Atlas and *Ætna* sink into the plain,
The glorious sun, the elements decay,
Shall man, creation's flimsiest work, remain ?

What shall remain of man ?----this outward frame ?
Soon shall it moulder to its native dust-----
Or haply that unbodied subtle flame
Which occupies and animates the bust ?

Let but a finger ache ; the kindred soul
Its intimate alliance shall perceive :
Let ultimate destruction grasp the whole ;
The soul immortal and unchanged shall live.

Stop but one conduit, and the tone is lost ;---
 But burst each pipe, and tear up every key,
 Then shall the decomposed organ's ghost
 Swell the loud peal of endless harmony.----

So shall that quality, whose powers arise
 From various parts by nicest art arranged ;
 With every shock they suffer sympathize ;
 But after their destruction live unchanged.---

So much for argument---the legends vain
 Of priestly craft reach not th' ingenuous mind----
 Let knaves invent, and folly will maintain
 The wildest system that deludes mankind.

Did there exist the very hell they paint ;
 Were there the very heaven they desire ;
 'Twere hard too choose, a devil or a saint,
 Eternal sing-song or eternal fire.

'Ye idle hopes of future joys, farewell !
 Farewel ye groundless fears of future woe !
 Lo, the sole argument on which to dwell.
 Shall I, or shall I not this life forego ?

I know the storm that waits my destin'd head,
 The trifling joys I yet may hope to reap,
 'The momentary pang I have to dread,
 'The state of undisturbed, undreaming sleep—

Then all is known---and a'l is known too well,
 Or to distract, or to delay my choice :
 No hopes solicit, and no fears rebel
 Against mine ultimate, determined voice.

Had I suspicions that a future state
Might yet exist, as haply I have none---
'Twere worth the cost, to venture on my fate,
Impelled by curiosity alone.

Sated with life, and amply gratified
In every varied pleasure life can give,
One sole enjoyment yet remains untried,
One only novelty,---to cease to live.

Not yet reduced a scornful alms to crave,
Not yet of those with whom I lived the sport,
No great man's pander, parasite, or slave---
O Death, I seek thy hospitable port.

Thou, like the virgin in her bridal sheet,
Seemest prepared, consenting, kind, to lie:
The happy bridegroom I, with hasty feet,
Fly to thine arms in rapt'rous extasy.

L E T T E R LVII.

To Mr. B——.

7 April, 1779.

My dear F.

When this reaches you I shall be no more, but
do not let my unhappy fate distress you too
much. I strove against it as long as possible,
but it now overpowers me. You know where
my affections were placed; my having by some
means

means or other lost her's (an idea which I could not suppose), has driven me to madness. The world will condemn me, but your heart will pity me. God bless you, my dear F. Would I had a sum of money to leave you, to convince you of my great regard! You were almost my only friend. I have hid one circumstance from you, which gives me great pain. I owe Mr. W. of Gosport one hundred pounds, for which he has the writings of my houses; but I hope in God, when they are sold, and all other matters collected, there will be nearly enough to settle your account. May almighty God bless you and *your's*, with comfort and happiness; and may you ever be a stranger to the pangs I now feel! May Heaven protect my beloved woman, and forgive this act, which alone could relieve me from a world of misery I have long endured! Oh! if it should be in your power to do her any act of friendship, remember your faithful friend,

J. H.

L E T T E R LVIII.

To CHARLES ———, Esq.

Tothill-fields.

3 April, 1779.

I am alive—and she is dead. I shot her, and not myself. Some of her blood and brains is still
upon

upon my cloaths. I don't ask you to speak to me, I don't ask you to look at me. Only come hither, and bring me a little poison. Such as is strong enough. Upon my knees, I beg, if your friendship for me ever was sincere, *dò, do* bring me some poison.

L E T T E R LIX.

To the SAME.

9 April, 79.

Your note just now; and the long letter I received at the same time, which should have found me the day before yesterday, have changed my resolution. The promise you desire, I most solemnly give you. I will make no attempt upon my life. Had I received your comfortable letter when you meant I should, I verily do not think this would have happened.

Pardon what I wrote to you about the poison. Indeed I am too composed for any such thing now. Nothing should tempt me. My death is all the recompence I can make to the laws of my country. Dr. V. has sent me some excellent advice, and Mr. H. has refuted all my false arguments. Even such a being as I finds friends.

Ch.

Oh, that my feelings and his feelings would let me see my *dearest* friend. Then I would tell you how this happened.

L E T T E R IX.

To the SAME.

Newgate.

14 April, 1779.

My best thanks for all your goodness since this day se'nnight. Oh Charles this is about the time. I cannot write.

My trial comes on either Friday or Saturday. It will be indeed a trial. God (whom I have so outraged) can alone tell how I shall go through it. My resolution is not fixed as yet about pleading guilty. The arguments, by which they tell me I may escape that death so much my due, I certainly will not suffer to be used. My present situation of mind you may collect from the enclosed copy of what I mean to say, if I continue in the resolution, in which I yesterday wrote you word I was, of pleading not guilty.

“ My Lord,

“ My Lord,

I should not have troubled the Court with the examination of witnesses to support the charge against me, had I not thought the pleading guilty to the indictment would give an indication of condemning death, not suitable to my present condition; and would in some measure, make me accessary to a second peril of my life. And I likewise thought that the justice of my country ought to be satisfied, by suffering my offences to be proved, and the fact to be established by evidence.

I stand here the most wretched of human beings! and confess myself criminal in a high degree. I acknowledge *with shame and repentance* that my determination against my own life was formal and compleat. I protest with that regard to truth, which becomes my situation, that the will to destroy her, who was ever dearer to me than life, was never mine until a momentary phrenzy overcame me, and induced me to commit the deed I deplore.---The letter which I meant for my brother-in-law, after my decease, will have its due weight, as to this point, with good men.

Before this dreadful act, I trust, nothing will be found in the tenor of my life, which the common charity of mankind will not readily excuse. I have no wish to avoid the punishment which the laws of my country appoint for my crime; but being already too unhappy to feel a punishment in death, or a satisfaction in life, I submit myself to the disposal and judgment of Almighty God, and to the consequences of this enquiry into my conduct and intention.”

Whatever the world may think, you, I know, believe that I had no intention against her till the *very instant*. The account I wrote to you of the
shocking

business since it happened, was the real truth. All Tuesday after I had finished my letter to you, I in vain sought for an opportunity to destroy myself in her presence. So, again, on the Wednesday, all the morning. In the afternoon, after dining at poor B.'s, I saw Lord S.'s coach pass by the Cannon Coffee-house, where I was watching for it. I followed it to G.'s (inhuman, and yet not guilty, G!). From her house I saw it take them to the play. Now, I was determined; and went to my lodgings, for my pistols, where I wrote a letter to B. which I put into my pocket, intending to send it; but, as I forgot it, the letter was found there. When I returned to Covent-Garden, I waited for the conclusion of the play, in the Bedford Coffee-house. What a figure must I have been! Indeed, I overheard one gentleman say to a friend, that I looked as if I was out of my senses. Oh, how I wished for the play to be over. I had charged my pistols with the kindest letter she ever wrote me; a letter which made me the happiest of mortals, and which had ever since been my talisman. At last, arrived the end of the play, and the beginning of my tragedy. I met them in the stone passage, and had then got the pistol to my forehead, but she did not see me (nor did any one, I suppose), and the croud separated us. This accident I considered

considered as the immediate intervention of Providence. I put up my pistol, turned about, and should (I most firmly believe) have gone out the other way, and have laid aside my horrid resolution, had I not looked round and seen Mr. M. (whom I immediately construed into the favoured lover described by G.) offer her a hand, which I thought was received with particular pleasure. The stream of my passions, which had been stopped, now over-whelmed me with redoubled violence. It hurried me after them. Jealousy suggested a new crime ; and nerved anew the arm of despair. I overtook them at the carriage, and ———— and, at about the time I am now writing this, felt more than all the tortures of all the damned together.

What shall I not feel at the necessary recital of the tragedy, at my trial!

L E T T E R LXI.

To Mr. ———, in Newgate.

17 April, 79.

If the murderer of Miss ——— wishes to live, the man he has most injured will use all his interest to procure his life.

L E T T E R LXII.

The Condemned-cell,
in Newgate, 17 April,
1779.

The murderer of her whom he preferred, far preferred, to life, suspects the hand from which he has just received such an offer as he neither desires nor deserves. His wishes are for death, not for life. One wish he has. Could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has most injured—Oh, my Lord, when I meet her in another world, enable me to tell her (if departed spirits are ignorant of earthly things) that you forgive us both, that you will be a father to her dear infants!

J. H.

L E T T E R LXIII.

To CHARLES ———, Esq;

What follows, in small type, was written upon different papers which he sealed up for his friend on the fatal morning. The dates are preserved, but the contents of the papers are here put together as one letter.

Newgate, Saturday night,
17 April, 1779.

My dear Charles!

The clock has just struck eleven. All has, for some time, been quiet within this sad abode. Would that all were so within my sadder breast!

That gloominess of my favourite Young's *Night Thoughts*, which was always so congenial to my soul, would have been still heightened, had he ever been wretched enough to hear St. Paul's clock thunder through the still ear of night, in the condemned walls of Newgate. The sound is truly solemn—it seems the sound of death.

O that it were death's sound! How greedily would my impatient ears devour it!

And yet—but one day more. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit, till then.

And then——

My God, my creator, my first father! Thou who madest me as I am; with these feelings, these passions, this heart!—Thou, who art all might, and all mercy!—Well thou knowest I did not, like too many of thy creatures, persuade myself there was no God, before I persuaded myself I had a right over my life.—O then, my father, put me not eternally from thy paternal presence! It is not punishments, nor pains, nor hell, I fear: What man can bear, I can. My fear is to be deemed ungrateful to thy goodness, to be thought unworthy thy presence, to be driven from the light of thy countenance.

Well thou knowest I could not brook the thoughts of wanting gratitude to things beneath me in thy creation; to a dog, a horse: almost to things inanimate; a tree, a book. And thinkest thou that I could bear the charge of want of gratitude to thee!

And, might---O might I resign the joys of the other world, which neither eye can see, nor tongue can speak, nor imagination dream, for an eternal existence of love and bliss with her, whom-----

Prefumptuous murderer! The bliss you ask were paradise.-----

My father, who art in heaven, I bow before thy mercy; and patiently abide my sentence.

These papers which will be delivered to you after my death, my dear friend, are not letters. Nor know I what to call them. They will exhibit, however, the picture of a heart which has ever been your's more than any other man's.

How have I seen the poor soul affected at that recitative of Iphis in her favourite Jephtha!

“ Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne'er yet were stained
“ With human blood!”

To think that I should be her priest, her murderer! In one of her letters, she tells me, I recollect, that she could die with pleasure by my hand, she is sure she could. Poor soul! Little did she think-----

It is odd, but I know for a certainty that this recitative and the air which follows it, “ Farewel &c.” were the last words she ever sung. Now I must say, and *may* say, *experimentally*---

“ Farewel

“ Farewel, thou busy world, where reign

“ Short *hours* of joy, and *years* of pain!”

I may not add——

“ Brighter scenes I seek above,

“ In the realms of peace and *love*.”

Love!—gracious God, this word in this place, at this time!

Oh!

Newgate, Sunday,

18 April, 79.

4 in the morning.

O, Charles, Charles——torments, tortures! Hell and worse than hell!

When I had finished my last scrap of paper, I thought I felt myself composed, resigned. Indeed, I was so—I am so now.

I threw my wearied body---wearied, Heaven knows, more than any labourer's, with the workings of my mind-- upon the floor of my dungeon.

Sleep came uncalled, but only came to make me more completely cursed.

This world was past, the next was come; but, after that, no other world. All was revealed to me. My eternal sentence of mental misery (from which there was no flight), of banishment from the presence of my father, of more than poetry e'er feigned or weakness feared, was past, irrevocably past.

Her verdict too of punishment was pronounced. Yes, Charles---she, she was punished---and by whose means punished?

Even in her angel mind were failings, which it is not wonderful I never saw, since Omniscience, it seemed, could hardly discern them. O, Charles, these foibles, so few, so undiscernable, were still, I thought in my dream, to be expiated. For my hand sent her to Heaven before her time, with all her few foibles on her head.

Charles, I saw the expiation---these eyes beheld her undergo the heavenly punishment.

That past, she was called, I thought, to the reward of her ten thousand virtues.

Then, in very deed, began my hell, my worse than woman ever dreamed of hell. Charles, I saw her, as plainly as I see the bars of my dungeon, through which the eye of day looks upon me now for almost the last time. Her face, her person were still more divine than when on earth---they were cast anew, in angel moulds. Her mind too I beheld, as plainly as her face; and all its features. That was the same---that was not capable of alteration for the better.

But, what saw I else? That mind, that person, that face, that angel---was in the bosom of another angel. Between us was a gulph, a gulph impassable! I could not go to her, neither could she come to me.

No---nor did she wish it. There was the curse.

Charles, she saw me, where I was, steeped to the lips in misery. She saw me; but without a tear, without one sigh.

One sigh from her, I thought---and I could have borne all my sufferings.

A sigh, a tear! She smiled at all my sufferings. Yes, she, even she, enjoyed the tortures, the wrackings of my soul. She bade her companion angel too enjoy them. She seemed to feast upon my griefs; and only turned away her more than damning eyes, to turn them on her more than blest companion.

Flames

Flames and brimstone--corporal sufferance--were paradise to such eternal mental hell as this.

Oh! How I rejoiced, how I wept, sobbed with joy, when I awoke, and discovered it was only a dream, and found myself *in the condemned cell of Newgate.*

Mr. H. and Dr. V. neither of whom you know, I believe, are exceedingly kind to me. The latter writes to me, the former sees me, continually. Your poor H. finds more friends than he merits.

Among my papers you will see some lines I wrote on reading Goethe's * "Werther," translated from German into French,

* Behold the marrow of Werther's inconsistent story.

On the 4th of May 1771 we find him separated from his family and his bosom friend, and retired to solitude, on account of a lady's death (*l'amie de sa jeunesse*), whose attachment he seems to have returned; but, with regard to whom, he seems to confess he was *entièrement innocent*.

Before the 16th of June he contrives to fall most violently in love with Charlotte, notwithstanding he knows, both from her friend and herself, that she is very shortly to marry Albert. In spite of his bosom's friend's advice, either to endeavour to marry Charlotte himself, or to let her marry Albert without making himself miserable, he very quietly waits the arrival of Albert, whom he finds *le meilleur homme du monde*, without any discovery of his passion, but in mad, gloomy letters to his friend. In the beginning of September, he is persuaded by his friend to tear himself from Charlotte's society, to leave her quietly to marry Albert, and to accept of an appointment to an embassy; but not before a farewell between the three, in which it appears that Charlotte's mother, on her death-bed, consigned her to Albert. Before Werther has spent much time in his new appointment, he talks of a pretty strong penchant for the *très-aimable* Miss B.

On

French, which, while I was in Ireland, she refused to lend me. When I returned to England, I *made* her let me read it. But I never showed these lines to her, for fear they should make her uneasy.—Unhappy Werther! Still less pretence hadst thou for suicide than I. After quietly seeing thy Charlotte marry another man, without so much as *offering* to marry her thyself; hadst thou a right over thy existence because she was not thy wife? Yet wast thou less barbarous than I, for thou didst not seek to die in her presence—but neither didst thou doubt her love.—We can neither of us hope for pardon.

Lines found, after Werther's death, upon the ground by the pistol.

If chance some kindred spirit should relate
To future times unhappy Werther's fate;
Should, in some pitying, almost pardoning age,
Consign my sorrows to some weeping page---

And

On the 20th January 1772 he writes to Charlotte and mentions Miss B. but his attachment to her is only upon account of her resemblance to Charlotte. *Adieu!* concludes this unaccountable madman,—"Albert est-il près de vous, et en quelle qualité?—Insensé!" (true enough). "Devrois-je lui faire cette question?" Or should you not long before have said more?

On the 20th of February he writes formally to congratulate Charlotte and Albert on their marriage. In April his German pride is disgusted at a piece of etiquette revealed to him by his dear Miss B. with tears and a *vous qui connoissez mon cœur*. After trying and quitting another desirable establishment, he finds himself in July, contrary to his friend's entreaties, at the abode of Charlotte and Albert. After effectually destroying their domestic happiness in this world, he forsooth all his own hopes of happiness in another, by determining on suicide; and, leaving behind him a cruelly affectionate letter to Charlotte, he borrows her husband's pistols, and when

the

And should the affecting page be haply read
 By some new Charlotte, mine will then be dead---
 (Yes, she shall die---sole solace of my love !
 And we shall meet, for so she said, above)---
 O, Charlotte, M-----, by whatever name
 Thy faithful Werter hands thee down to fame---
 O be thou sure thy Werter never knows
 The fatal story of my kindred woes !
 O do not, fair one---by my shocking end
 I charge thee !---do not let thy feeling friend
 Shed his sad sorrows o'er my tearful tale :---
 Example, spite of precept, may prevail.

Nay, much loved M. though a fond desire
 To prove thy husband, prove thy childrens' fire ;
 Tho' these, and other duties, would, you know,
 Withhold his hand from death's forbidden blow---

the clock strikes twelve, on the 22d of December, shoots himself through the head.

Werther was clearly a bad man. Had he not died by his own hand, he did not deserve to live. The writer who either relates or feigns his dangerous story, is not a much better man. The best that can be said for the work is said by the French translator. (Werther, traduit de L'Allemand. Mæstricht. 1776. Second partie, p. 229).

J'entends l'homme sensible ! quand tu éprouveras la première atteinte de la plus violente des passions pour un objet qui ne peut être à toi, tu diras : tel étoit l'état de Werther, le premier jour qu'il vit Charlotte. Ah ! si je revols cet objet qui porte le trouble dans mes sens, je l'adorerai tous les jours davantage ; bientôt je souffrirai les tourments que Werther éprouva, bientôt la langueur ou le désespoir termineront ma malheureuse carrière ! Ou plus infortuné encore, peut-être la vertu s'éloignera de mon cœur ; je cherai à séduire cette femme ; & si mes efforts sont vains, je massacrerai son cœur... elle même... Fuyons ! évitons le crime, ou l'infortune : allons chercher dans d'autres climats l'oubli d'un objet trop dangereux, & la jouissance de plaisirs moins funestes.

And yet, *Leucome* had no effect on H.

Yet

Yet might my gloomy tale full surely shroud
 His brightest day in melancholy's cloud;
 Yet might thy H. lead, to his last breath,
 A life more shocking than even Werter's death.

Newgate.

Sunday, 18 April, 79.
 5 o'clock in
 the afternoon.

Since I wrote to you this morning I have more than once taken up my pen. For what can I do, which affords me more pleasure than writing to such a friend as you are, and have been, to me?

Pleasure! Alas what business has such a wretch as I with such a word as that! However, pouring myself out to you thus upon paper is, in some measure, drawing off my sorrows---it is not thinking.

Cruel G.! And yet I can excuse her. She knew not of what materials I was made. Lord S. wished to preserve a treasure which any one would have prized. G. was employed to preserve the treasure. And she suspected not that my soul, my existence, were wrapped up in it.

O, my dear Charles, that you could prevail upon yourself to visit this sad place! And yet---our mutual feelings would render the visit useless. So---it is better thus.

Now, perhaps, you are enjoying a comfortable and happy meal. There, again, my misfortunes! Of happiness and comfort, for the present, I have robbed you. H. has murdered happiness.

But this is the hour of dinner. How many are now comfortable and happy! While I---

How

How many, again, with every thing to make them otherwise, are, at this moment, miserable!

The meat is done too little, or too much---(Should the pen of fancy ever take the trouble to invent letters for me, I should not be suffered to write to you thus, because it would seem *unnatural*. Alas---they know not how gladly a wretch like me forgets himself)---The servant, I say, has broken something---some *friend* (as the phrase is) does not make his promised appearance, and consequently is not eye witness of the unnecessary dishes which the family pretends to be able to afford---or some *friend* (again) drops in unexpectedly, and surprizes the family with no more dishes upon the table than are necessary.

Ye home-made wretches, ye ingenious inventors of ills, before ye suffer yourselves to be sowed and made miserable, for the whole remainder of this Sunday, by some trifle or another, which does not deserve the name of accident, look here---behold, indeed, that misery of which your discontentedness complains!

Peep through the grate of this my only habitation, ye who have town-houses and country-houses. Look into my soul---recollect in how few hours I am to die, die in what manner, die for what offence!

Now, go, be cross and quarrel with your wives, or your husbands, or your children, or your guests---begin to curse and to *swear*--and call Almighty God to witness that you are the most miserable, unlucky, wretches upon the face of the earth---because the meat is roasted half a dozen turns too much, or because your cooks have not put enough seasoning into your pyes.

I was

I was obliged to lay down my pen. Such a picture as this, in which myself made the principal figure, was rather too much.

Good God---to look back over the dreadful interval between to day and last October two years. What a tale would it make of woe. Take warning from me, my fellow creatures, and do not, do not love like H.!

Still, Sunday.
7 o'clock.

When these loose, incoherent papers shall come into your hands after my death, it will afford you some consolation to know my temper of mind at last.

Charles, as the awful moment approaches, I feel myself more, and more, and more composed, and calm, and resigned.

It always, you know, was my opinion, that man could bear a great load of affliction better than a small one. I thought so then-- now I am sure of it. This day se'nnight I was mad, perfectly mad. This afternoon I am all mildness.

This day se'nnight!--To look back is death, is hell. 'Tis almost worse than to look forward.

Let me endeavour to get out of myself.

In proof of that opinion which you always ridiculed---go to the gaming table---observe that adventurer, who is come with the last 50 he can scrape together. See---how he gnashes his teeth, bites his fists, and works all his limbs!

He

He has lost the first throw---his 50 are reduced to 40. Observe him now---with what composure his arms are wrapped about him! What a smooth calm has suddenly succeeded to that dreadful storm which so lately tore up his whole countenance! Whence the reason think you? Has fortune smiled on him?---Directly the contrary. His 40 are now dwindled to 5. His all, nay more, his very existence, his resolution to live or die, depend upon this throw. Mark him---how calmly, how carelessly he eyes the box. I am not sure he does not almost wish to lose, that he may defy ill-luck, and tell her she has done her worst.

See---

—On a moment's point, th' important dye
Of life and death spins doubtful ere it falls,
And turns up---death.

I'll surrender my opinion for untenable, if a common observer, from his countenance, would not rather point him out as the winner, than the agitated person yonder who really has won.

—Since I wrote what you last read, I caught myself marching up and down my cell with the step of haughtiness; hugging myself in my two arms; and muttering between my grating teeth, “What a compleat wretch I am!”

But---is there not a God! Did not that God create me? Does not that God know my heart, my whole heart? Oh! yes, yes, yes!

To-morrow then---And let to-morrow come---I am prepared.

God (who knows my heart, and will judge me, I trust, by that heart) knows it is not with a view to diminish my own guilt, the magnitude and enormity whereof I acknowledge—but—let not those, who survive me, flatter themselves that all the guilt of mankind goes to the grave, to the gallows (gracious Heaven!) with H.

I shall leave behind me culprits *of the same kind as myself*—culprits who will not make my trifling atonement of an ignominious death. Oh may they see their crimes, and weep over them before they are confronted with the injured parties at the footstool of the throne of the God of Heaven!

These are crimes (as indeed are all the crimes of men, however noiseless or inaudible) with which the listening angel flies up to Heaven's chancery—but these are not they upon which the recording angel drops a tear as he notes them down. The pencil of Eternity engraves such crimes as these on adamantine tablets, which shall endure to the end of time. Mine, mine, perhaps, may head the list.

Be merciful, O God! be merciful!

Reflexion in this world is almost worse than the worst which offended Omnipotence can inflict upon me in the next. I must fly from it.

And are there not crimes as bad as mine? It is little my intention to argue away the badness of my crime—but there surely are, and worse.

Let that gallant, gay, young gentleman yonder hold up his hand. Yes, sir—you I first arraign. Not for breach of friendship, not for false oaths to credulous virgins, not for innocence betrayed—these are no longer crimes; these are the accomplishments of our age. Sir, you are indicted for
slow

slow and deliberate murder.—Put not on that confident air, that arrogant smile of contempt and defiance. Demand not with a sneer to have the witnesses produced who were present when you struck the stroke of death. Call not aloud for the blood-stained dagger, the dry-drawn bowl, the brain-splashed pistol. Are these the only instruments of death? You know they are not. Murder is never at a loss for weapons.

Sir, produce your wife.—See, see!—what indignation flashes in his eyes! A murderer, and the murderer of his wife! May the calumniator——!—Sir, no imprecations, no oaths; those are what betrayed that wife. You did not plant a dagger in her breast; but you planted there grief, disease, death. She, sir, who gave you all, was destroyed, was murdered by your ill usage. And not suddenly, not without giving her time to know what was to happen. She saw the lingering stroke, she perceived the impossibility to avoid it; she felt it tenfold from the hands of a much-loved husband.

Were these scraps of paper to be seen by any other eye than your's, common people would wonder that, in proportion as the moment drew nearer, I got further and further from myself. It may be contrary to the rules of criticks, but so it is.—To think, or to write about myself, is death, is hell. My feelings will not suffer me to date these different papers any more.

Let me pay a small tribute of praise.—How often have you and I complained of familiarity's blunting the edge of every sense on which she lays her hand? At her bidding, beauty fades even in the eye of love; and the son of pity

smiles at sorrow's bleeding breast. In her presence, who is he that still continues to behold the scene of delight, or that still hears the voice of mourning? What then is the praise of that gaoler, who in the midst of misery, and crimes, and death, sets familiarity at defiance, and still preserves the feelings of a man? The author of the life of *Savage* gives celebrity to the Bristol gaoler, by whose humanity the latter part of that strange man's life was rendered more comfortable. Shall no one give celebrity to the present keeper of Newgate. Mr. Akerman marks every day of his existence, by more than one such deed as this?—Know, ye rich and powerful, ye who might save hundreds of your fellow creatures, from starving, by the sweepings of your tables—Know, that, among the various feelings of almost every wretch who quits Newgate for Tyburn, a concern neither last nor least is that which he feels upon leaving the gaol of which this man is the keeper.

But I can now no longer fly from myself. In a few short hours the hand which is now writing to you, the hand which—

I will not distress either you or myself. My life I owe to the laws of my country, and I will pay the debt. How I felt for poor Dodd! Well,—you shall hear that I died like a man and a christian. I cannot have a better trust than in the mercy of an all-just God. And, in your letters, when you shall these unhappy deeds relate, tell of me as I am. I forget the passage, 'tis in Othello.

You must suffer me to mention the tenderness and greatness of mind, of my dear B. The last moments of my life cannot be better spent than in recording this complicated act of friendship and humanity. When we parted, a task

too much for us both, he asked me if there was any thing for which I wished to live. Upon his pressing me, I acknowledged I was uneasy, very uneasy, lest Lord S. might withdraw an allowance of 50 pounds a year, which I knew he made to her father. "Then," said B. squeezing my hand, bursting into tears, and hurrying out of the room, "I will allow it him." The affectionate manner in which he spoke of my S. would have charmed you. God for ever bless and prosper him! and my S. and you! and

(The note which follows was written with a pencil. All that was legible is here preserved, though the sense is incomplete).

LETTER LXIV.

To the SAME.

Tyburn.

My dear Charles,

Farewell for ever in this world! I die a sincere christian and penitent and every thing, I hope, that you can wish me. Would it prevent my example's having any bad effect if the world should know how I abhor my former ideas of suicide, my crime, will be the best judge. Of her fame I charge you to be careful. My poor S. will

Your dying H.

C c 3

LET-

L E T T E R LXV.

From CHARLES — Esq.

To Général —.

20 August, 1779:

My dear friend,

The — coach, which passes through — to-morrow, will leave a large packet for you at the George. When your servant goes to the post, he may enquire for it. The contents are copies of such letters as explain the incredible tale of that poor friend of mine, whom you were kind enough to patronize while he remained in your profession, and to assist in promoting after he quitted it. Your's of the latter end of last month on the subject of his death, convinces me you will not be angry with me for giving you a sight of these letters. There were *many* more among the papers which he sealed up for me on the morning of his death; but as they are more private, and less necessary to the story, I have destroyed them.

Your

Your memory will, I know, recollect Roche-foucault's reflection—*Si on juge de l'amour par la plu-part de ses effets, il ressemble plus à la haine qu' à l'amitié.*

One very important fact struck me on considering this melancholy business. In our recollection three persons, either extemporaneously or deliberately, have determined to shoot, first the objects of their fury, and then themselves—Stirn, who killed Mathews in 1761; Ceppi, whom H. mentions; and poor H. himself. They all three succeeded in the first instance, and all three failed in the second.

If what I am told be true, what a scene must have been exhibited at the Shakespeare, soon after the catastrophe! H. was indulged with a sight of her body. While he was contemplating the effect of his madness (for madness it surely must have been), two or three people rushed in, who, arriving too late for the entertainment, heard of the murder, and came to learn the name of the victim. One of these immediately recollected H.—immediately recognized Miss ——, was, in fact, Lord S.—What a groupe for painting!

Were

Were it not unnecessary, when his picture is drawn at such full length in these letters, I would give you a sketch of the amiable man, whom, in so many years, and in so many different scenes, I never had occasion but to love till the moment he abhorred himself. To make reflexions on his story, would be to write a volume. The pamphlet called "Case and Memoirs" is a miserable business; and may do that very mischief of which H. was aware.

"*It is true,*" we are told by the author, "that in his own life, he had a property; and, by the laws of nature, he might have disposed of it, if he pleased—but, *it may be said,* he had none in Miss ———'s, and, *as such,* that he had no right to take it from her. Reason *may* support this argument; but is nothing favourable to be said for a man who prefers death to life, because that life is made wretched by a capricious and an ungrateful woman?" Page xi.

How very differently does the poor man himself talk in one of his Newgate papers to me, which I have not sent you!

"The torture of my situation is this, that not a word can be said in my favour, unless you will say I am mad." But "God knows I possess all my senses and feelings much too exquisitely. Yet this is not the part of my crime for which I am always most sorry. Often, very often, I consider my crime with respect to the influence it may have upon the world. An example represented in life by vice, has more effect than a precept preached by virtue. No one will imitate me in murdering the object of his love, but

“ but I may be considered by despair, or by folly, as another precedent in favour of the propriety of suicide. Perhaps, if these instances of desperate cowardice did not go out to this country, through the channels of our papers, by which means they are stored up as authorities against a disappointment or a gloomy day, suicide would, with less propriety, be termed an *anglicism*. Oh Charles, could the imperceptible, but indisputable, magnetism of this part of my story be destroyed, could my countrymen know how I abhor this part of my crime, how thoroughly I was ever convinced (except during my phrenzy), and how perfectly I am now persuaded, that *our own lives are no more at our disposals, than the lives of our fellow creatures*, I should expire in something less of mental torture !”

Worthy soul ! While we abhor, we pity and respect : And so will posterity. That justice which condemned thee to death cannot refuse a sigh, a tear to thy virtues. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit ! Thy Charles, when time shall have a little healed the wound made in his friendship, will find some way to tell the world thy dying wish.

My dear General

Ever your's

Charles ———,

How

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
 How passing wonder he who made him such!
 Who centered in our make such strange extremes!
 From different natures marvelously mixt,
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
 Distinguisht link in being's endless chain!
 Midway from nothing to the Deity!
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorb'd!
 Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
 Helpless immortal! Insect infinite!
 A worm! a God!—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost!

Night Thoughts

F I N I S.

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Basil Montague had a
friendship for Badham (a
Birmingham man) & lost
much money by him -
Mr. Lyne & E. W. Benson
had very narrow escapes
in the same way - Jeano Papa
Hatchett was another person
applied ^{to} but was warned by
Botton (B. & Wate) - Badham
borrowed largely, built exten-
sive chemical works at
Birmingham - bought Ruib
in America - died insol-
vent -

as her daughters - Adelaide
 P. was the first to go over
 & is dead - Mrs. Fowler
 is between 80 - 90 yrs of age
 & leads a very social life
 (1881) - Carlyle's account
 of the family has caused them
 to have his letters to diff. dif-
 ferent members privately
 printed - Hazlitt's account
 of them says they underwent
 a change for the worse as
 time went on -

L^d Sandwich gave his own
 name to Mr. Montague.

